THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

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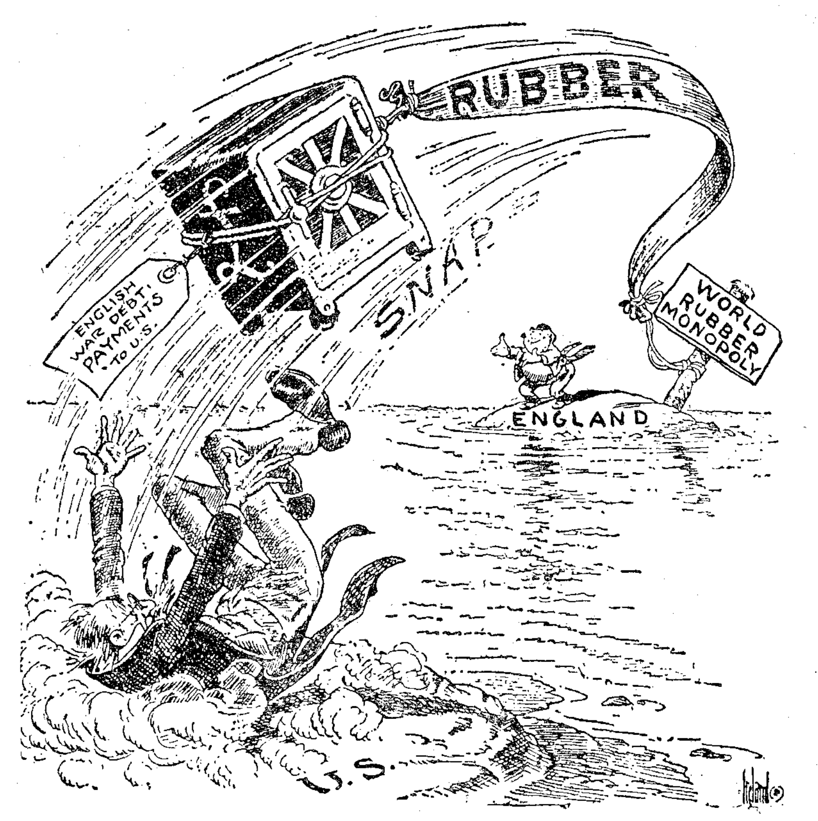
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

HOW THE BRITISH RUBBER MONOPOLY TRIMS US

RUBBER, THE CUSHIONER OF SHOCKS and deadener of sounds, now threatens to become a cause of jars and tumult. For at Secretary Hoover's suggestion Congress, disturbed by the fact that America's twelve or fifteen million motorists and her millions of other users of manufactured rubber paid some hundreds of millions of dollars more for their tires and rubber goods in 1925 than they did in 1924, has called for an investigation of England's control of crude rubber prices. Already our press echoes with such ominous phrases as "trade war" and "reprisals." A Western daily characterizes the British Government's boosting of prices by restricting production on British-owned rubber plantations as "commercial banditry." A Massachusetts State Senator declares that the British "have, in reality, declared a trade war against the United States and invited reprisals." Our editorial statisticians estimate that if the present high prices are sustained, the British rubber-planters will take more money from this country in exorbitant profits than the British Government will pay us in settlement of her war debt. In England, the correspondents tell us, the man in the street reads of American indignation over the price of tires "with the complacent smile of the cat that has just stolen the cream." And when this man in the street has a smattering knowledge of American politics, says the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, he comments as follows: "Hoover is just pulling off what they call a political stunt. He is grooming himself for the Presidential fight in 1928. He is twisting the British Lion's tail, and there is no more in it than that."



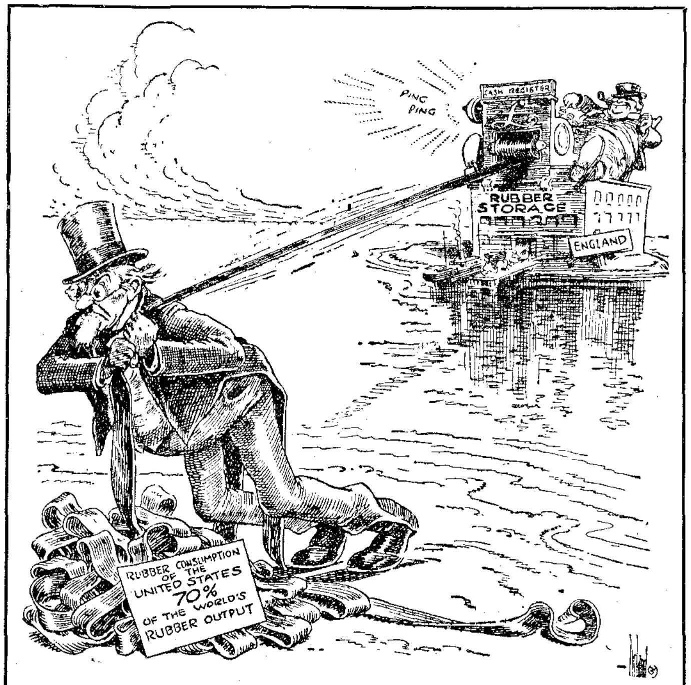
TAKING IT BACK
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

Secretary of Commerce Hoover, who leads this onslaught on the high price of rubber, says that the group of British rubber-planters who control the market are causing American purchasers to pay from $30 to $70 excess profit on every set of automobile tires they buy. To quote his statement further:

"The manufacturers point out that there are ample supplies of rubber in the world, but they have been held up by this combination, and speculators, until rubber has increased from 35 cents a pound to an average of $1.10 last month. A year ago the combine declared that 35 cents was a reasonable price, but the difference now demanded by them and speculators amounts on our 900,000,000 pounds of annual rubber imports to nearly $700,000,000 per annum, and means a charge of $30 to $70 a year on every user of an automobile."

To combat this situation, Mr. Hoover calls for public cooperation in saving tires, the consumption of which, he declares, can be reduced 25 per cent. "without decreasing the use of our cars a single mile"; American-controlled production of rubber in countries *not* subject to the British restrictions; and the legalizing of a combined American buying agency which would prevent our many hundreds of buyers from bidding against each other. Nor is rubber the only raw material consumed in the United States and controlled by a foreign Government, Mr. Hoover reminds us. There is now an official Franco-German control over the price of potash. The Chilean Government controls the price of nitrates. The Dutch Government controls quinin. And the Yucatan Government controls the sisal fiber from which is made the binder twine used in American wheat-fields. "It is our job to build up systematically sources of supplies in these raw materials which are now under monopolies," says Secretary Hoover; and he adds: "It is not our job even to think of reprisals of any kind."

But altho Mr. Hoover points to other government-controlled monopolies, in the popular interest rubber easily holds the center of the stage. "We don't blame England," remarks the Lincoln *Nebraska State Journal*, because "this is a hard-boiled commercial world where everybody takes what he can find ways to get." "But," continues this paper, "we are not called upon to stand for it. National self-respect, if nothing else, calls on us to back


PING
PING
CASH REGISTER
RUBBER STORAGE
ENGLAND
RUBBER CONSUMPTION OF THE UNITED STATES 70% OF THE WORLD'S RUBBER OUTPUT

STRETCHING OUR FRIENDSHIP
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

Hoover up in whatever steps give promise of winning our independence from the rubber George III now bestride our backs." And in the Houston *Post-Dispatch* we read: "That tax on tea that an English king undertook to collect from American colonists, and which helped to start a revolution, was insignificant in comparison with the gouge that British monopolists of rubber are now inflicting, with the cooperation and protection of the British Government, upon American rubber consumers."

But many American papers point out that Mr. Hoover's Department of Commerce has thoroughly investigated the rubber situation, and has all the facts at its disposal; that there is nothing that Congress can do about it; and that the present British restrictions on the production of rubber expire automatically in a few weeks in any case. To the Democratic Providence *News* "the spectacle of a Congressional committee beating its breast in protest against British wickedness and at the same time defending a high tariff is a subject for the satirist of the human comedy." And in the New York *World* (Dem.) we read:

> "So far as gaining worth-while information is concerned, this investigation is superfluous. But is it information that is really desired? Well-informed Washington opinion thinks not. The real motive seems to be a desire for publicity. A Congressional investigating committee can say things and do things to stir up public feeling that would be unseemly if coming from an executive department.
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> "The temptation to make a show of saving money for the 15,000,000 car-owners who must buy rubber tires has a strong appeal to the man who holds his job at the pleasure of the voters, and if it were not Mr. Hoover who is behind this agitation, there might be ground for suspecting that political ambitions were at the bottom of it.
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> "After Congress assembles the facts concerning the rubber situation, what can Congress do about it? The export control of rubber in the British East Indies, which is held responsible for the recent soaring of prices, is a purely domestic affair. Congress has no more control over the actions of the Colonial Governments of Ceylon and Malaya in their regulation of exports than those bodies have over our own restrictions on imports. Obviously, we do not relish the idea of dollar rubber, but neither did our foreign customers in 1920 like the idea of forty-cent cotton.
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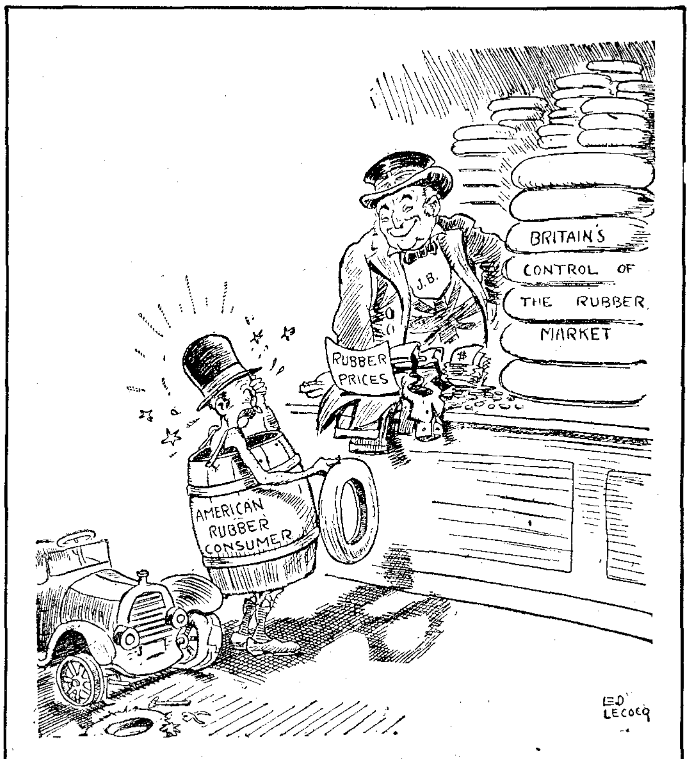
> "Mr. Hoover bases his request for the investigation on the ground that the British planters are maintaining a monopoly. It may be noted, however, that since 1920 the proportion of the world output raised in the British Empire has declined from 75 to 52 per cent., and even if a monopoly exists, as charged, the recent trend would indicate that it is rapidly passing.
>
> "It is true that the output of rubber in the British dependencies has declined 20 per cent. since 1920, but world production in the same period has increased 14 per cent. Non-British producers, in fact, appear to have profited in greater degree than the British themselves from the export restrictions in effect in the British East Indies. While the total production of rubber has been increasing, the supply has not kept pace with the demand because of the rapid expansion of the output of motor-cars. Even without export control, the development of the automobile industry would eventually have thrown the supply of rubber out of equilibrium with the demand, and some advance in prices would undoubtedly have occurred. Meanwhile, if prices hold above the maximum contemplated under the British scheme, and the original plans are not changed, the restrictions should automatically work themselves out in the spring of 1926. This further emphasizes the futility of Congressional action."



TRYING VERY HARD TO KEEP HIS IMAGINATION FROM STRETCHING RUBBER INTO ROBBER
—Lecocq in the Des Moines *Register*.

The World also reminds the American people that the Stevenson plan of limiting production by an export tax, which was inaugurated in 1922 to save the British rubber-planters of the East from bankruptcy, does not discriminate against any one country, but affects the British consumer of rubber no less than it does the American. Great Britain, however, has only 1,000,000 automobiles, against 12,000,000 in the United States. *The World* reminds us further that "four years ago several of the Washington officials who have recently been denouncing the voluntary restrictions on rubber output in the British East Indies were endeavoring to force Cuban sugar-planters to curtail production in order that our domestic beet and cane growers might exact higher prices." And in the New York *Times* we read:

> "Great Britain can hardly be called upon to surrender out of hand the advantages which her far-sighted statesmen and empire-builders have been long preparing for her. It is certain that if we had a monopoly of rubber, Congress would defy any foreign Government to touch it with so much as its little finger. It is well enough for the House to investigate rubber, but we can't do anything to alter hard facts."

There is "red pepper," if not dynamite, in the Hoover statement, thinks the Hartford *Times* (Dem.), which goes on to say:

> "The Englishman does not remember complaining officially at the prices he had to pay for arms to beat off the Germans nor for food to feed their soldiers and the civil population during

the war. In fact, some Britons are already reminding Mr. Hoover that they are still laboring early and late to pay America for those necessary items, and they do not feel that complaints of the price of rubber tires come with good grace from a country which has, as things go in debt settlements, come off very well with England."

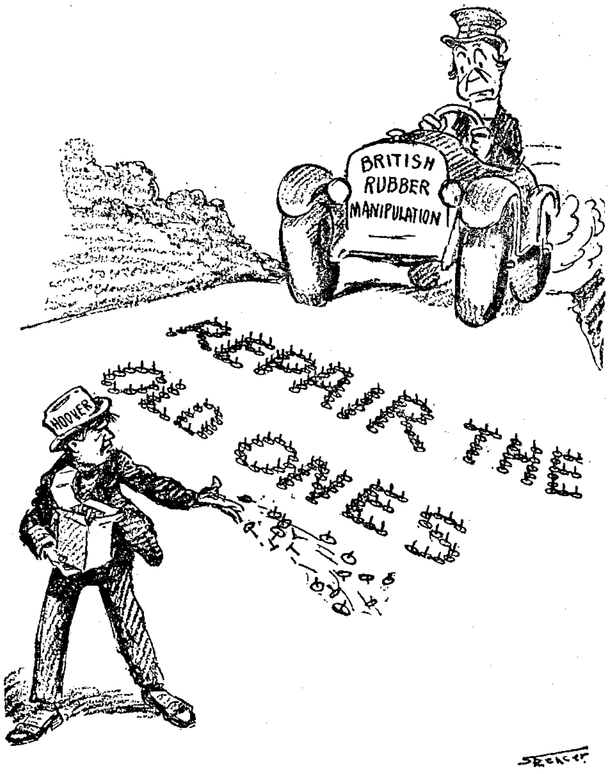
In a somewhat similar vein the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, another Democratic paper, observes that—

"When all is said, the worst charge this country can prefer against England in connection with the rubber monopoly is that she 'outsmarted' us. She anticipated the demand of the world for rubber some years in advance, and in her East Indian colonies set out trees to produce it."

"It is hard to see what an official investigation can do about it," remarks the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.).

The logical and obvious economic remedy, most of our papers agree, is to develop or buy sources of crude rubber. "If the British have a corner in rubber, it seems to indicate that Americans have been dozing a little," remarks the Kansas City *Star*, which thinks that "it might be a good idea for Americans, if they expect to keep on using rubber, to get hold of some of the trees that rubber grows on." "Self-help" is the way to fight British extortion, says *The Ohio State Journal*, which continues:

"Harvey S. Firestone saw this some time ago, and his firm now has 2,000 acres of rubber-trees in bearing in Liberia, and a vast extension of the project is under way. The Firestone Company also has a large plantation in Mexico, and expects soon to receive a considerable quantity of rubber from this source. The way to fight monopoly, Mr. Firestone thinks, is to compete with it, and there seems to be much common sense in that view."



TO SLOW UP THE JOY-RIDE!

—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*

Discussing the Philippines as another possible source of American rubber, the New York *Herald Tribune* has this to say:

"In the Philippine Islands, an American territorial possession, there are 64,000 square miles of virgin soil awaiting development. Much of this soil represents potential rubber plantations of the highest grade, equal, according to experts, to any in the world.

"But thus far capital has deliberately avoided these island possessions of ours. The reason was supplied—if it needed to be supplied—by Harvey S. Firestone recently, when he explained why he was investing $100,000,000 in rubber growing in Liberia.

"'In the Philippines,' said Mr. Firestone, 'three engineers whom I sent out to make a survey reported that, altho the soil and climatic conditions were good, the land laws made the development inadvisable.'

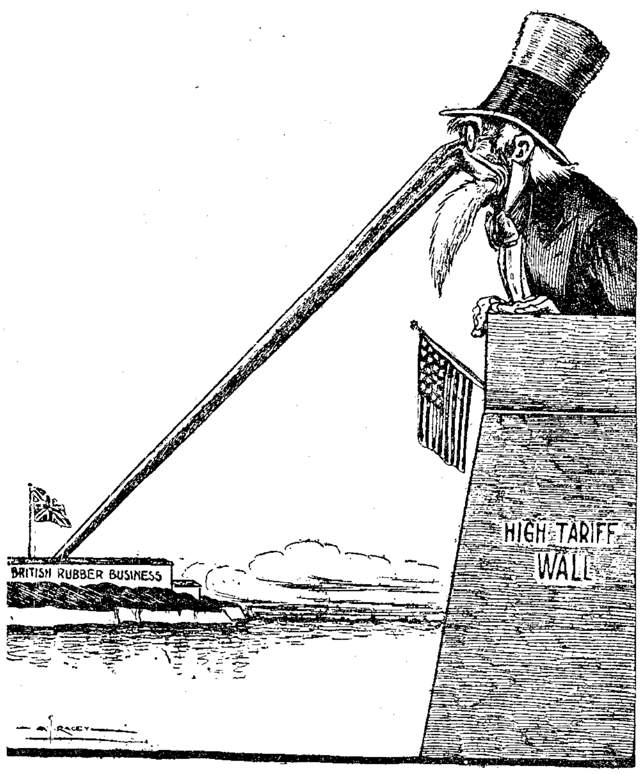
"What, then, are these laws that have frightened capital away from such a lucrative field as the Philippines? The first of them was passed in 1902 and forbids ownership or control of more than 2,500 acres of agricultural or mineral lands by an individual corporation; the second is included in the Jones act of 1916, and vests control of all public lands, forests and mines in the Philippine Legislature."

While American capital develops rubber plantations in Africa and Mexico and awaits assurances of political stability before doing likewise in the Philippines, another challenger of the British rubber monopoly arises in the person of Brazil. This South American country, which was the world's chief source of rubber until the Asiatic plantations wrested that distinction from her, last year increased her rubber production 20 per cent.

In *The Wall Street Journal* we find this reassuring reminder of the natural fate of monopolies:

"Washington seems to be very much disturbed over what it terms rubber monopoly. There may be reasons for this, but from past monopolistic experiences of other commodities, exorbitant rubber prices are likely to be a temporary condition. The old law of supply and demand has busted up every monopoly since the time of Adam. Monopoly may rule, for a while, but in the long run it must acknowledge defeat to 'supply and demand.' Monopolies charging the consumer excessive prices can not have permanent existence where competition is possible.

"Some consumers, years ago, thought tin containers were too high and built their own factories, only to abandon them later when prices came to a point below their own cost of production. Years ago steel prices were considered too high, and many independent plants sprang up, resulting in excessive production and lower prices. When copper prices are considered out of bounds, production is increased automatically. Britain had a monopoly of the tin-plate industry, which resulted in the birth of the tin-plate industry in this country. Petroleum and gasoline prices at times got to what consumers termed an excessive level. The result was more drilling, more oil and more refineries."



"RUBBER!"—A CANADIAN VIEW

"Doing unto others what he deeply resents having others do unto himself."

—Racey in the Montreal *Star.*

CRITICAL HOURS IN CHINA

THE GRIM PROSPECT of another Russo-Japanese war is hovering on the Asiatic horizon. At least, this is the opinion of Frederic William Wile, of the Washington *Star*. Certainly, agrees the Boston *Herald*, the two desperate battles of Tientsin and Mukden, both fought during Christmas week, will have their effect upon the future of China. The fall of Tientsin, we read in Peking dispatches, marked the end of Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang's drive for the city. After several days' fighting, in which thousands were killed, he entered this great international treaty port with national Chinese troops the day before Christmas. On the same day, by a strange coincidence, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, war-lord of Manchuria, defeated Gen. Kuo Sung-lin, formerly one of Chang's most trusted officers, near Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, after Japanese troops had occupied the city proper and had warned both belligerents to keep at a distance of at least six miles. The occupation of Mukden, the chief city of northeastern China, declares the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, "is a direct intervention in China's civil war which may have far-reaching results." Mr. Wile, however, seems to consider the conquest of Tientsin the more "sinister" move of the two, for he says of the victorious Chinese leader:

> "Marshal Feng is a puppet of Soviet Russia. He fights with Russian money, Russian arms, and Russian support. When Feng hoisted his banner over Tientsin it was a Chinese tuchun's emblem in aspect. In reality it was the flag of Soviet Russia. As in the case of the first Russo-Japanese war, which ended twenty years ago, Russia's advance across China to the very doors of Japan is again the menacing factor in the situation.
>
> "The fall of Tientsin comes close upon the heels of Japan's action in moving in force upon Mukden. Altho the Japanese have not effected a technical occupation of Mukden, the strengthening of their railway garrison there is tantamount to occupation.
>
> "Japan claims to have been asked by foreign consular representatives at Mukden to protect international interests there. The United States consul, Samuel Sokobin, did not join in such a request.
>
> "But all initiated authorities know the true inwardness of those steps. They are a far-sighted measure of precaution by the Japanese against the ceaseless, ruthless, and systematic advance of Soviet Russia through China. Moscow is not interested in bolshevizing China; Moscow's game is to break up China."

In an editorial headed "Russia's Far East Threat," the Boston *Herald* adds:

> "Both China and Japan have cause for anxiety since Russian arms and munitions enabled Gen. Feng Yu-hsiang to capture the port of Tientsin. On the surface the eyes of many other nations may see at first nothing more than the good news that Feng's success has put an end to the stoppage of railway communication between Peking and the sea. But an attempt by Bolshevist Russia to gain possession of an ice-free Pacific port is dreaded, and it is suspected that the design may lurk under the relations established between the Moscow Government and the so-called Christian General.
>
> "The Soviet commissars are apparently as eager as ever the absolute Czars were for Pacific dominion, with a naval base and a Navy fit to face the flag of the sunburst. Planning recovery and extension of power in Manchuria, they began in 1920 the forcible expulsion of those Japanese who had spread over the Transbaikal and Amur provinces, and within a year they were back at Vladivostok and Nikolaievsk with no potential enemy in the rear, and with freedom to devote diplomatic artifice to winning from China the control of the Chinese Eastern railway through Manchuria. In May, 1924, they won.
>
> "Mongolia was invaded by a Moscow force in 1921. It derided the Chinese suzerainty and set up a government of the Province, naming it the Mongolian Soviet State. Its importance to Russia is as a shorter way to the sea.
>
> "Is Moscow scheming for a Chinese port which would menace Japanese security? The world would like to know. Its contemplation of peace in the spirit of Locarno has a cold shadow cast upon it by this situation in the Far East."

As a result of the Russo-Japanese War, we are reminded, Port Arthur, in Manchuria, fell to Japan, and its port facilities have since been improved and developed. In fact, observes the St. Louis *Star*, Japan has always coveted Manchuria, with its minerals and fertile valleys. "The rushing of Japanese troops into the country," maintains the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "had a definite purpose." "That is the way Japan annexed Korea," explains the Cleveland *Press*. Very large numbers of Japanese are living in the territory, we are told, and Russia, points out the Chicago *Tribune*, "is becoming alarmed at this spread of Japanese influence, and is reported to be planning counter moves; both Russia and Japan are centering their interest in China." In the opinion of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the entry of Japanese troops into Mukden is in flat defiance of the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth of 1905, of the spirit of the Ishii-Lansing agreement of 1917, and of the agreement in connection with the consortium negotiations of 1918." To quote the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

> "A Japanese Army has entered Manchuria to 'protect Japanese interests' and—ostensibly—to save the consulates of other nations from violation. Chang Tso-lin, Manchurian war-lord, has registered a formal protest against the Japanese action. While making the protest Chang doubtless laughed in his ample sleeve.
>
> "Japan has long been a silent partner in Chang's Manchurian affairs. Japanese capitalists have supplied large financial backing. The overthrow of Chang would undoubtedly mean the repudiation of his obligations, and this would be embarrassing to Japanese bankers. Moreover, Japan relies largely on Chang for maintaining her ascendency in northern China. It is, therefore, sufficiently clear that the Japanese troops in Manchuria have for their real purpose the prevention of Chang's overthrow.
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> "Japan covets Manchuria. She sought its acquisition after the war with Russia, and the Treaty of Portsmouth gave her certain Manchurian privileges which she has long hoped to expand into something like suzerainty or a protectorate. Hitherto, however, she has had no good excuse for sending in an Army, for all Chang's fighting has been outside of Manchuria. The present episode appears to be one step farther in the slow transference of Manchuria from Chinese to Japanese sovereignty."

Japan, however, finds defenders of her recent action in the Detroit *Free Press* and the New York *Times*. Incidentally, Japan herself maintains that she is not occupying Mukden in the ordinary sense of the term, but is merely reenforcing her garrison of railway guards, permitted there by the Portsmouth Treaty. Says *The Free Press:*

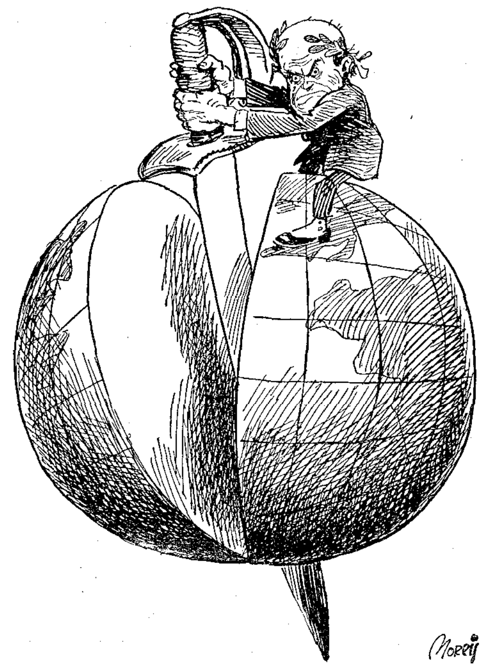
> "For Japan to entrust the safety of her Manchurian interests to Peking would be folly. Nothing remained for Tokyo to do but send an Army into the troubled region. No other Power seems prepared or willing to assume the burden. It is doubtful, moreover, whether Tokyo would welcome outside assistance any more than America would have suffered European Powers to impose their 'help' in the task of handling the Mexican problem."

The New York *Times* also believes that—

> "In sending reenforcements into Manchuria, the Japanese Government is acting within its rights under the Portsmouth Treaty, which allowed it a garrison of 15,000 men in the country.
>
> "The interests which Japan is now engaged in protecting are very real. She has 438 miles of trunk-line railway from Dairen to Changchun, and 250 miles of branch lines. Her mining and commercial interests are extensive. While Manchuria has not developed into a region for Japanese colonization, as was once expected, there are more than 150,000 Japanese residents in Manchuria, with another 200,000 in the leased territory of Kwantung, which Japan took over from Russia in 1905.
>
> "Manchuria has not lost by the presence of the foreigner. When Russia set to building her railroads across the country east to Vladivostok and south to Dalny and Port Arthur, it was largely an empty land. By 1908 Manchuria had 16,000,000 inhabitants. To-day it has nearly 20,000,000. They are Chinese who have poured northward from the overcrowded Eighteen Provinces, with the result that Manchuria has grown faster than any other part of China. The soil, among the most fertile on earth, is yielding great crops of soya beans and wheat, and the opportunities for the latter are said to be enormous. Over this good-sized kingdom Chang Tso-lin has hitherto ruled with absolute authority, the one stable factor in ten years of Chinese turmoil. If he should now succumb it may mean that Japan will simply have to do business with another Manchurian war-lord."

NO BLACK OR RED SHIRTS FOR GREEN

IT IS "QUITE EASY" for the Detroit *Free Press* to understand why William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, in making a recent attack upon the American aspects of Fascism, says that "Fascism and Communism have the same fangs and the same poison which it is intended to inject into the political life of our nation." The Detroit paper's explanation is this: "Starting from widely different, and, in fact, directly antagonistic premises, Fascism and Communism have developed and changed until to-day their structural form is almost identical. Extremes have come together; both are absolute despotism." Mr. Green's warning against the possible inroads of Fascism, thinks the Syracuse *Herald*, "undoubtedly reflects the sober sentiment of the American people in the mass," and the Brooklyn *Eagle* agrees that it is a "logical and effective indictment." To the Chicago *Tribune* the statement "proves again the soundness of the great body of organized labor in America," and the New York *Evening World* declares that "the president of the A. F. of L. is right in warning that Mussolini is as much a menace as Lenin; that the 'red shirts' are no more destructive of liberty than the 'black shirts.' The 'red shirts' stand for the tyranny of the proletariat; the 'black shirts' for the tyranny of the plutocrat. Both stand for the suppression of liberty and the rights of man as Americans have always understood them." Each movement, points out the Omaha *World-Herald*, "has sought the same means for accomplishing its end; each has sought to establish its program by force. Each has employed such deadly weapons as censorship of the press and the suppression of free speech and freedom of opinion." As Mr. Green explains in his letter to the organized wage-earners of the United States:



MUSSOLINI DIVIDES THE WORLD

"The whole world is divided into two camps—for and against Fascism."—*Mussolini.*

—Morris for the
George Matthew Adams Service.

"Dictator Mussolini, of Italy, recently delivered an address in Milan, in which he said:

"'Once an Italian, always an Italian to the seventh generation. No Italian worthy of the name would bring up his children in foreign lands to forget his fatherland. The State must dominate. The State must be a source of fear to those who would dare to disregard discipline. The State must rule and enforce respect at home and abroad.'

"The Italian Parliament only recently enacted a law making Mussolini independent of Parliament, and the King delegated to him unlimited power and freedom of action by official decree. Mussolini, therefore, did not exaggerate when he said the State must dominate, for he is the State.

"Mussolini is above Parliament, and the King has been made his vassal. Parliament is a puppet and must do his bidding. The sword has taken the place of reason in Italy.

"But Mussolini has gone still further. He does not like criticism. He is afraid of it. Parliament has just passed a law at his dictation which penalizes any one who by word or act offends him.

"Not satisfied with the powers of a dictator in Italy, he has extended the tentacles of Fascismo into other countries. His dictum that 'once an Italian always an Italian to the seventh generation' prohibits Italian immigrants to the United States becoming naturalized. They must remain Italian citizens and bow to Fascismo. If they enter any organization having for its purpose opposition to Fascismo, their property in Italy will be confiscated.

"Like the Communists, who seek to overthrow all governments, Fascismo is endeavoring to instil that blighting philosophy among the people of every nation. Fascismo and Communism have the same fangs and the same poison which it is intended to inject into the political life of our nation.

"Trade unionists and the people generally are urged at all times to be prepared to meet the propaganda of Fascismo with as strong opposition as they have made against Communism. Neither has a place in American life."

"Mr. Green is quite right in saying that Fascism has no place in American life," remarks the Detroit *Free Press.* As for Mussolini's "dictum" that "once an Italian, always an Italian," and the movement for the formation of Fascist centers and schools in this country, the Detroit paper says:

"Here we have a program of penetration and rule from the outside which is essentially the same as the policy of Bolshevism. The one material difference between the program of Moscow and the program of Rome is found in the circumstance that, so far, it does not appear that the Fascist propagandists in America are working with any conscious purpose of undermining and destroying the Government of this country as a whole. They seem to be attempting merely to establish an 'invisible Italian empire,' adjunct to Rome, among their own countrymen."

The New York *World* "does not trust Mussolini," because it regards his régime as "the supreme menace to the peace of Europe." We read on:

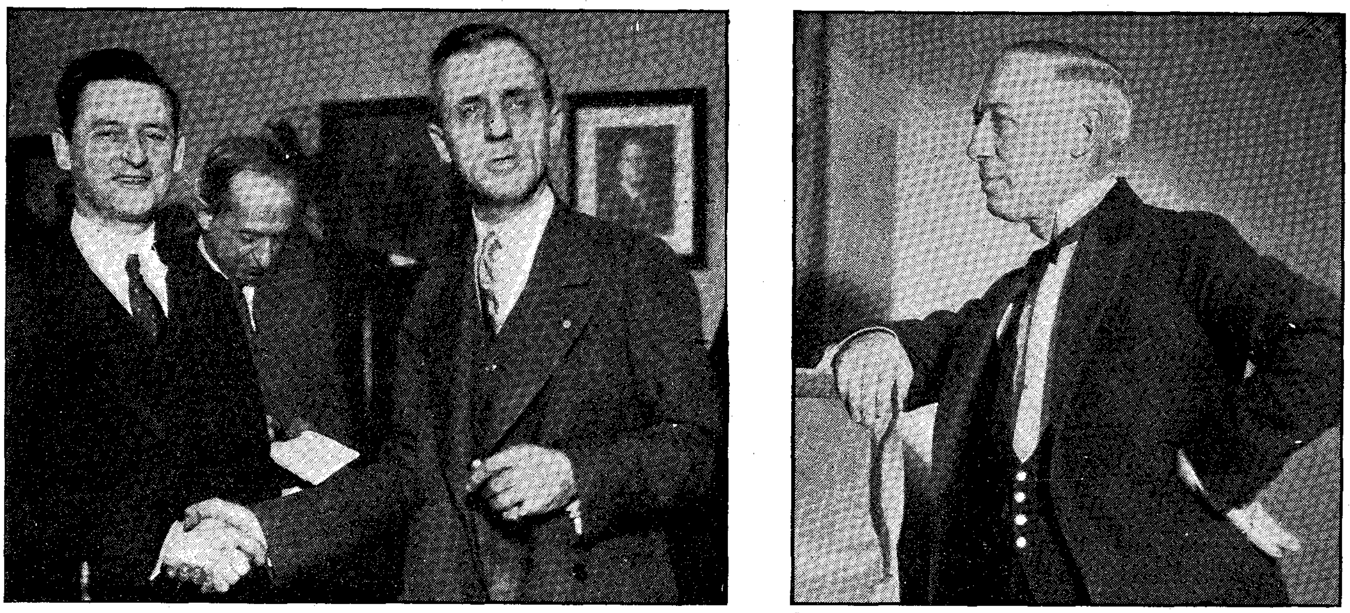
"All that is said in praise and justification of Mussolini was said before 1914 in behalf of the Kaiser. He, too, had his enthusiastic admirers among Americans of a certain kind who had been entertained by him in Germany. Yet the Kaiser at his worst never made a more ominous pronouncement than Mussolini's interview to the United Press. The Fascist Prime Minister says that Italy's exuberant 'population' gives 'her the right to wider expansion,' and while 'no definite territorial conquest is alluded to,' he means by an imperial Italy 'an attitude of mind, the rule of virile conduct, combative if needs be, which Italy must observe in great international problems.' In plain language, Signor Mussolini says that Italy must have more territory, that she will have it by compromise if possible, but by war if needs be."

These may be said to represent the preponderance of American editorial opinion. The Italian Ambassador to the United States, however, while unable because of his diplomatic rank to enter into a public discussion, maintains that "Italians who come to the United States must be loyal citizens." Beyond this, say Washington dispatches, the Ambassador refused to discuss the charges of Mr. Green.

Two newspapers, however, the New York *Herald Tribune* and the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, do not share Mr. Green's alarm over the menace of Fascism, because, as *The Herald Tribune* puts it, "we are convinced that the United States is perfectly well satisfied to follow a sound middle course." In the opinion of *The Journal of Commerce:*

"Mr. Green and his associates may rest assured that they need not concentrate their energies against Fascism. The country as a whole will do whatever is necessary.

"The special enemy against which organized labor is most effective is radicalism. A continuation of the hitherto successful warfare against that enemy would be a far better policy for organized labor than an unnecessary assault on futureless Fascism."



DIRECTOR ELLIOTT GENERAL BUTLER

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MAYOR KENDRICK

GENERAL BUTLER'S SUCCESSOR, THE GENERAL HIMSELF, AND THE MAYOR WHO "HIRED AND FIRED" HIM

GENERAL BUTLER'S DRAMATIC EXIT

"THE REAL, VITAL, FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION" in Philadelphia, as in other large cities throughout the United States, declares Gen. Smedley D. Butler, Philadelphia's picturesque police head for almost two years, "is decency and law enforcement; whether we law-abiding American citizens intend to enforce the law or drop it; whether we shall be run by a lot of bootleggers and naturalized foreigners." The General never would have attempted to resign from the Marine Corps, he said in a recent speech in Pittsburgh, "except to drive a lot of rats out of Philadelphia." In fact, notes Joseph Barton in a Philadelphia *Record* article, "General Butler's dramatic exit from the post of Director of Public Safety, with the spotlight of publicity fiercely burning upon him, was in keeping with his spectacular entrance into the City of Brotherly Love in January, 1924."

General Butler, whose leave of absence from the Marine Corps had been extended to January 1 of this year by President Coolidge, was dismissed by Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia a few days before Christmas, when the Mayor learned that the "Fighting Quaker," without consulting him, had announced that he was going to resign from the Marine Corps in order to finish the job of "cleaning up" Philadelphia. Later in the month General Butler withdrew his resignation. Meanwhile the verbal fireworks had begun. Among other things General Butler charged the Mayor with being in favor of law enforcement only to the extent that it did not reach "friends of his"; accused him of "lacking moral courage"; and followed up this attack by making public correspondence between himself, the Mayor, and the City Solicitor on law enforcement relative to a number of the largest and finest hotels in the city. Later in the month, at Pittsburgh, the General declared before a gathering of Pennsylvania citizens, including the Governor: "You have a cesspool in Philadelphia, and if necessary you should pass laws taking their government away from them if they don't know how to run it." In his Pittsburgh speech, says a dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> "The General charged that Mayor Kendrick had proved himself 'a disloyal chief,' first promising General Butler that he would be allowed to be his own boss, then giving him only lukewarm support, and finally turning openly against him when he (Butler) tried to padlock the Ritz-Carlton and Bellevue-Stratford hotels, and when he refused a dance license to the Walton Hotel, because of liquor violations."

In statements given to the press after his dismissal, General Butler is quoted as saying:

> "Ever since the President of the United States declined to grant an extension of my leave of absence, I have been trying to find a way to carry on this work and at the same time to remain in the Marine Corps. Nothing came in the way of a break which would indicate a change in the President's attitude toward my leave.
>
> "Nothing remained, therefore, to do but to make an effort to see the President myself. The President did not think a conference would be of any avail.
>
> "There remained but one course, and that was to resign from the Marine Corps. I decided after consulting my immediate family—who are the ones most concerned—to resign my commission in the Marine Corps, in order to make good my word to the police and to the people of Philadelphia.
>
> "I went to the President, thinking I was doing just exactly what the Mayor of this city wished, and it was a stunning blow to be informed that my suicidal sacrifice was the one cause advanced by the Mayor of the City of Philadelphia for dismissing me from office. . . .
>
> "It's easy to go out to a little corner saloon and get the little fellow, but there is a big difference between hitting him and hitting a $5,000,000 hotel.
>
> "In the last two years we arrested 227,000 people—15 per cent. of the population. There were over 16,000 arrests for selling liquor, but less than 10 per cent. were convicted. It's been getting worse during the last few months, with only 3 per cent. convicted. This is not the fault of the police. We raid places and make arrests, but time and again the magistrates don't even report the cases."

The man appointed by Mayor Kendrick to succeed General Butler has for two years been the General's right-hand man—George W. Elliott, former Fire Marshal of Philadelphia under three administrations. Besides the city's Chief Executive, the General himself has "the utmost faith in the new Director of Public Safety." The Philadelphia press also seems to have accorded him a welcome. The newspapers and various organizations, however, express amazement at the Mayor's action in dismissing General Butler. Among the organizations is the Philadelphia County W. C. T. U., the Law Enforcement League, the Market Street Business Men's Association, and the Law and

Order Committee of the Philadelphia Federation of Churches, representing about 450 churches in the Quaker City. Of the three Philadelphia papers which are not openly hostile to Butler —*The Bulletin*, *Record*, and *Inquirer*—*The Inquirer* says:

> "The Mayor went to Washington to urge President Coolidge to permit General Butler to remain in Philadelphia for another two years. The President for entirely satisfactory reasons declined. The Mayor exprest regret and made it plain that if Butler wished to resign from the Marines he would be retained in office. But Butler made no move in that direction. Not until it had been thoroughly understood that he would retire and that he would be succeeded by Assistant Director Elliott did he throw his bomb in the shape of resignation. It was a dramatic play.
>
> "There are those who see in the summary dismissal of General Butler a yielding to sinister elements. Supporters of the Mayor, on the other hand, will argue that since the Mayor and Director have not been in harmony in many ways, their parting was inevitable. Politicians, of course, are joyful. Had the Mayor named one of their number as Director, the police would be back in politics in short order. But Mr. Kendrick has kept his word and selected Mr. Elliott, who has been the able and efficient assistant of Butler, and has assured him that he will not be interfered with.
>
> "But Mr. Elliott is not General Butler. The criminal element has had a rather wholesome fear of Butler, a fear which Elliott, no matter how energetic he may be, will not inspire, at least in the same degree. We believe in the good intentions of the new Director. He is familiar with the Butler methods. He is conversant with the details of crime suppression. But with the impression abroad that a weaker administration will prevail, this city presents an inviting field next year for the criminal classes."

To *The Bulletin* "there is no question that the lawless element in the community and those who desire a 'wide-open' town will be particularly jubilant over the dismissal of Butler. But, it adds, "it is foolish to waste time in vain regrets. There is more important work ahead." The Philadelphia *Record*, in describing the events that led up to the Director's dismissal, says:

> "The Mayor entertained a desire, at the beginning of his administration, to take the Police Department out of the hands of the politicians. He induced General Butler to take up the job, and promised him unqualified support.
>
> "Butler was honest; that was taken for granted. But he was 100 per cent. honest; so honest that he believed in enforcing the law not only without any regard to its popularity, but without any regard to the position, wealth, and influence of those whose toes were trodden upon in the process of enforcement. And that, in Philadelphia as elsewhere, was a startling innovation.
>
> "We have some sympathy with the Mayor in the position in which he presently found himself placed. The Mayor is a 'good fellow,' and wants to be friendly with everybody. Director Butler made it impossible for him to be friendly with some of the politicians who had helped to elect him; and this circumstance he accepted with very good grace. The Director's unyielding attitude toward politicians subjected the Mayor to a very severe strain, but he stood it without cracking. When, however, the Director, in his pursuit of law-breakers, found them in very high places—very close, indeed, to the Mayor's immediate circle of friendships—His Honor began to squirm. The result was a foregone conclusion. Just how it might be brought about was problematical, but that it would come was certain. The Director solved the problem for the Mayor by making a false step.
>
> "We have spoken of Director Butler's unsuspected characteristics. In addition to being honest, he is impetuous, loquacious, picturesque, pugnacious, and not quite as high in his efficiency rating as he is in the matter of personal probity. He did the best he could with the force at his command. That force was disloyal to him for two reasons: Its moral standards were far below his, and its morale was nil. What else could be expected of an army in which the privates lived from day to day in the expectation of seeing their general walk the plank?
>
> "*The Record* does not hold with those who think the city is well rid of Butler. On the contrary, those who have the municipal welfare at heart owe him a vote of thanks. The courage and vigor with which he attacked an almost hopeless task, the pertinacity with which he kept at it under most discouraging circumstances, and the public interest which he aroused in law enforcement as an issue too long neglected are factors with which Philadelphia can ill afford to dispense, and he deserves the highest credit for the standards he established in the conduct of his department."

On the other hand, the president of the City Business Club of Philadelphia supports the Mayor's action in dismissing General Butler, and in Bishop Berry's opinion, "the General's successor, Mr. Elliott, has all the good qualities of Butler and some others that the General does not possess." "This accurately expresses the judgment of the community," believes the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. As for Mayor Kendrick, he is quoted in a Philadelphia paper as saying:

> "In my inaugural address, delivered on January 7, 1924, I declared that back of the new Director of the Department of Public Safety would be put the full strength of the Mayor and the entire administration to insure non-partizan, non-political, and efficient discipline in the police force, suppress banditry and lawlessness of all kinds, and enforce law and order. I have not deviated one iota from my original declared intention to reduce crime and banditry, enforce law and order, and permit no outside influence of any kind to affect the activities of the Department of Public Safety.
>
> "On Friday, October 30, 1925, I personally visited President Coolidge and made an urgent appeal to have him extend, for the balance of my term of office, the leave of absence of General Butler from the Marine Corps.
>
> "After due consideration, President Coolidge, on November 3, 1925, replied as follows:
>
> "'After having considered the request for further extension of the leave of Brigadier-General Butler from his duties in the Marine Corps, in order that he might continue to serve as head of the Police Department of the city of Philadelphia, I have come to the conclusion that the request ought not to be granted. Nearly a year ago I gave you my views very fully. . . .'
>
> "The letter to which President Coolidge referred was sent to me under date of December 9, 1924, and, in part, reads:
>
> "'The practise of detailing officers of the United States military forces to serve in civil capacities in the different States on leaves of absence is of doubtful propriety and should be employed only in cases of emergency.
>
> "'I have decided to permit General Butler to have leave of absence until January, 1926, so far as I have authority to grant it, but it does not seem reasonable to suppose that an emergency exists in your city which would be of a duration of over two years, and I, therefore, have to advise you that leave of absence should not again be requested. . . .'
>
> "Following the refusal of President Coolidge to grant this extension to General Butler, on November 4, 1925, I held a conference in my office with General Butler and Assistant Director Elliott. I then decided that upon the final determination of General Butler to return to the Marine Corps I would appoint in his place, as Director of Public Safety, Assistant Director Elliott. This decision I then announced to the public.
>
> "In a subsequent interview with General Butler I asked him to let me know his final decision, so that I might be in a position to make the necessary arrangements as to his successor. He then positively told me that he must return to the Marine Corps, and that he was arranging his transportation to San Diego. I heard nothing further about the matter until I read in a morning newspaper that General Butler had resigned from the Marine Corps. I thought that as the Mayor of the city and as his superior, it was unfair to me to have done anything in connection with this matter without first consulting with me.
>
> "I sent for Director Butler immediately upon reading the headlines in the morning paper, and frankly told him that . . . as a resigned officer I did not want him as Director. I made this statement because I felt that any other action on my part might be misunderstood by the President."

"General Butler's conduct," agrees the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "destroyed his usefulness in Philadelphia. The Mayor naturally refused to be a party to any plan for outwitting President Coolidge." To the morning *Public Ledger:*

> "Mayor Kendrick's specific announcement that he has not departed one iota from his intention to take the police out of politics, and to enforce the laws against the criminals, ought to be reassuring to the law-abiding. The new Director, Mr. Elliott, has not only confirmed this view of the instructions under which he is acting, but has made plain his determination to depart in no essential from the policy of his predecessor."

THE RAILROADS WINNING BACK

"HAMMERED, LEGISLATED AGAINST, attacked, investigated and regulated almost to death" for years, the railroads are now seen by a Western journal to be "beating back," to be winning new prosperity under more favorable laws. The striking announcement that during 1925 no less than ten separate operating records were established by our railroads arouses the press to congratulate them and the country. From almost every angle, we read in the Providence *Journal*, "the year has been an auspicious one for the carriers." This paper sees them facing 1926 with a new confidence, "and with facilities equal to any emergency" they "are prepared to handle all the traffic that American business can develop." In 1926, predicts the Pittsburgh *Sun*, the railroads will better these marks; "they will put the experience of 1925 out at interest." Altogether, the Rochester *Herald* thinks, our railroads "have demonstrated their capacity for growth and improvement in a way that seems to insure a continuance of that national prosperity of which they are the chief instrument." There are few citizens, remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "who fail to realize what this prosperity and efficiency mean to the nation." As the Baltimore *Sun* explains:

> "Railroad activity is one of the best of business barometers. Prosperity of the roads influences a wide range of industries. They are the great consumers of coal and steel and iron products. They employ millions of workers, supporting by wages paid in their own and in businesses largely dependent upon them a considerable proportion of the total population."

The efforts of the railroads to reestablish themselves under the new Transportation Act after the period of government control are apparent in the performances of the past five years, we read in the Boston *Christian Science Monitor:*

> "Such figures as are available show that more than 10,000 new locomotives and more than 600,000 new freight cars (largely replacements) have been put in service, while the net increase in property investment from 1920 to 1924 amounted to more than $2,600,000,000. During this time an increasing volume of traffic was handled, road and equipment which had been 'under' maintained by the Government was restored to its former condition, ratios of cost to revenue were lowered from 94 per cent. in 1920 to 76 per cent. in 1924, and with all this improvement in efficiency and economy approximately 300,000 superfluous employees were eliminated.
>
> "Despite the fact that railroad earnings were, and are, so low that the financing of public improvements through selling capital stock has been impossible, the railroad executives courageously planned a program of new and enlarged facilities. Financed by issuance of bonds and 'equipment trust certificates,' the carriers have placed enough new cars and powerful locomotives in service in the last five years to enable them to achieve their goal last year—namely, the handling of a large wheat crop without a major complaint of car shortage."

The ten new records that were established in 1925 were given to the press in connection with a December meeting of the board of directors of the American Railway Association:

> "1. The greatest freight traffic in history, measured by the number of cars loaded with revenue freight, was carried by the railroads of this country.
>
> "2. This enormous traffic was handled with practically no car shortage or transportation difficulties, there having been at all times no less than 103,000 surplus freight cars and 4,200 surplus locomotives in serviceable condition.
>
> "3. The greatest freight traffic for any month on record was carried by the railroads in October, when it amounted to 44,061,988,000 net ton-miles, exceeding by 2.2 per cent. the previous high record made in October, 1924.
>
> "4. Reaching a total of 1,124,436 cars, the number of cars loaded with revenue freight for the week ended on August 29 was the greatest for any one week on record, exceeding by 12,091 cars or 1.1 per cent. the previous high record made during the week of October 24, 1924.
>
> "5. The average daily movement of all freight cars in October was 32.2 miles, which exceeded the previous high record by one and one-half miles.
>
> "6. Loadings of merchandise and miscellaneous freight, including less than carload-lot freight, during the year, were the greatest on record, exceeding by more than two million cars the high record of one year ago.
>
> "7. The railroads on Wednesday, September 30, moved 1,090,693 freight cars, the greatest number for any one day in history. This included both loaded and empty freight cars.
>
> "8. The average load of freight per train for the month of August was 796 tons, the highest ever attained, being an increase of 26 tons over the previous record made in October, 1924.
>
> "9. Railroad taxes, including Federal, State and local, amounted to $360,000,000 in 1925, the highest for any one year on record. This was an average of nearly one million dollars per day.
>
> "10. Less fuel was consumed during the year in proportion to the amount of freight traffic handled than ever before, there having been an average for the first ten months in 1925 of 138 pounds used to move one thousand gross tons of freight and equipment one mile, compared with 148 pounds in 1924 and 160 pounds in 1923."

It is estimated that for the entire year 50,900,000 cars were loaded with revenue freight, "exceeding 1924 by nearly 2,500,000 cars, or 5 per cent.; and 1923 by 1,144,000 cars or 2.3 per cent." This record-breaking activity is attributed to the campaign for operating economy and efficiency, to large capital expenditures and to the cooperation and support of the shipping public. Greater activity has meant a larger income. According to the statement given to the press:

> "The net operating income of the Class I railroads in 1925 was approximately $1,125,000,000 or approximately 4.8 per cent. on their property investment. This estimate is based on complete reports for the first ten months which showed a net operating income of $935,047,505 or 4.83 per cent. and an estimate made by the Bureau of Railway Economics as to their earnings in November and December. Class I carriers in 1924 had a net operating income of $987,133,417 or 4.33 per cent.
>
> "The rate of return on the basis of property investment by years follows:

1920	0.09 per cent.
1921	2.92 per cent.
1922	3.61 per cent.
1923	4.48 per cent.
1924	4.33 per cent.
1925	4.80 per cent."

Now there may possibly be an element of danger to the railroads in this situation, the New York *Herald Tribune* thinks, "in that a false impression may be created by this improvement in earnings":

> "While to-day the carriers are earning at a rate close to that set up for them as a fair one, it is worth noting that this is the first time since the Railroad Act was put into effect that they have even approximated that figure. Between September 1, 1920, and September 1, 1925, they failed by nearly $1,290,000,000 to earn what the Transportation Act declared they were entitled to. No provision is made in the Act to make up this huge deficit to the carriers, despite the illusion cherished in some quarters that a certain income is 'guaranteed' them."

And the Chicago *Daily News* agrees that it is not yet time to advocate horizontal rate-reductions:

> "Railroad earnings are improving with increased traffic and more economical operation. Still, while a comparatively few lines easily earn on their investment more than 5¾ per cent., which Congress in the Transportation Law fixt as a reasonable return, the railroads as a whole still earn less than that."

At the close of so notable a year the railroads can look forward to two constructive factors, says the Newark *News*, alluding to the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision in the Nickel Plate merger, scheduled for this month, which should prove the beginning of the application of the consolidation clause of the Transportation Act; and to the reported agreement of a joint committee of railroad executives and labor leaders on a new arbitration and mediation plan.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

THE dry noes seem to have it over the wet ayes in Congress.—*Buffalo Post.*

Now Colonel Mitchell has another strong conviction about the air service.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

TRUTH crusht to earth will rise again, of course, because it will not lie.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

A REPRESENTATIVE desires to have the Congress solve the servant problem. He pays the sagacity of that body a high compliment.—*South Bend Tribune.*

WHY is it a woman, who constantly complains that she has nothing to wear, has to have six closets to keep it in?—*Detroit News.*

THE potato and the lump of anthracite can not pass each other going into the basement without smiling.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

OUR Board of Optimism reports that, thanks to the coal strike, fewer people are likely to go crazy with the heat this winter.—*Life.*

A SCIENTIST claims to have discovered that sleep can be omitted, but the family in the flat overhead beat him to it.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

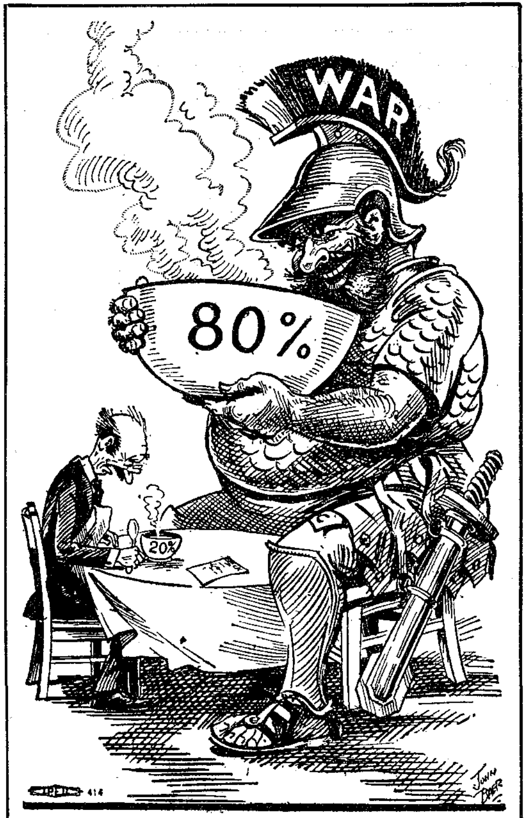
IT is estimated that it takes 624 pounds of coal to get the average newspaper force warm enough to poke fun at Florida.—*Pasadena Post.*

THE proposed income-tax reductions will save the average man almost enough to pay his share of the sugar tariff.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

FLORIDA is establishing a bird sanctuary. The general impression has been that what is needed is a refuge of out-of-town fish.—*Detroit News.*

THE story comes from California that a man out there was cured of paralysis by being struck by lightning. Now let Florida tell one.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

SECRETARY MELLON'S report makes our fiscal system beautifully clear. The Government takes the taxpayer's dollar, uses eighty cents of it for war purposes and keeps the change.—*The New Yorker.*



THE LITTLE FELLOW PAYS THE CHECK

Secretary Mellon's report shows that 80 per cent. of the taxpayer's dollar goes to pay for past wars and to prepare for future wars, and that only 20 per cent. is expended for Uncle Sam's civilian activities.

—Baer in *Labor.*

PEOPLE wouldn't get divorced for such trivial reasons if they didn't get married for such trivial reasons.—*Bridgeport Star.*

THE terpsichorean worst will not come until a merger is effected by the Charleston and the shimmy.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

SOME statistical maniac has estimated that the humble bees in this country are worth more than all our gold. Maybe so, but, personally, we'd rather handle the gold.—*New York American.*

CONNECTICUT tobacco growers are searching for a substitute crop to cultivate for a few years while the ground is "resting." Why don't they try growing cigaret makings?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A NEWSPAPER recently printed an article on theatrical superstitions. It may not be generally known that in American film circles it is considered lucky to be the seventh wife of a seventh husband.—*Punch.*

"Two problems our pioneer women didn't have," says the Detroit *Free Press*, "were cigaret stains on their fingers and chapped knees." Two problems the modern women haven't are snuff stains on their teeth and whale-bone corsets.—*Louisville Times.*

IF there is anything the country is interested in just now, it is plane facts.—*Wichita Eagle.*

FRENCH finance ministers do not succeed. They only succeed each other.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE Senate might at least be considerate enough to buy Vice-President Dawes a pair of ear-muffs.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

YEARS before the one-button union suit had made its appearance in the ads the laundries off and on were returning something of that description.—*Detroit News.*

THE wets in the House have organized a bloc. They are trying like the dickens to look like a permanent wave.—*Wichita Eagle.*

IT is announced that the furry animals will have thicker winter coats for the women to wear next summer.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ANOTHER thought that depresses us is what kind of homes the home-made pies you buy downtown must come from.—*Columbia Journal.*

TEXAS has every indication of wanting to put "Ma" Ferguson in the criminal class because she is carrying a Jimmy.—*Nashville Banner.*

WE Southern Democrats are as strong as adamant for State rights until Congress offers us an appropriation.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

AMERICANS will take different views of the statement that France has been unremitting in her efforts to settle the debt.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THE way they get in and out of Cabinets, you'd think the French politicians learned their statesmanship from Houdini.—*New York American.*

AMELIA BINGHAM'S presence of mind in sitting on her jewelry when confronted by burglars is referred to by the Toledo *Blade* as "rising to the occasion."—*Detroit News.*

OUR Army and Navy officers are men of the right stamp for their jobs. In these piping times they would rather scrap among themselves than remain in innocuous silence.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

DEBT-FUNDING: "Lend me ten more, Bill, and I'll pledge my grandchildren to pay that five I owe you."—*Publishers Syndicate.*

ANOTHER reason we know the tariff helps the farmer is because just look how many millionaire farmers there are.—*Dallas News.*

A WOMAN naturalist in Benton Harbor, Michigan, has written a book entitled "Dumb Animals I Have Met," and dedicated it to her husband. She should know best.—*New York American.*

A MASSACHUSETTS expert has decided that the chance of a man being struck by lightning in that State is 1 to 1,013,770. Calvin Coolidge won on a million to one chance.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

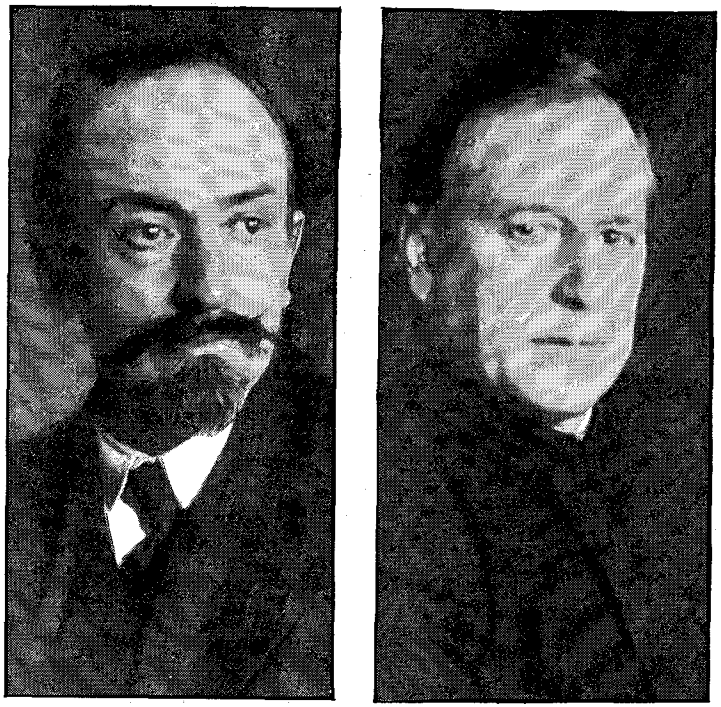
Now that the Curtis Publishing Company has declared a stock dividend valued at $70,000,000, perhaps *The Ladies' Home Journal* will tell the housewives of the nation how to serve a melon.—*Boston Transcript.*

NEW YORK'S neediest cases this year are real-estate owners who are confronted with overproduction and falling rents. Already some apartments bring barely twice what they are worth, and pessimists fear that the time may come when people can afford to live here.—*The New Yorker.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHAT RUSSIA EXPECTS FROM THE WORLD

SOVIET RUSSIA IS READY *to come to an agreement* with Great Britain, according to the Russian Foreign Minister, Georg Tchitcherin, but she is not ready to enter the League of Nations which, he says, "is not, as at present constituted, a real instrument for world peace." This statement was given to a Special Correspondent of the London *Observer*, and Mr. Tchitcherin protested emphatically against the assumption that it is Russia which should be blamed for the fact that no fresh negotiations have been entered into between the Soviets and Great Britain. Mr. Tchitcherin says he has often declared Russia's willingness to commence such negotiations and informs us that when Christian Rakovsky was acting as Chargé d'Affaires in London he repeatedly made overtures in the same spirit both to the Foreign Office and to the press. As reported in *The Observer*, Mr. Tchitcherin said further:



Photographs by courtesy of Captain Paxton Hibben

TWO STRONG MEN OF RUSSIA

Georg Tchitcherin, People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs, and Christian Rakovsky, Chairman of the Council of the People's Commissaries, who has replaced Leonid Krassin in the debt negotiations between France and Russia.

> "I should like, also, to point out a remarkable fact, which seems to me to throw a considerable light on this question of responsibility. Have you noticed that for the last year the ground has shifted? About twelve months ago the alleged impossibility of making a complete settlement of Anglo-Russian affairs was said to be due to our unwillingness to come to terms on the question of Russia's debts. But as soon as it became evident that we were ready to meet our creditors in a reasonable spirit, the emphasis was suddenly put on our attitude to the League of Nations. It is our attitude to this society that is now made the acid test."

There is much less talk about Russian debts in the British press than there used to be, the *Observer's* correspondent remarked to Mr. Tchitcherin, and informed him at the same time that the eagerness which some members of the League and a section of the British press are manifesting for Russia's entrance into the League seems to be based "mainly on their desire to promote the success of that body, which can never tackle the subject of disarmament with Russia left out." Whatever may be the cause of their eagerness, Mr. Tchitcherin told the correspondent, it is an indisputable fact that Russia's attitude to the League has been "unwarrantably entangled with the question of a general settlement with Great Britain," and he added:

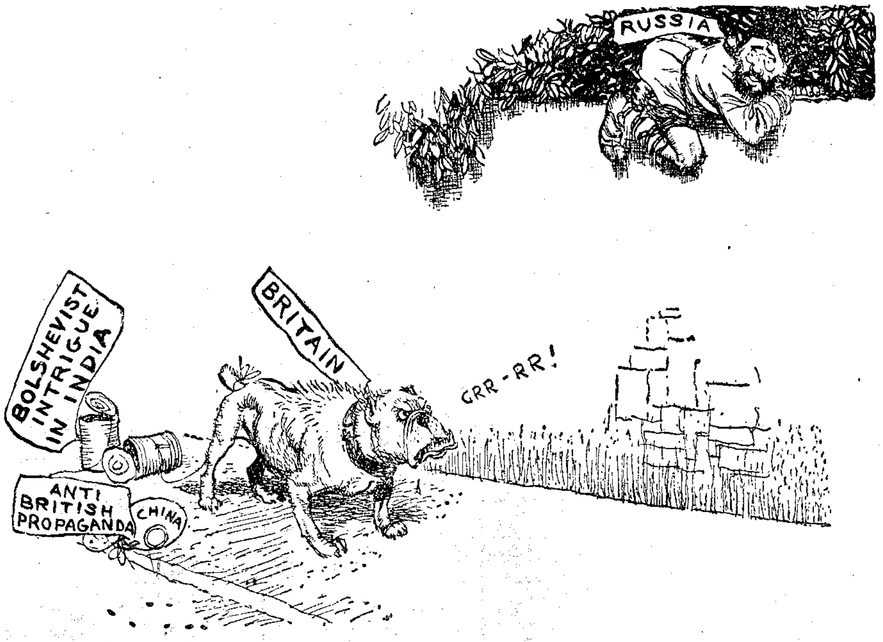
> "I can give you a remarkable proof of this. In a speech made in the House of Commons, as quoted in the British press, Sir Austen Chamberlain mentioned the circumstance that in a conversation with Lord D'Abernon in Berlin I had once more declared the impossibility of our entering the League of Nations.
>
> "But he quite failed to mention the fact that in the course of the same conversation I also emphasized the point that at any moment we were ready to enter into direct negotiations with the British Government in order to settle all the questions dividing us. I endeavored to make it plain to Lord D'Abernon that, in our opinion, the genuinely realistic approach to general peace and world settlement was best made by an immediate solution of the existing divergences between the Soviets and Great Britain, as well as of those between ourselves and other countries, than by any such formality as the reception of Russia into the League.
>
> "We desire—and that can not be too often repeated—a practical and a real adjustment of outstanding questions with other countries, and by making such an adjustment we believe that we are, in fact, furthering a real world settlement."

The true reason why Russia is averse to entering the League, according to Mr. Tchitcherin, is that it is not, as constituted to-day, a real instrument for world peace. To be more particular, he said, he could not see how Russia's entrance into the League could be expected to promote the settlement of outstanding questions between Russia and other nations, when those very nations have, up to the present, refused to recognize Russia. Mr. Tchitcherin then said:

> "Moreover, we reject a cardinal doctrine of the League: the idea of the coercion of some States by others.
>
> "There is yet another reason for our refusal to join the League. I must point out that the insistent invitations which certain members of it are addressing to us come with a very ill grace from countries which not only reject all our overtures for mutual accommodation, but are actually in occupation of our territories.
>
> "By the way, I have come across reports in some papers which insinuate that in private conversations I have exprest on this subject opinions different from those I have voiced publicly. This allegation is absolutely false. I have said in private what I have said publicly, and I have never for a moment exprest any other views about the League. But all this, I repeat, does not in the least degree alter or conflict with the fact that we are always ready to settle our difficulties with other countries."

In reply to the suggestion that the entrance of Germany and Russia into the League would go some way toward solving the problems of disarmament, Mr. Tchitcherin said it would not. If so-called security must precede disarmament, he said, he doubted whether the nations would ever practically tackle the bigger question, and he added:

> "In that respect, I think Russia's position has all along been unambiguous. I venture to claim that we have been consistent from the start.



"IT'S THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN BEHIND HIS BACK"

THE BOLSHEVIK: "I wonder why he doesn't like me. I always speak nicely to him."

—*Western Mail* (Cardiff).

"After the termination of the war, we were, I believe, the first nation to advocate disarmament; and we officially express our approval of this policy in our reply to the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance. We not only vehemently criticized the Treaty for giving an enormous international power to a few States, but we rejected it as delaying the practical settlement of the disarmament question.

"Incidentally, I have just received the report of a speech made at Moscow by Mr. Rykov, chairman of the Council of Commissaries, in which he makes a downright offer to abolish not only the Army, but also Russia's war industries, providing complete disarmament becomes general. He goes on to say that he is ready to give the fullest support to any attempt at even [partial disarmament. This readiness of ours to disarm is no mere rhetorical gesture; it is implicit in our fundamental attitude to the world. We renounce not only the policy, but even the very idea of conquest. And we need an Army and Navy only for defense."

On the subject of the Locarno Conference Mr. Tchitcherin said that Russia still felt apprehensive, because the Russians do not yet see Locarno's contribution to the cause of peace, and he went on:

"I, for one, readily accept the assurance of the participants in the Conference, that Locarno is 'a beginning.' But a beginning of what? That only time will show.

"Locarno or no Locarno, we want real peace and a removal of the antagonisms which tear the world to pieces, and we are whole-heartedly ready to make our contribution to this end.

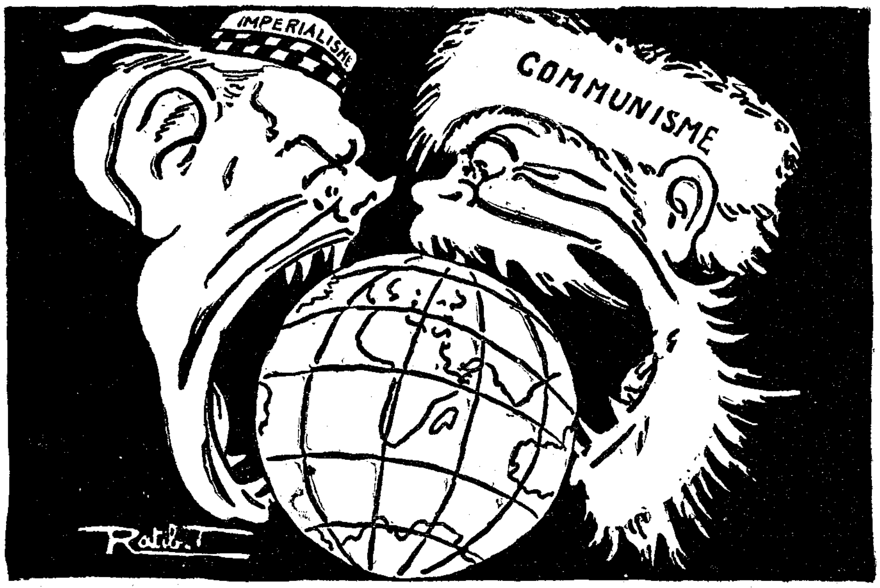
"We realize quite readily that no settlement can result from a situation in which one party gives all and the other takes all. Settlement is a matter of give-and-take; and we are realists enough to allow full play to this fundamental principle of negotiation. The principle is, I believe, fully recognized by the British people who, more than any other, put their confidence in facts. The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is a fact, and a considerable one. If only this is borne in mind, an accommodation between Great Britain and Russia should not be difficult."

Turning to Russia's relations with France, we find the press quoting French foreign officials in denial of a published statement of Mr. Tchitcherin, that there is "an understanding between France and Soviet Russia." According to a Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, it is declared officially that conversations have been held between the French Premier and the Russians which laid ground for discussions, the basis of which has not yet been decided. This informant tells us also:

"The tone of Mr. Tchitcherin's interview with the International Press is regarded as negative and bantering, and it is viewed as intended chiefly for Russian consumption and as a move to induce European nations to grant credits to Russia with the threat to give American capital greater advantages if Europe does not take the lead.

"It is pointed out that the only French advantage in talking with Russian leaders lies in getting the latter to keep out of French internal affairs and cease to inspire French Communists. When negotiations are resumed after Mr. Rakovsky's return from Moscow, whither he is going with Mr. Tchitcherin, the French intend to discuss relations in three separate fields—diplomatic, political, and economic. The first field includes an examination of all former treaties with Czarist or post-Czarist Russia with a view to adapting them to present-day relations. The second includes all international relations with Russia, such as consular agreements and the rights of citizens of one country in the other; the third includes exports and imports, credits, investments, and debt settlements.

"It is intimated, however, that the discussions between the two countries are far apart, especially as Russia still refuses to recognize the State or industrial debts of former Governments."



"STRANGE COMPANIONS"

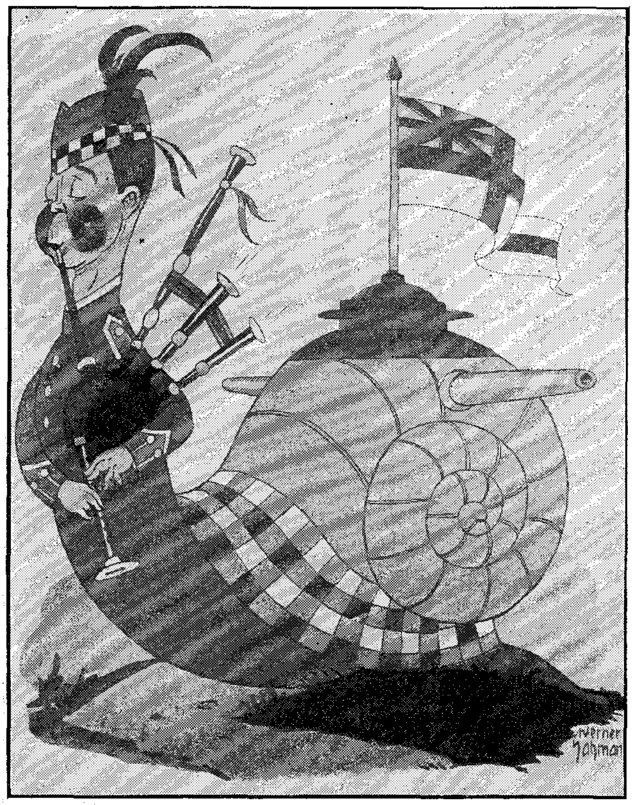
"British imperialism and Russian communism compete to devour the world."

—*P'st.*

We have Mr. Tchitcherin's opinion of the United States in *Foreign Notes*, a semimonthly published by the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, which tells us of an interview with Russia's Foreign Minister given to an American visiting in that country. Mr. Tchitcherin complains that "the United States is the only nation of considerable consequence left in the world which does not recognize the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

GERMAN CRITICISM OF ALLIED METHODS

GERMANY HAS HAD TO GIVE more than is fair for every concession granted by the Allies, according to some German editors, who speak sarcastically of the "high price" paid for the evacuation of Cologne, and for the changes made in regulations for areas still occupied by the Allies. Evacuation, they remind us, came as the result of lengthy diplomatic negotiations which ended about the middle of November, and according to which, "the virtually disarmed Germany" has undertaken to disarm even further. The Nationalist editors are especially bitter, alleging that in the course of these negotiations the Allies prest upon the Reich a series of "humiliating" demands, which they consented to withdraw or change only after tedious discussions and disputes. Various democratic papers, such as the *Berliner Tageblatt*, confirm this allegation, and it adds that "these negotiations were much richer in dramatic moments than many seem to realize."



A GERMAN JAB

The incredible speed of the British in retiring from Cologne.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

We gather from the complaints in the German press that the conditions originally set by the Allies for the evacuation of Cologne may be summarized as follows: (1) General von Seeckt, the strong Commander-in-Chief of the Reichswehr, who had checked by his loyal and resolute firmness so many attempts directed against the present German régime by Germany's Left as well as Right trouble-makers, was to be deposed. His place was to be taken by a civilian who would henceforth be a sort of Reichswehr Minister, removable with changes of the Cabinet, and thus exposed to all the vicissitudes of political weather. (2) The General Staff was to be liquidated. (3) Germany's famous Security Police were to be recruited on the basis of lifelong service. This is to prevent the training of a large German force by passing men through the police service for terms of two or three years each, as Germany trained the Army that helped defeat Napoleon at Waterloo. All military titles used by such police were to be abolished. Officers would be known simply as inspectors with an inspector-general in command of the force. The uniform was to be changed. (4) The remaining big guns at the fortress of Koenigsberg were to be destroyed, and the German Government would undertake to prevent military training of German youths.

German resistance to the Allied demands, it appears, was centered on the question of having the Reichswehr's Commander-in-Chief a civil minister, who would be "a toy in the hands of political parties," while the Germans also argued that to weaken the Security Police would render Germany defenseless against internal disorders. The Allies finally agreed, we are told, not to change the status of the Commander-in-Chief of the Reichswehr, tho he is to be subjected to a tighter control by the War Minister. On this point the *Berliner Tageblatt* remarks:

> "In any case we do not think that the measures agreed upon will diminish in any way the authority of General von Seeckt. As to the Security Police, one must admit that, tho its new status does not make one rejoice, it is much more acceptable to us than as originally planned by France. We at least may hope that the Security Police, this important instrument of the State, will be preserved, and that the new conditions imposed on it will not interfere with its normal functioning. It will be remembered that the Allies demanded from us that this police force should be purged of its so-called military tinge, that the men should not dwell in barracks, that they should be recruited for lifelong service, and that military titles should be abolished. But the German view-point has been accepted. . . . Only some of the men will be recruited for lifelong service. If necessary, especially in large cities, they may dwell in barracks. Police officers will be called officers, but not inspectors. Thus, the organization is not destroyed. It is true that a number of costly and complicated changes will have to be effected; but this is not so bad after all.
>
> "We had to bring about a state of affairs on the basis of which the liberation of Cologne would be possible. . . . And, after all, one must admit that the Allies also have yielded to the will for an understanding acceptable to both contracting parties, and that they did not behave in an irreconcilable manner. This, of course, does not mean that they were ready to take into consideration all our vital needs and necessities."

The *Koelnische Zeitung* is not so lenient toward the Allies, and thinks that in the course of the negotiations they did not show even a trace of the spirit of Locarno. Their attitude toward Germany, this paper contends, has remained the same as always, and it adds:

> "Judging by these negotiations the spirit of Locarno was construed by the Allies in the sense that Germany was obliged to execute all her obligations on the basis of a complete and absolute confidence in her former enemies, whereas the latter would begin to trust Germany only after she had done literally everything expected from her. This is all the more astonishing since the concessions which the Allies promised us, but which they have not granted, were the minimum Germany could expect."

A British view of the evacuation of Cologne is contributed to the London *Spectator* by Maj.-Gen. Sir Robert Hutchison, K.C.M.G., who was closely associated with the Army of the Rhine for more than three years. He is convinced occupation of European territory is of no use to Britain, and says:

> "I believe we might and should have left Cologne a considerable time ago, but perhaps Mr. Chamberlain found our presence there of some value in his negotiations for the Pact of Locarno. By the Pact of Locarno we guarantee German and French security; we promise to give a lot. What do we get in exchange? Have we no safety of the British Empire to look after? It seems to me that however desirable it may be to secure the peace of Europe by the Pact of Locarno, we must look after our own safety. If there ever is another Great War—which God forbid!—I venture to suggest that we shall not be fighting on the Continent of Europe. We shall be fighting for our lives on the sea and in the air. If this Pact of Locarno is to be of any use to us it must lead to disarmament, especially at sea and in the air. I do hope and trust the British Government will do all it can to withdraw our forces from occupation duty in Europe (and I might mention other places), and to this end the force remaining at Wiesbaden should be cut down to a small guard. Our flag is as safe with a Captain's guard as with a Division."

THE PROBLEM OF EUROPE'S NEW STATES

ALMOST IN A NIGHT a whole crop of new States grew up in Europe and the question is asked by some European editors whether most people are properly aware of them. These new States are there, however, remarks a contributor to the London *Outlook*, and they have their full apparatus of national languages, and national flags, and their full tale of domestic problems. Europe must somehow assimilate them or be rid of them, he declares, and statesmanship must needs ask—tho under its breath, for these young countries are full grown in chauvinism—whether they are mushroom growths. That they rest on a foundation of language proves nothing, according to this writer, Harold Stannard, who goes on to say:

> "The formula so many tongues, so many States did not commend itself to the nineteenth century when nationalism, not yet challenged by internationalism, whether from Geneva or from Moscow, enjoyed a prestige far greater than to-day. The test of geography is more trustworthy. Geography has been a decisive factor in the making of Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and Italy. It is therefore worth while looking for these new States on a map of Europe which shows physical features and not national frontiers.
>
> "Only one presents itself with any clearness. The little mountain system known as the Bohemian diamond is an unmistakable feature of our map. East of it, and separated from it only by a river valley, runs the line of the Carpathians, almost straight across the map until it takes its big bend south. These two systems together, the Bohemian diamond and the Western Carpathians, roughly constitute the new State of Czecho-Slovakia. They are two systems and the new State is double-named. If the name corresponded to the reality, all would be well. Unhappily, the State is not composed entirely of Bohemian Czechs and Carpathian Slovaks. There is a considerable and scarcely well-disposed German minority, whose existence is ostentatiously refused recognition in the State's name. But for this element Czecho-Slovakia might present itself as the political expression of geographical facts. In any case it has a firmness of outline to which none of the other States born of the war can lay claim. Hence the ease with which Europe has accepted Czecho-Slovakia. It has a status denied to all the rest with the possible exception of Finland."

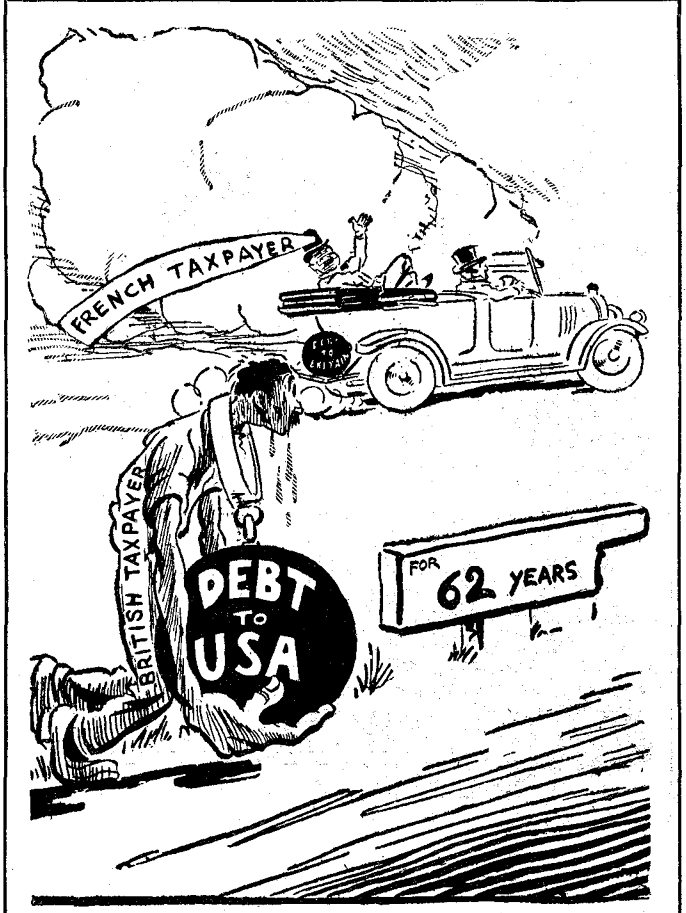
Finland also emerges in some sense from the physical map, Mr. Stannard notes, and calls attention to the fact that the Gulf of Bothnia runs up from the Baltic much as the Adriatic runs up from the Mediterranean. Its western side presents a geographical unit, we are reminded, in the once joint kingdom of Sweden and Norway, now broken into separate but friendly halves, facing respectively east and west. We read then:

> "The Eastern coast of the Gulf is continuous with the great land mass of Eastern Europe and Northern Asia. But coastal strips tend to assert their separate quality and it is no surprize to find Sweden on the one side balanced by Finland on the other. Still less is it surprizing that these two States, having settled their quarrel over the islands in the Gulf between them, should be conscious of their common interests. The recent State visit of the King of Sweden to Helsingfors thus assumes some European significance. No other new capital has yet welcomed the chief of one of the thoroughly established States. By this gesture, Sweden with her important Western connections has shown her readiness to sponsor Finland into the European family; and Sweden's judgment may be decisive.
>
> "Next, tho for historical rather than for geographical reasons, Europe is ready to welcome Poland. To some extent it is Poland's own fault that a State so considerable in area and population is regarded with such critical eyes. Her Eastern frontier is of her own making—not a few would say of her own grabbing—tho she is not responsible for the political surgery which carved her outlet to the sea. A Poland we may well hope and believe will be an enduring part of the new Europe, but this Poland—?"

The future of the remaining States must be pronounced doubtful, in the ominous opinion of Mr. Stannard, who points out that not only have their present frontiers to be submitted to the test of experience, but the States themselves "have not yet fully justified their existence in the eyes of the modern world."

CANADIAN VIEW OF THE RUBBER SQUEEZE

A YEAR OF ASTOUNDING PROSPERITY in the rubber trade is credited with having alleviated unfortunate conditions in other economic fields in Britain. Ship-building may have been sadly deprest, we are told, the iron and steel trades may have suffered seriously from lack of orders, the coal industry may be in a parlous state, but owners and shareholders in rubber plantations in widely scattered portions of the world have received golden returns from their investment. Noting this fact, the Montreal *Daily Star* points out that Britain has control of the rubber market of the world, and that of the thousands of tons of rubber used in the United States, seven-eighths come from British plantations. Having control of the market, we read then, Britain has set the world price of rubber, and automobile tire factories and other users of this commodity are forced to purchase at the British price. Moreover, it is admitted, they have set it at such a figure that they have been able to reap very rich profits. How Britain came to control the rubber market is not a question on which all will agree, remarks this newspaper, for some will attribute it to British acumen and foresight in business, while others will ascribe it to the sheer luck which has dogged the race at many periods of its history. Now, we are further informed—



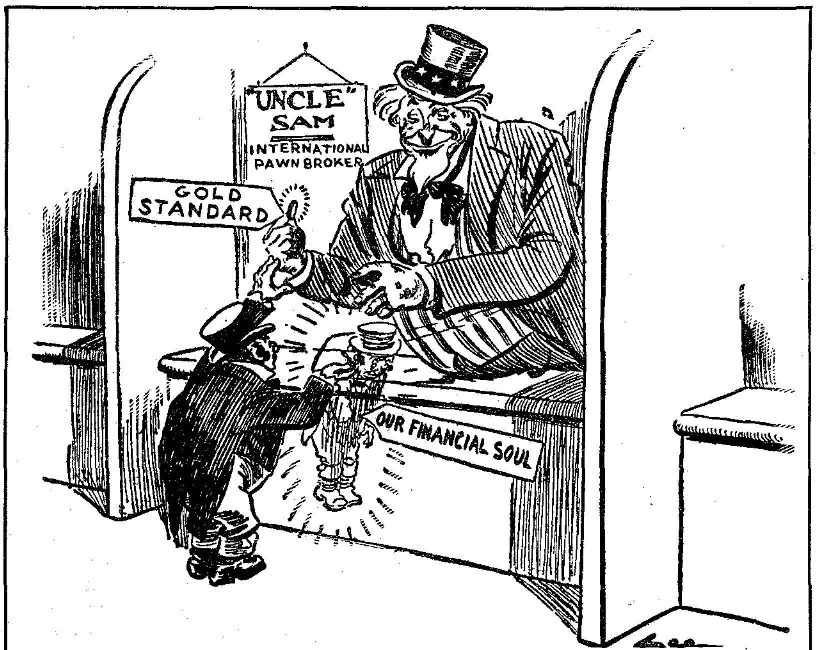
"WE'RE NOT GRUMBLING, BUT—!"

—*The Daily Courier* (Liverpool).

> "Unfortunately, no nation or individual can suddenly accumulate any large profits without some other individual or nation having to pay the piper. In the case of rubber it is the United States that is reluctantly providing the profits for the rubber-company shareholders of Britain, and the United States doesn't like the experience. It offends the shrewd business sense of the people of that great Republic to have to pay through the nose for something that they can not do without, unless they are willing to forego the profits of some of their wealthiest industries.
>
> "It was unfortunate that some newspaper man or official in Britain with a sense of humor pointed out that Britain was

paying a large portion of her debt to America out of the profits of her crude rubber, and that America was in effect doing the paying. This exasperated a certain element in the United States. Britain had got most of the credit in the eyes of the world for the settlement of the Anglo-American debt problem.

"She had gained prestige, and altho not given overmuch to boasting, she felt a glow of satisfaction that she had met her obligations squarely and honorably. The British note of hand was still honored around the world. America's satisfaction at the debt negotiations, apart from the millions of dollars for her Treasury, was a pride in the shrewdness of her financiers and statesmen. They had refused to be swayed by sentiment; they had made a satisfactory deal which reflected credit on their noted 'efficiency.'"



AN INTERNATIONAL UNCLE

—*The Daily Courier* (Liverpool).

The revelation that Britain is paying her war debt through her rubber profits, *The Daily Star* goes on to say, has robbed America of some of this satisfaction. It is suggested, we are told, that Britain foresaw that the increasing demand for rubber by the United States factories would bring about the very state of things which has occurred, and Britain is pictured in certain American quarters as a crafty and cunning nation. Stolid and slow-moving John Bull, it is said, is suddenly suspected of having put one over on his cousin, and what is worse, to be laughing up his sleeve at his cleverness. But we are assured:

"There is no such deep-laid plot, and it is only harming our relations with our good friends to the south when they allow such speeches as those that have been made in Congress during the last few days to be broadcast to the world. America insisted during the debt negotiations that the problem was a purely business matter, and that sentiment had no place in the adjustment of these debts. Britain can to-day fittingly reply that control of the rubber market is not a matter of sentiment, and is not based on a desire to score any irritating victory at the expense of friends. It is purely a matter of business. Britain controls the rubber market of the world, and she is setting the price just in the same way as for many years the United States set set the price of gasoline, and to a large extent controls the price of coal oil. The United States business men are too shrewd not to appreciate the situation. They know that the country or the firm that supplies a universal want, whether it be a safety-razor at five dollars or a telephone switchboard at five thousand, sets the price at whatever figure it thinks it can gouge out of its foreign purchaser. The United States, which has erected a tariff wall along the international boundary, would laugh at Britain if, having the power to sell her product at a high rate, she nevertheless sold at a low figure out of sentiment or sympathy."

The rubber situation has nothing whatever to do with the Anglo-American debt, according to this newspaper, which adds that the inquiry as to the price the United States has to pay for various products from other countries may be indefinitely extended, and except for the fact that many foolish speeches and wild statements may be made, the inquiry will have little or no effect. We read then:

"In spite of the stories told to American children in the school histories or on the screen, the United States does not own the earth—yet. It may be exceedingly galling not to be able to control the price of all the raw material in the world, but reprisals are a boomerang and only serve to set the world laughing. Germany would have set to and turned her corn husks into synthetic rubber. It would never have run its head against the stone wall of inexorable economic laws.

"America might well clear the stage of her loud-voiced politicians and let her men of science and her economists tackle the task."

A JAPANESE VIEW OF DISARMAMENT

THE LIMITATIONS of the Locarno Treaty in guaranteeing the peace of Europe only, deeply impress some Japanese editors. The validity of the Locarno Treaty is local, they say, and it follows, therefore, that the disarmament accompanying it will logically be local. Now inseparable as security and disarmament are, remarks the Osaka *Asahi*, one is entirely different from the other. The assurances of security may be properly local, according to this journal, but the force of disarmament must be international, and it goes on to say:

"Even if a disarmament treaty be concluded that is applicable to Europe, it will be of no force as long as Russia stands outside its scope. We take disarmament as meaning that the fighting strength of land and sea forces must be restricted. Then it will be necessary for Great Britain to persuade the United States to participate in such an international parley, and also to prevail upon Japan to send her representatives to it. It is for these reasons that we think disarmament by Europe alone is impracticable.

"As the local limitation of a disarmament conference which the local security pact requires is impracticable, its force must be made universal. The naval disarmament which the Washington parley effected was local, and so the participants were not in a position to limit the force of auxiliary ships. This failure is responsible for the present competition in ship construction. Thus it may be concluded from these contentions that it is necessary for the purpose of international disarmament to invite those nations which took part in the Locarno conference and which participated in the Washington conference in order to limit not only the naval forces but also the fighting strength of their respective armies. We are of the opinion that the representation of Soviet Russia at such *pourparlers* is essentially important.

"Russia did not partake in either the organization of the League of Nations or in the discussion at the Locarno parley, but she must needs be invited to an international disarmament conference lest the disarmament treaty be invalidated. The non-participation of Russia will not permit her neighbors to limit their fighting strength. As Japan is contiguous, she will not find herself in circumstances to reduce her fighting capabilities.

"The necessity of universal disarmament requires some political convention as forceful as the Peace Protocol. We hold that a Pacific pact along with the security convention is indispensable for the purpose of general peace. The coexistence of such pacts will effectively safeguard the peace of the world. However, as we argued a few days ago, a political convention alone has not sufficient force for the purpose of disarmament. Its validity must be supplemented by an economic arrangement."

The nationality of the promoters is not an important question, thinks the *Asahi*, which reminds us that President Coolidge has stated that he would give consideration to an invitation to an international disarmament parley regardless of the nationality of the promoters.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

IS THE CLIMATE CHANGING?

METEOROLOGISTS HAVE USUALLY LAUGHED at the idea. Not so Mr. H. Helm Clayton, of Blue Hill Observatory, Massachusetts. According to him, climate in all localities is in a state of ebb and flow, and in this country the extremes of both winter and summer are being softened down. Mr. Clayton believes that altho the temperature year by year fluctuates widely from the average, there is an underlying upward trend in the northern United States and Canada, while in the south the trend is the other way. Thus the contrast between the weather of the North and South is diminishing, and the climate of the country as a whole is ameliorating. Says Mr. Clayton, writing in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"It has been widely held that climate is a fixt quantity, and that if we have a long enough period of observation, say 30, 50 or 100 years, we can average out the vagaries of the weather and determine the real climatic constant. That idea has given rise to another widely held view, which is that, if the temperature or the rainfall, for example, is above normal for a few years, then later it will be as much below normal, so that, in the course of time, the same average condition prevails.

"These ideas are being abandoned by advanced students of the weather, who hold that climate as well as weather is in a continuous state of change. Thirty, fifty or one-hundred-year averages have no meaning as indicating any fixt normal above and below which the temperature may oscillate, but will again return to the same level. Investigations have proved that climate, like the weather, or like the tides, is in a continuous process of ebb and flow, and hundreds or even thousands of years may intervene before the same condition returns.

"In intervals of time measured by many thousands of years the climate of a place like New England may change from a condition where ice covers the land surfaces to a depth of thousands of feet to conditions so mild as to be almost tropical.

"Even in the course of several centuries the climate of New England may oscillate between cold conditions similar to those of Labrador and mild conditions similar to those which prevail on the coast of Virginia at the present time.

"Regular observations of the temperature at Boston and at New Haven extend back almost to colonial times. The observations at New Haven began in 1778 and in Boston in 1790. The two sets of records run almost parallel. The mean annual temperature of the past fifty years of observation is materially higher than those of the first fifty years. The coldest periods recorded were from 1782 to 1792 and from 1812 to 1823. Since then the trend of the temperature has been upward. The mean temperature of the ten years ending with 1925 is two and six-tenths warmer than the mean of the ten years ending with 1821. If January and July are considered separately, it is found that the mean of the past ten Januaries has averaged four degrees warmer than the mean of the ten from 1812 to 1821, and the mean of the past ten Julys has averaged 1.7 degrees warmer.

"This progressive rise of temperature is indicated by observations taken all over the northern part of the United States. In St. Paul, Minnesota, the temperature of the decade ending with 1925 averages two and eight-tenths degrees warmer than that of the first decade of observations from 1859 to 1868.

"In Canada the rise has been even more pronounced. At Winnipeg, for the ten years ending with 1925, the average yearly temperature is four degrees higher than that of the first ten years of observation ending with 1884. The rise at other Canadian stations like Port Arthur and Dawson is even greater. In Alaska the period covered by the observations is comparatively short, but even these show a progressive advance in the mean temperature taken in ten-year averages. But the existence of milder conditions in Alaska is best told by the retreat of the glaciers ever since they were first observed.

"This climatic change is all the more remarkable because in the southern part of the United States the trend is the other way. At Charleston, South Carolina, the mean temperature of the ten years ending with 1920 is nearly two degrees colder than that of the first ten years of observation from 1823 to 1832, and there has been a distinct trend downward. At San Diego, California, at El Paso, Texas, and Key West, Florida, the trends are also downward."

These facts are taken by Mr. Clayton to indicate that the contrast in temperature between the Northern States and the Southern is diminishing. Will this continue with backward ebbs and flows like an incoming tide until we are ushered into the mild temperature of an interglacial period? Or are we now on the crest of some warmer period from which there will be a retreat? No one at present, he says, can answer these questions, but it seems certain that there will not be a return of the cold winters and cool summers which characterized the years around 1816, altho it is quite possible that the temperature of the coming winter or coming summer may be below the mean of the past ten years. He proceeds:

"But even the temperature of the year 1816, which has been called a year without a summer, was not so low as one might be led to infer from this description. The winter was cold, but not colder than many subsequent winters, and the mean temperature of July of that year in New Haven was 65.8 degrees, which may be compared with 67.0 in 1891 and 68.8 degrees in 1914.

"An aspect of cold winters and hot summers which is rarely considered is that, if it is extremely cold or extremely warm in one part of the United States, it is likely to be the opposite in some other part. If the winter is extremely cold in the Atlantic coast States, it is likely to be mild in the Pacific coast States. If it is extremely cold in Canada and the northern part of the United States, it is likely to be warm in the extreme south. In general it is safe to predict a cold winter or a warm winter every winter for the United States, because it is almost sure to be warm or cold as predicted in some region or other."

GLAND EXTRACT FOR BROKEN BONES—Broken bones can be cured through the use of a new glandular extract that has already proved its usefulness in curing tetanus, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). This information, we are told, is from Japan, where experiments have been in progress with a hormone that was isolated last year by Prof. J. B. Collip of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Canada. We read:

"Professor Collip obtained from the parathyroid glands a hormone or extract which, when injected or given by the mouth, causes the amounts both of calcium and phosphate in the blood serum to rise. The parathyroids are four very small glands in the neck which lie near the thyroid gland or are embedded in it. His discovery was applied successfully to the cure of tetany, a somewhat rare disease, usually found in children, and characterized by peculiar spasms. A much wider utility for it is foreshadowed by the work done subsequently by Dr. Ogawa, in the surgical clinic of the Japanese medical academy of Keijo. As bone is so largely composed of calcium phosphate, a hormone which raises the amount of this substance in the blood might be expected to assist in bone formation. Rats with broken legs were found to produce twice as much new bone when fed with parathyroid glands as when not so fed. Bone consists largely of calcium phosphate, and after a fracture fresh quantities of this substance must be taken from the blood for the formation of new bone. The slowness of the healing process seems to be largely due to the very small amounts of calcium and phosphorus in the blood. The publication of the results in the case of human beings is awaited with the greatest interest, for there is reason to believe that the administration of parathyroid extract would not only hasten the healing of fractures in the young, but might render it possible in old age."

PAPA'S TANTRUMS

A DISPLAY OF TEMPER on the part of the parent when a child disobeys, or is in a tantrum, will never help that child to acquire one of the most essential and valuable mental assets in life—self-control, says Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, consulting statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, discussing the effect of lack of discipline during childhood upon the lawlessness of young people. He goes on, as quoted in a press bulletin of the Association:

> "When a child deliberately defies a mother or father, wilfully does the thing positively forbidden, sometimes in the very face of the elder, the natural impulse of the parent is to pounce upon him and paddle him black and blue. It is not the thing to do. In doing so the parent only gives an undignified exhibition of his own inability to control his temper. The fact that the child may be worsted in the physical battle because of the parent's mature strength does not matter. That incident is but a passing thing.
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> "The thing that does matter and the effect that will be lasting is that the child, unconsciously following an example, will vent any rage or resentment that arises within him in the same way as did the parent—in a fit of temper with a display of violence. Instead of holding the future of his child sufficiently precious to help him develop the character to face it, regardless of the little disturbances that disrupt the affectionate relationship occasionally, the parent has given impetus to a most destructive emotion.
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> "A display of temper on the part of a parent when a child is in a tantrum is only adding fuel to his temper. The child is following only the lower instincts to violence because his reason has not developed to the point of controlling his emotions. The parent, whose reason should have reached the stage of control over emotion, and who should help the child to that control, hinders his attainment of it.
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> "We should not use the word 'punishment' in regard to children; 'correction' is better. A child should be corrected—must be corrected—in accordance with the error of his deed. It must be imprest upon him that he has brought upon himself the results of a wrong act. That will help develop his reason. If he breaks or injures property of another, deprive him of his favorite toy. He will soon get the connection. When he suffers from a loss himself he will learn to respect the property of another and refrain from destroying it.
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> "Parents and later, teachers, must help children to develop their self-control in a sane, practical way. At the same time they should guide a child in the growth of his will. If a child is bent upon doing something, if he persists in the idea even tho the elder thinks it inadvisable, let him go ahead and do it unless it means positive disaster. Let him get his disappointment or disillusionment first-hand. His reason may find another path to the same objective. The fact that he has found it for himself will stimulate his initiative, stir ambition and give him confidence in his ability.
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> "In these days parental influence lasts but a few years. As soon as a child forms outside contacts they overpower the home traditions. The best parents can do in the short time they are close to their children is to aid them in building a foundation of self-control and respect for honesty and fair play in all things."

HOW OLD IS MAN?—To reckon the age of our race in terms of years is yet impossible, we are told by Sir W. Boyd Dawkins in a paper on "The Antiquity of Man," read recently before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Says *American Medicine* (New York):

> "Sir Boyd dwelt on the impossibility of reckoning the age of man (*homo sapiens*) in terms of years on facts which are at present available. Accurate measurement of the past, he said, was quite as impossible as accurate measurement of the future. Beyond the Neolithic age in Europe was the Pleistocene or Paleolithic age, but archeologists had not realized the magnitude of the gap that existed between the two. In the Neolithic age the British Isles were distinct from Europe, with climate and wild animals not very dissimilar from those of the present, but toward the close of the Pleistocene age Great Britain formed part of the continent and the 100-fathom line swept from the Bay of Biscay northward round Ireland and Norway. It was at the beginning of the Pleistocene period that the highly organized representative of *homo sapiens*, the Cro-Magnon man, the artistic hunter who lived in caves, made his appearance. This man was endowed just as we were, and could be studied to-day in the peasantry of France and northern Spain. Neanderthal man was more closely allied with the apes than with man as we know him; altho he represented one of the 'missing links' between the higher apes and man, he and others like him were distinct from the species Homo. This early type of the human family was the first to make its appearance in Europe, but he was not a direct ancestor of *homo sapiens*. There was no evidence that *homo sapiens* was 'evoluted' in Europe. Evolution probably took place in that temperate part of Asia from which for the first time the Asiatic animals migrated to Europe. Running into hundreds of thousands of years, to date the matters connected with the incoming of man were based on the assumption that the existing forces of nature were invariable. But nature's forces were not uniform; they did not do equal work in equal time; nature had no chronometers. Therefore, we can not accept anything in terms of years as applying to anything outside the reach of history."

A USE FOUND FOR A "USELESS" MINERAL

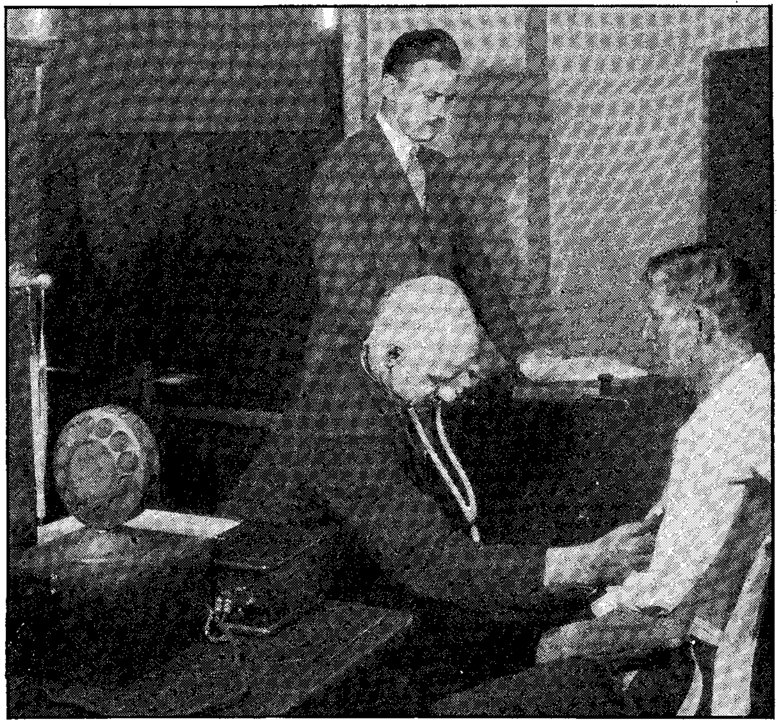
INTEREST HAS BEEN AROUSED, says *The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press* (New York), by the recent commercial production of what has been termed "zonolite," from a large and heretofore useless deposit of micaceous material in northwestern Montana, near Libby. The story of the commercial development of this deposit, says this paper, may well inspire hope in the minds of many mining men who know of large deposits of apparently useless material, for often it is only a question of bringing the prospective producer and unknown and waiting consumer together. A market lies waiting for many of our unused natural resources, but it takes time and money to develop it. We read:

> "Two miles from the Kootenai River, and nine miles northeast of Libby, Montana, is a moderately high mountain, almost the entire rounded top of which consists of a mineral deposit. The U. S. Geological Survey a few years ago classified it as phlogopite mica.
>
> "It did not appear to have any value or use, but about four years ago tests resulted in its present utilization. It was found that when the dark, heavy mineral was roasted it began to swell and turn a beautiful golden color; finally it would become about fifteen times its former size. The final roasted product was a light flaky material composed of tiny golden leaves, each separated by a minute air space—apparently a perfect insulation material. A variation in the treatment makes a product of silver color.
>
> "Further tests determined that after the expansion process was completed, heat had no further effect on it up to a high temperature—that it was fireproof up to 2,500 deg. F. Zonolite is probably not a definite species any more than a clay. The optical characters are those of phlogopite, and its excessive increase in bulk when heated is due to the surplus water which it contains.
>
> "The increase in volume on heating is not a newly discovered property of altered phlogopites, but no commercial uses of the roasted mineral had been developed so far as known.
>
> "Experimental work has indicated the following uses for the treated material: Insulating material for heat and cold, decorative material for plastered walls; fireproof roofing material, component of wall-paper, wall-board, paint, and various cement products, pipe and boiler coverings; and as a fireproof and insulating packing in hollow wall spaces. An Ohio manufacturer is using the material in the packing of safes, filing cabinets, and bank vaults.
>
> "A New Jersey company is using it on an increasing scale as a decorative material in wall-paper. A large paper company in Wisconsin uses the material in car-lot quantities in paper products. One customer is using it in the packing of incubators, and another in fireless cookers. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana has been carrying out tests with the view of using it in greases and oils as a lubricant. The largest manufacturer of cork products in the United States is carrying on some interesting tests, and another concern has perfected a formula for making a beautiful gold-bronze paint out of zonolite. A large number of other experimenters, including several in Europe, are working on adaptations of this product to their industries."

TO PLAY YOUR HEART-THROBS ON THE PHONOGRAPH

A DEVICE FOR THE PHONOGRAPHIC recording of heart sounds, which, it is asserted, may eventually save thousands of lives annually by making possible improved methods of diagnosing heart diseases, has been announced by the Columbia Phonograph Company. Says a writer in the Boston *Herald:*

"Engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories and the Phonograph Company perfected the invention with the assistance of Dr. Richard C. Cabot, professor of physiology at Harvard University medical school; Dr. H. B. Williams, professor of physiology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, and Dr. J. C. Gamble of the school of medicine of the University of Pennsylvania.



Photograph by Bell Telephone Laboratories

MAKING THE RECORD

Dr. Richard Cabot making a record of a pathologic heart sound. At his right is a microphone through which he records an explanation of the sound on the same disk.

"By combining the electrical stethoscope with the recording experience of the phonograph experts, it has been possible to make records eliminating the sound of the heavy beats of the heart which mask the murmurs, on which diagnosis is based. It is also possible to record sounds which ordinarily are so faint as to escape detection by the human ear. This is done by amplification of the sound.

"Dr. Cabot has begun the preparation of a phonographic text-book of heart sounds with sufferers from heart disease brought from New York hospitals to the phonograph company's studios. Along with the cardiac sounds recorded, Dr. Cabot made running comment, explaining the significance of the sounds. This will place in the hands of physicians and medical students instructions which otherwise could be given to comparatively few physicians.

"'The significance of the new invention,' explained Dr. Cabot, 'is that it will make available to the medical profession generally experience in listening to heart sounds, and direct instruction which is now available only with the expenditure of very considerable time and money. Since heart diseases are the commonest from which the human race suffers, this will be of great practical significance.

"'It will enable the average physician to detect heart diseases and give the proper treatment at a much earlier stage than is now generally done. He can have in his office a complete record of the sounds of all types of heart murmurs, which he can compare to the sounds noticeable in his patient. He can also become much more familiar with the various types of murmurs than is now generally possible.'

"Apparatus will be available for hospitals, making it possible for internes to make phonographic records of the heart sounds of patients, just as they now make X-ray photographs, and have them available for visiting physicians. In difficult cases it will be possible to mail such records to medical centers, where heart specialists can give expert diagnoses. Records also may be kept showing the progress of cases, to tell the extent of improvement or development of the disease."

The electrical stethoscope, the telephone company explains in a letter to THE DIGEST, consists essentially of a powerful vacuum-tube amplifier to magnify the sounds received, and several electrical filters which cut off vibrations that are too rapid or too slow. By means of the filters particular heart or chest sounds may be picked out, while all other sounds are suppressed. The sounds selected may then be magnified.

GHOSTS SEEN BY SLEEPLESS STUDENTS

AFTER STAYING AWAKE TWO NIGHTS in succession, one may still be captain of his muscles and reasoning powers, but his eyes and ears may begin to play him queer tricks. This is shown in the scientific report of the sixty-hours-without-sleep experiment at George Washington University, which will shortly be published by professors of the medical school and psychology department who conducted the tests. We read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"The eight students who took part in the insomnia experiment were able to make as good records in tests of their mental alertness after two sleepless nights as they made at the beginning. But tests of their senses showed that efficiency of sight and hearing fell off as fatigue increased.

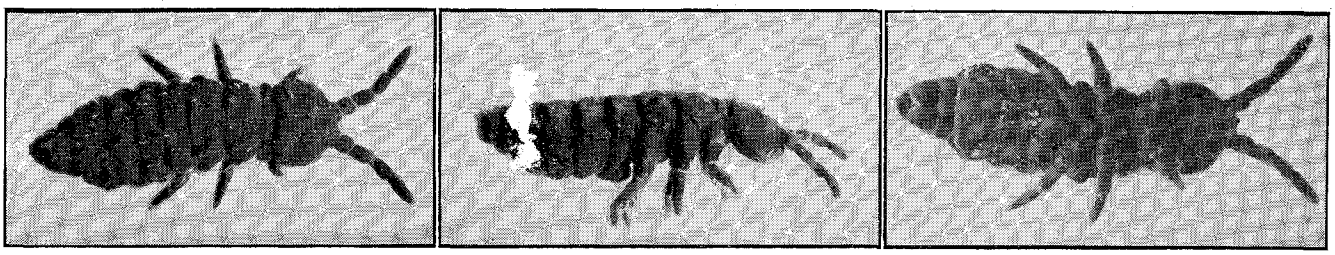
"In addition, one student reported that after forty hours of wakefulness he happened to be on the street at night and clearly saw a man watering some plants, tho he realized at the time that no one would try to stand on the narrow ledge where the fantom appeared. This illusion and others similar to it turned into posts, flowers and other familiar objects when the student approached them, but the illusions continued to trouble him, even in full daylight. Another subject reported similar disturbances of vision from the vigil.

"A number of practical tests connected with automobiles were tried out on the subjects of the experiment. The report states that students were able to park automobiles in small space dexterously after two nights of wakefulness. But when they tried driving along a road, effects of fatigue became evident.

"Dr. F. A. Moss, who directed the psychology tests, says: 'It seems that so far as short operations are concerned, efficiency is not decreased by prolonged periods of wakefulness, but continuous driving is far from a safe undertaking after thirty-five or forty hours of wakefulness. Driving ability is little affected by the lack of sleep, but the monotony and rhythm of the moving car are likely to dull the wits of the subject and induce sleep in spite of his determination to keep awake.'

"The medical investigators who tested the physical condition of the students reported that loss of sleep caused pathological changes manifested by a decrease in red blood cells and hemoglobin and an increase in white blood cells. Blood-pressure decreased, but no change was found in blood sugar or in basal metabolism. After eight to ten hours of sleep, the students were pronounced physically normal again.

"The investigators believe that, just as with food, the quality of sleep may be more important than the amount. 'Sleep has not only length but depth,' they point out. 'The first two hours of sleep are much deeper than the last two, and it might be possible to cause the sleeping mechanism to work faster, just as by a series of conditioned reflexes we can make the salivary glands work faster.' But this, they add, could only be determined by a series of carefully planned experiments."



Illustrations by courtesy of *Nature Magazine* (Washington. D. C.)

DID YOU EVER SEE A SNOW-FLEA?

Here are three views of little *Achorutes socialis*, who is really no flea at all, but gets this name from his jumping ability. He is "a stout-bodied, dark blue mite which you may see some day if you watch the snow."

INSECTS OF THE SNOW

WE ALWAYS THINK OF INSECTS in connection with warm weather, writes Charles Macnamara in *The Nature Magazine* (Washington). Summer-time is insect time, and the hotter it gets, the more flying and crawling things force themselves on our unwilling attention. Yet neither autumn nor even the cold of winter stops all insect activity. The vast majority disappear, but a few insects can live and thrive amid snow and ice at temperatures low enough to freeze most of their kind to death in a few minutes. He goes on:

"Among these hardy snow-frequenters may be mentioned those curious little worms—not strictly insects—that gain a mysterious livelihood on glaciers in high mountains, and consequently are known as glacier worms. Then there are some tiny insects never seen except in winter, and so little known that they have no popular name. Scientists call them *Boreus*, and they leap on the snow like miniature black grasshoppers. What they eat and how they live has not yet been discovered. The crane flies, better known perhaps as 'daddy-long-legs,' with their narrow wings and dangling awkward legs are strictly summer insects.

"But they have a small and poor relation without any wings at all and only moderately long legs, which enjoys itself in the very coldest kind of winter weather, and goes awooing across the snow with the thermometer below zero Fahrenheit. But by far the largest number of snow insects belong to an insect division familiarly known as 'springtails.'

"Some nine hundred different kinds have been recorded. They are found all over the globe, from the Arctic to the Antarctic. Nevertheless, owing to their minute size and retiring habits, they are unfamiliar to most people. They are little soft wingless creatures mostly from a twenty-fifth to a twelfth of an inch in length, and they live principally under bark and in moss and loose soil. As they seldom interfere with cultivated crops, entomologists pay little attention to them, and the layman rarely sees them at all. About twenty-five species of them are known to come out on the snow in Europe and America.

"Springtails ordinarily walk or run on their six good legs, but sometimes they progress by leaping, and from this practise they get their popular name. Their leaping apparatus is a remarkable structure. It consists of a kind of long forked flap, called the furcula, which is hinged underneath near the tail and is usually kept folded up under the body with the free forked end toward the head. It is held in place by two little fingers that project from a wart on the abdomen. These fingers, when bent outward, press against the inner edges of the fork and hold the furcula close up against the body. In this position the strong muscles at the base of the furcula where it is attached to the body can put it under considerable strain, so that when the fingers holding it relax, it is pulled strongly downward and backward, flinging the insect into the air. Any one who remembers the homely goose-bone jumping-jack that used to delight bygone generations of children will readily understand how the springtail springs. While in the air, the insect folds the furcula in under its body again, so that on alighting it is immediately ready for another leap.

"Nicely balanced by its heavy abdomen, the springtail nearly always comes down on its feet. The length of the jump may be as much as six or eight inches. In proportion to the size of the insect these are prodigious leaps. It is as if a man could cover a mile in seven or eight bounds. From this leaping habit the species that appear on the snow are called snow-fleas, altho they are in no way related to the true biting fleas.

"Most of the twenty-five or so species that come out on the snow are scarce. They are seen by no one but the patient collector, and his simple soul is gladdened when he finds a few of them. But three or four species are very abundant and at times appear in such swarms that even the most unobservant passer-by must notice them.

"The commonest snow-frequenter in this country is a little stout-bodied, dark blue fellow known to science as *Achorutes socialis* Uzel, but taking him as representative of his class, we will call him simply the snow-flea.

"It is not to be understood that snow-fleas live permanently in or on the snow. Their real home is beneath in the soil and forest litter, and when they come to the surface it is only for a few hours, or at most a day or two. What really brings them out is not entirely clear, but the immediate cause of their appearance is mild weather and the consequent moist atmosphere. Snow-fleas can stand cold, but not dryness. Evaporation is so rapid through the delicate skin of these soft-bodied little insects that dry air is quickly fatal to them. They can live only where the air is moist, and the more moist it is the better they like it. So as the humidity increases with the coming of the milder weather, they emerge in ever greater and greater numbers.

"I have seen them on the snow in sheltered places when the air temperature was as low as 18 degrees F., but usually they do not appear until the thermometer has risen to 25 degrees F., and from 32 degrees F. upward they reach their greatest abundance. Even when the snow lies three feet deep, they are up to the surface within a couple of hours after the mild weather sets in. They do not come up directly through the snow, as there are usually layers of crust too dense for them to penetrate. But around tree-trunks, brushwood stems, stalks of grass, and other objects projecting through the snow, there is always a clear space, due partly to the snow settling and partly to heat radiated from the object, and it is from these sally ports that the snow-flea hosts issue, sometimes over many miles of country and in such numbers that in places the snow may be black with them.

"The movements of individuals appear aimless enough. They clamber over the snow particles, making an occasional leap, but without any obvious objective. The general movement of the throng, however, is always toward light and open spaces. They, too, want their place in the sun and gradually progress toward beaver meadows, clearances and fields and out onto frozen rivers and lakes.

"As their movements are not very purposeful, when they fall into depressions in the snow like deep footprints they are apt to stay there, and in such places sometimes they accumulate in solid blue masses that could be scooped up in spoonfuls.

"If snow-fleas are quick to appear when the weather turns mild, they are even quicker to disappear when it turns cold. They make no attempt to return to the ground by the passages from which they emerged, but at the first cooler breath begin to work their way down into the interstices between the particles of loose top snow, wherever they may be. Sooner or later they are almost sure to be stopt by a stratum of compact crust that they can not enter. They then travel horizontally through the looser snow along the impassable layer until they come to some object penetrating the crust down which they can crawl to the ground. But no doubt a very large number perish in the snow and never again reach the comfortable shelter of dead leaves and rotten logs.

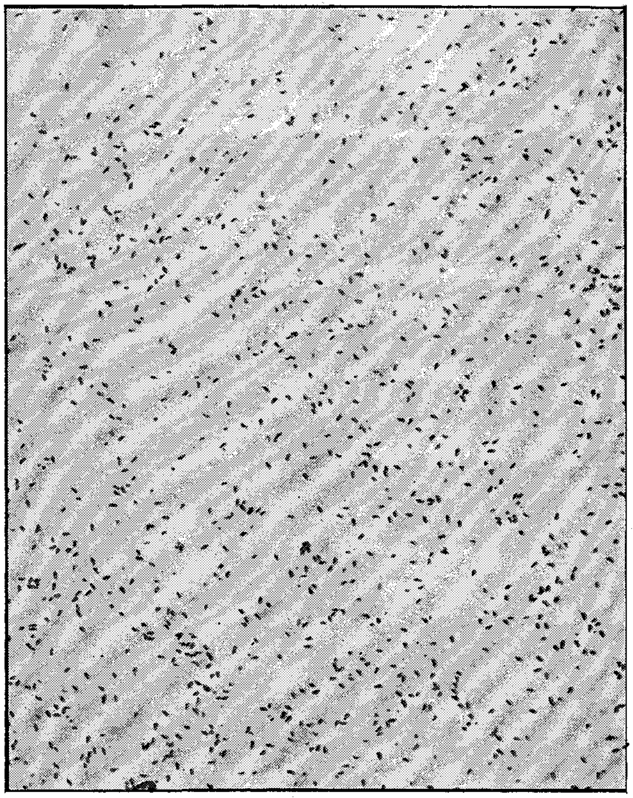
"The snow-frequenting habit, altho it causes an enormous mortality, can not in the long run be hurtful to the race. One advantage of these migrations is the cross breeding they bring about by the mixture of colonies. It is possible that what principally drives the insects out on their vast pilgrimages is overcrowding and shortage of food. They are so prolific that a colony living in a limited area may soon outgrow the available food supply."

POISONOUS SHOES

ANILIN DYES MARKED A GREAT STEP in industrial progress, but anilin and its derivatives have also been responsible for much misery and unhappiness, says an editorial writer in *American Medicine* (New York). Throughout the history of man, new discoveries have brought new difficulties. Conquests in chemistry have brought about problems in toxicology. Industrialization has called forth countless protective legislative enactments. For example:

"An illustration of the manner in which new hazards develop through man's scientific advance is presented by C. W. Muehlberger, discussing 'Shoe Dye Poisoning,' in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). He has collected forty-seven cases and reports nine cases of poisoning from the use of shoe dyes which contain either nitrobenzene or anilin as a solvent. They are generally used to dye tan or light-colored leather black. It is noteworthy that all the reported cases of anilin poisoning from shoe dyes are from European sources, while all those of nitrobenzene-poisoning are from the United States.

"The outstanding symptoms of poisoning exhibited in the nine cases reported were: marked cyanosis (blueness of the face), weakness and vertigo followed by rapid pulse, headache, vomiting, somnolence and chills. The onset of the symptoms is insidious. It would probably be more rapid were it not for the fact that the poisonous shoes are not worn constantly. The victim is usually unaware of the fact that he is being poisoned until he is apprized by others of the appearance of cyanosis. Obviously, he could not be expected to attribute his unusual appearance, weakness and dizziness to his newly dyed shoes, which he continues to wear and thus cause further intoxication. Probably the physician who is puzzled by his appearance and symptoms puts him to bed, and the shoes being removed, incidentally further absorption of the poison ceases. The patient recovers without the etiology having been suspected.



INSECTS OF THE SNOW

"Some nine hundred different kinds have been recorded. They are found all over the globe from the Arctic to the Antarctic."

"The only treatment requisite is removal of the shoes and rest in bed. The only method of prevention is the employment of a shoe-dye free from the toxic solvents. It would appear as tho the science which developed these toxic solvents could also provide a non-toxic material that would be equally valuable commercially by serving as an adequate solvent for the dye stuff employed.

"Nations as a rule, are slow to take advantage of the preventive schemes employed by other nations. In 1902 the French recognized these dyes as a serious menace to health and the Committee of Public Health issued a warning against them. In 1915, as a result of several cases of dye-poisoning in the Netherlands, the Amsterdam Health Service 'Confiscated the supply of shoe-dye containing anilin, that were in the possession of the dealers, and issued a warning against their free use.'

"In 1919 Stifel reported seventeen cases of nitrobenzene-poisoning occurring at an Army cantonment as a result of soldiers having their shoes dyed brown in order to match the color of their puttees. Thirty-four cases in all have now been reported in the United States from this form of nitrobenzene-poisoning. The reason the condition has not been reported more frequently probably lies in the fact that, as a rule, dyed shoes are not worn immediately. The thorough drying of the shoe during the course of twenty-four hours or more reduces the danger to the wearer so that his chance of poisoning is almost negligible.

"Nitrobenzene is used because it is much cheaper than anilin. Here, again the question arises as to whether more satisfactory gains can be met for the protection of the public through legislation or through bringing forcible argument to bear upon the manufacturers. Nitrobenzene is a poison. Its general use in materials employed by man should be suppress by whatever means appear most practicable."

EFFECT OF NEW DIAMOND DISCOVERIES

WHAT EFFECT, asks *The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press* (New York), will the discovery of new diamond-fields in South Africa have upon the world's diamond market? The answer to this question depends, it says, upon the skill exercised by the interests that control the market and on the possible increase in output from sources other than South Africa. To quote further:

"The world to-day is absorbing diamonds to the value of about £12,000,000 annually, according to *The Mining and Industrial Magazine.* The principal sources of production have by mutual arrangement kept down the supply to suit the demand. That is a great achievement, resulting in a stabilized market and higher prices. According to official figures the current demand can be met by the Union of South Africa and the South-West Protectorate jointly producing about £8,500,000 yearly; the Kongo Free State (Kasai fields) and Angola £2,000,000; British Guiana £1,000,000, and other sources, such as Brazil, Venezuela, Gold Coast, and Borneo £500,000. Outside the Union practically the entire output consists of alluvial stones. These, tho of much smaller average size than South African gems, are of high quality, and on that account mainly have been able to find their way into the world's markets. The greatest output of alluvial diamonds, however, comes from the Union of South Africa.

"With regard to Tanganyika diamonds it should be pointed out that diamond mines rarely occur singly. They are generally in groups; this discovery might therefore lead to others in the same region. But it does not follow that the next one will be a payable mine. The Pretoria district has produced about a dozen occurrences to date, but the only payable one found so far is the Premier.

"The discovery of any new alluvial field or kimberlite pipe of big dimensions is a serious matter, and calls for the exercise of considerable financial ability and tact to prevent a disturbance of the equilibrium on which the success of the industry as a whole vitally depends.

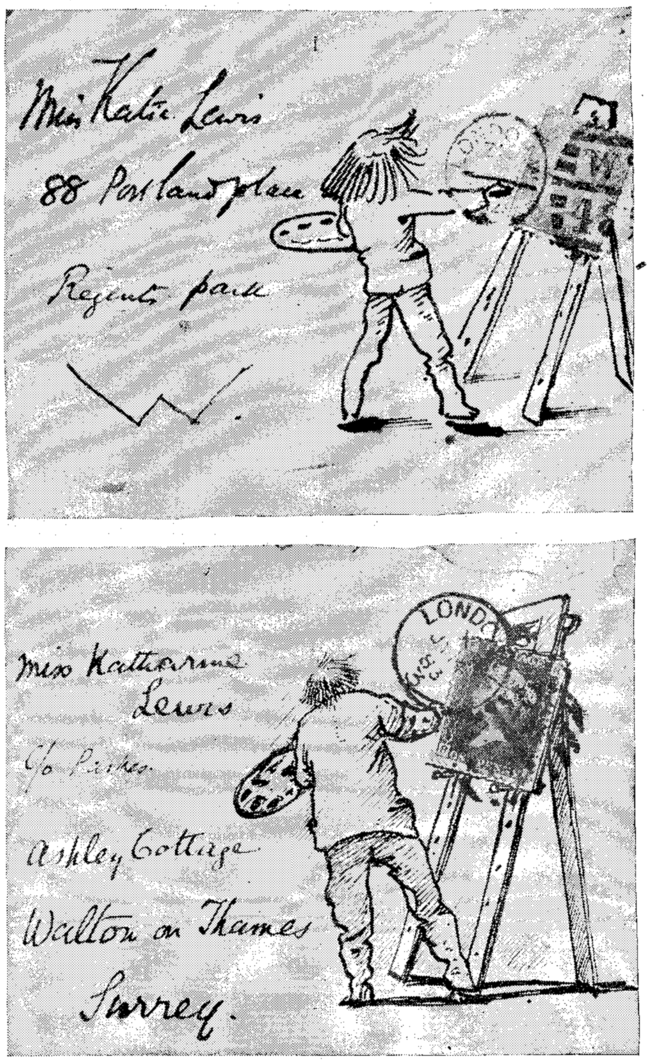
"Twenty-five years ago the position was entirely different. The De Beers company held complete control and could carry on its broad shoulders the irksome burden that successive discoveries brought in their train. That day has gone; the Kimberley Corporation, powerful tho it still be, no longer controls the market in its entirety; and foreign competitors must be met and dealt with on give-and-take principles. The output of each and every new field outside the Union of South Africa means a proportionate loss to the diamond industry of that country; the stability of the market is not merely of South African import but a matter of international concern, with British interests predominating."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

BURNE-JONES IN PUCKISH MOOD

WAN LADIES SWAYING LIKE LILIES in a gentle breeze, or bending beneath the weight of some unimaginable sorrow—these are the visions called up by the name of Burne-Jones. That he had any lighter moments had seemed improbable until a little book of "Letters to Katie" comes to light to show that he could put off his load of sorrows and frisk with a little child. "Those who know the painter only through his pictures," says Mr. W. Graham Robertson in his introduction to the volume, "must regard him as a wanderer from some lovely lost planet, aweary and astray in this workaday world; yet to the few and fortunate honored by his friendship another side was revealed, and this little book of letters and drawings raises a corner of the veil from that inner sanctuary of his mind." Mr. Robertson reports that there was about him "a suggestion of the priest, more than a touch of the mystic, but his curious fascination lay greatly in his unexpectedness: the saint would suddenly slip off his halo and become a lively and delightful sinner." Mr. Robertson, searching around for terms to realize his hero, hits upon these: "If a marriage could have been arranged between Brother Francis of Assisi and Mona Lisa, or if Puck had eloped with St. Elizabeth of Hungary, their offspring might conceivably have been very like Edward Burne-Jones." The little book now issued by Macmillan's represents only the lighter side on which Mr. Graham Robertson continues to comment:



Miss Katie Lewis
88 Portland place
Regents park
W.

Miss Katherine Lewis
C/o Parkes
Ashley Cottage
Walton on Thames
Surrey.

BURNE-JONES SHAKES OFF MELANCHOLY

And writes and draws for the fortunate Miss, "youngest daughter of most valued friend," whose name appears above.

"A delicate and impish sense of humor peeped out shyly from many of his earlier pictures, such as 'St. Valentine's Morning,' certain panels of the Frideswide designs, and 'Love disguised as Reason,' but from his later work it was rigidly excluded and may therefore come as a surprize to some of his warmest admirers.

"Perhaps because of this repression, his private sketches for home consumption grew more and more joyous and untrammeled as the years went on: indeed I remember a projected series of imaginary Portraits of Prominent Women being suppressed by the home authorities after the appearance of the first batch—the prominences were so unlooked-for and arresting.

"Pigs as a source of inspiration never failed, tho he once complained to me when certain bogie drawings had been found a little too stimulating for his young grandchildren. 'They say I mustn't draw Devils or "Things" for Angela any more. It seems a pity, as I am sure she would like them and I'm so tired of Pigs. Yet, if one may not draw Devils, what is left but Pigs?'

"However, his granddaughter was soon reported bogie-proof and he launched forth in the highest spirits upon a new and bloodcurdling gallery.

"'I *may* draw dreffful things for Angela now,' he announced, and hurried back to a sketch-book whose pages already faintly shadowed forth 'The Mist Walkers' and 'The Heath Horror.'

"He was always drawing; design seemed to flow from his fingers almost without thought or effort. Once, while talking to me, he took up a little pocket-book and sketched absently as he carried on the conversation. As I left him he gave me the book, which contained the careful drawing of a sleeve and falling draperies, a half-fledged bird, a cat with tail erect stalking the same, a fat baby, and a highly imaginative drawing of Noah's Ark with rain and rainbow complete.

"His slightest sketch always beautified the page, there were no failures nor erasures, never was he seen to scribble. The lovely line flowed on, rhythmic and unerring; and, on that Great Day when all sketch-books shall be opened, I am inclined to back those of Burne-Jones and Leonardo da Vinci against the world.

"Of the drawings now published what is there to be said? They explain themselves, and did they not, the delightful letterpress fills in all blanks.

"Only the portrait of 'Parkes' has but little text. He looks lonely, and I remember a Burne-Jones tale of 'Parkes'—either this 'Parkes' or another.

"Enter briskly this (or another) 'Parkes.'

"—'Please, sir, your Aunt Nellie.'

"—'*My* Aunt Nellie?'

"—'Yessir.'

"—'But I haven't got an Aunt Nellie.'

"—'No, sir? Gave that name, sir.'

"—'But—what have you done with her— Where is she?'

"—'Ran straight up to the studio, sir.'

"The artist bounded up-stairs, fearing he knew not what, and found—blandly resolving himself into a state of innocence—Antonelli, the male figure model.

"Burne-Jones wrote, as he drew, with light, delicate touch: these tiny letters to the tiny child are masterpieces.

"He had formed the habit of making pictured stories for his own children, he had grown to need the criticism and collaboration of a baby; and the 'Katie' of these pages came to his aid when he was in a babyless void, his own nursery empty, his grandchildren still undreamed of. And the child, 'Katie,' youngest daughter of most valued friends, was a worthy recipient of the artist's bounty. Quick and precocious, generously endowed with her father's wisdom and her mother's wit, she had, at the ripe age of four, that keen appreciation of the comic side of things which led Burne-Jones to recognize a kindred spirit. His own children, even that 'Margaret' whose beloved figure is always tenderly treated in his most indiscreet moods, were beginning to put away childish things; he wanted another baby to amuse, and 'Katie' turned up at a happy hour.

"We owe her a debt of gratitude in that she has preserved her treasures and is now allowing us to share them with her."

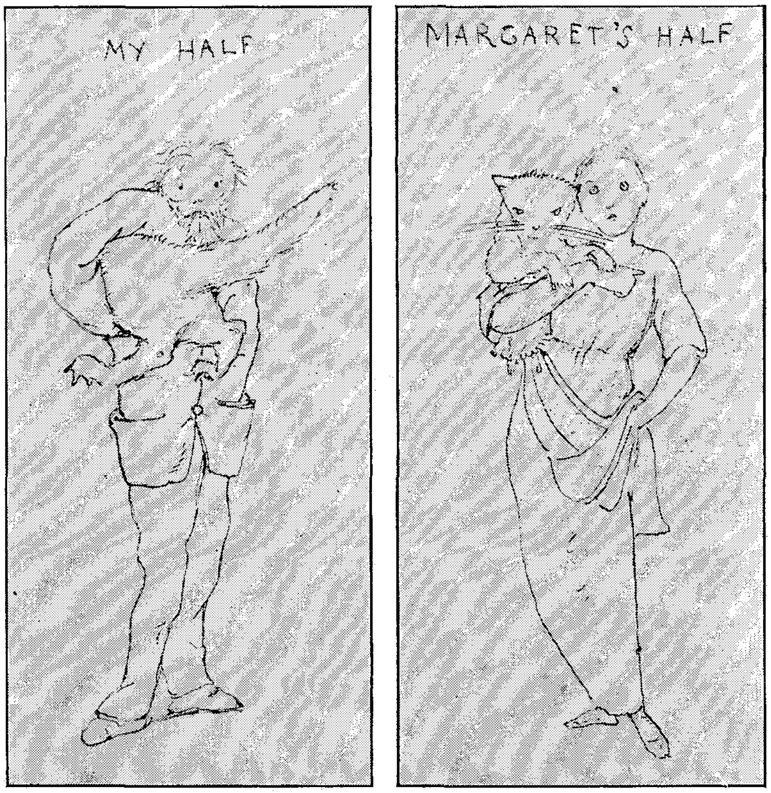
One letter gives a taste of his epistolary style to the young mind—not on a par with his skill with the pencil:

"My dear Katie

"I want to know if the Donkey is quite well: because he is a relation of mine—a sort of half-brother but by different parents, and as I was the humble means of introducing him at Portland place I should like to know about him, and whether Parkes and he get on—or if Parkes only gets on.

"I want to be at Walton it is much prettier than London—the roses are bigger and the river is cleaner—and you have Madamosel that we haven't—and many advantages, such as Parkes—and a mama not to be compared with the trifling mamas we have, but you havent a rocking horse I know—one must come to London for that.

"dear Katie—I have given up drawing—I cannot learn—it is much too hard and my Madamosel has gone away leaving me this to copy. I am certain I shall never copy it if I live 1000 years and she is to come back in seven years to see what I have done. . . ."



BURNE-JONES AND HIS DAUGHTER MARGARET
With whom he shares a cat.

NEW SELECTION FOR RHODES SCHOLARS— Rhodes scholars will in future represent a territorial rather than a State loyalty. A change in this respect was proposed by Dr. Frank Aydelotte, President of Swarthmore College, and representative in the United States for the Rhodes Trust, at the Thirtieth Annual Convention of the National Association of State Universities held recently in Chicago. State boundary lines are thus seen to vanish and the experiment may be watched as an earnest of wider federalization of public affairs. Certain States seeing that they were falling behind in not securing one of the coveted prizes might find in that fact an added incentive, and the boys an extra spur. As reported to the mother-country by the correspondent of the London *Times*, the new method of selection will follow such lines as these:

"Hitherto, scholars have come from the separate States, each of the forty-eight States being entitled to send one scholar two years in three. There are thus ninety-six American scholars in residence at Oxford at any given time. On the whole, the system has worked well, and has sent many splendid representatives to Oxford from all parts of the country. But it sometimes happens that there will be a lean year in one State, and in an adjoining State the selection committee will have to choose between two candidates of approximately equal merit, both of them men of outstanding character and capacity. Under the proposed new scheme the United States would be divided up into eight or nine selection districts. Every year the State selection committees would eliminate all but two or three candidates, and these would come before the committee of final selection for the division to which their State belongs. This divisional selection committee would then choose its quota of scholars without regard to the State from which they might come.

"Such a system would conform more closely to the facts of present-day life in the United States, where State lines are tending more and more to be obliterated. The boy who goes to school in Massachusetts, to junior college in New York State and then to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland, might still be eligible only for the State of Maine, where he was born. To-day the universities and colleges serve areas, rather than States, and the Rhodes trustees are seeking a way to get the best men from the respective educational areas."

MAN, THE STORY-TELLER

KIPLING IS CREDITED WITH A REMARK, probably before his recent illness, that bears the old stamp. He said that "when man acquired the power of speech the first thing he told was a lie." The reason given for this early development of fiction was that "at that time we were living up trees, and every man being more or less at war with his neighbor, he found it was safer and more expedient to send his enemy up the wrong tree rather than to be always fighting with him." The well-known English novelist, Mr. Stacy Aumonier, thinks he knows a better reason while not disputing the fact of the lie. He argues that altho man was "at war with his neighbor, he was living up the tree with his wife." Therefore the first words spoken "may have been the harbinger of love." Both explanations seem to concede the fact that whatever the motive man emerged early as a story-teller. Mr. Aumonier, in the London *Evening Standard*, puts in the briefest form the whole mystery of story-telling, and as everybody to-day is one of these, and half of everybody are trying to get their tales published, it is perhaps well to let them know what a simple and universal trick they are trying to play:

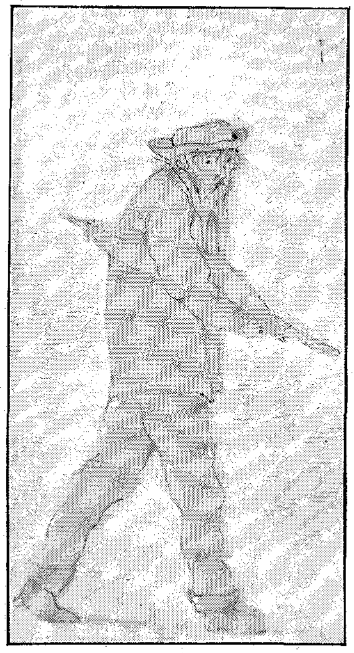
"The point is that the word emerged, and man became a story-teller. That is to say, he used these powers of oral expression to convey the story of his fears, hungers, superstitions, and crude passions. Probably at some remote moment of the past a tribesman, in recording an episode of the battle or the chase, did it in such a manner as to tickle the ear of the chief, who bade him repeat it. The tribesman, pleased that the chief was pleased, and realizing that kudos was likely to accrue to him if he could continue to please his master in this manner, went back to his cave and tried to analyze what he had done. After that he kept a keen eye on the lookout for similar episodes. But finding that these did not occur with desirable frequency, he gradually began to make them up, or to embellish most ordinary episodes in such a manner that they never failed to cause delight.

"In this way he became the forbear of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. In time these stories, having attained satisfactory shape, through endless pruning and augmentation, were handed down.

They became sagas or myths, and men loved them for their familiarity.

"They contained the germ of universal experiences easily recognizable by all.

"For the value of all good story-telling lies in the power of presenting scenes, characters, and situations which we all know, but the telling of which nevertheless causes surprize that we have not viewed them in quite that way before. They delight us by flattering us. The listener or reader must always be considered to be in the game. Much good fiction fails through this lack of power to bring the reader into it, or as the actor says 'to get it across the footlights.' When George Robey comes on to the stage he sweeps the back of the gallery with his eyebrows. He waits until the gods themselves have begun to be a part of the performance before he utters a word. The back of the gallery probably does not realize that it is being subtly flattered. H. G. Wells takes the reader by the button-hole and says: 'I say, you know what the experience feels like when so-and-so. Well, I want to tell you what happened to Mr. Podsniff—'



BURNE-JONES IN LONDON

"Ask your papa how he would like best when he takes me to Paris for me to dress as I do in picture No. 1, or—

"Some men, most women, and all children are instinctively story-tellers themselves, and they do not want to be left out in the cold. I will guarantee to say that if on your way home on the bus to-night there occurs some diverting incident in connection with—let us say—a fat man, your first impulse is to tell some one all about it. Not only will you begin instinctively to formulate your account of the episode, but you will begin to visualize the kind of reception your story will receive from the person you intend to tell it to. One may even to a certain extent test one's affections in this manner. As the small boy wants to rush and tell his mother all about it, so is the lover crazy to describe to his or her beloved the episode about the fat man. The story becomes a bond of union between them, for the closer their minds are knit, the more certain are they to appreciate the story from the same angle.

"On the other hand, there are stories and incidents, which you know would appeal with special force to special people. Their very happening brings these people to your mind.

"When it comes to what one can only describe as the art-form of story-telling—that is, fiction—this sense of an audience can never be entirely absent. The mind that is busy creating is always aware that the products of its creation are to be absorbed by other minds."

Henry James once wrote a story to show that the audience was everything. Without one the narrator ceased to exist, and, in fact, when he closed a door behind himself and found himself alone he simply went out like a candle. Mr. Aumonier goes on to show how in the end the change in the character of the audience influences the character of the story:

"A musician may practise in an empty room, but he could not do so if he thought that what he had to say upon his instrument was never to be heard by the outside world. You might put a landscape painter on a most beautiful island, but he couldn't paint a stroke if he were convinced that his painting would never be seen by any one else. A story-teller would have no story to tell if there were no one to tell it to. The minds of all these people would perish from a state of spiritual starvation.

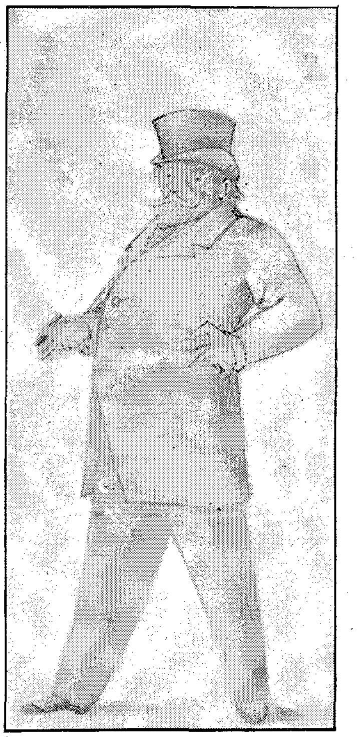
"And how dreary life would be if no one was ever moved by the story of the fat man on the bus! Suppose such incidents never happened or were never observed! The fact that they happen, and are not only observed, but regarded as interesting and even important, marks the dividing line between men and Robots. The story is like a meeting-place where people meet and check their moods and emotions, where they learn to know each other.

"And so does the story that has been handed down tell us intimately of other times and other peoples. It is not difficult to see how the Christmas ghost story originated. In the old days, when people dined by candle-light that cast fantastic shadows, and houses were large and draughty, and doors and windows banged, and old armor rattled, and the wind howled in the chimneys, they drew close together, and elaborated the record of their fears.

"Now that electric light searches the darkest corners and science stands no nonsense from cowls and creaking timbers, and no one is too old to dance or too young to play bridge, the ghost story has become a little *vieux jeu*. And perhaps it is just as well, for it was always a morbid and rather foolish form of entertainment."

PARVENU ANTIQUE HUNTERS

THE CRAZE FOR ANTIQUE HUNTING among us puzzles an Englishman who reflects that all the money that is poured into this effort is derived from "up-to-date" business. His idea of course is that the living artizan is discouraged from producing his best work because he must accept a much lower price for it. The writer signs himself "Craftsman" in the London *Daily Chronicle*, and seems to know merely by hearsay how the case stands in America. His illustrations are drawn from his experience of his own countrymen: those especially who have become enriched since the war, who show the same devotion to what somebody's else ancestor once owned. "Money enough to keep several respectable families in comfort for months," he observes, "is frequently lavished on some small trifle in silver or pewter, such is the tragic absurdity of a craze that has passed all bounds." Here is a case or two:



BURNE-JONES IN PARIS

—"for me to put myself into a good tailor's hands and appear as I do in No. 2."

"'Scarcely anything in my house is under two hundred years old,' boasted a retired wealthy business man, who, after making a fortune selling modern goods, was resolved to help no one else to do likewise, for he and his wife were stocking their freshly-acquired Elizabethan mansion with antiques of all kinds. Greatly to the advantage of the dealers, be it said, for neither had the knowledge and experience needed to detect the genuine wrinkles and gray hairs (so to speak) of chairs and tables from the pretense ones.

"Thus, they were approached by a farmer in the district.

"'You may have that carved oak cabinet for thirty pounds. It's been in this place 180 years I know, and my great grandfather put a new back in it. I can't take a penny less.'

"Thirty pounds for a cabinet with a comparatively new back. The worthy pair dared not risk it, and when the husband was in London completing the purchase of a Chippendale bureau, which afterwards turned out to be a replica, he mentioned the matter to the dealer. The latter paid a surreptitious visit to the country, bought the cabinet from the amazed and delighted farmer for

£70, and subsequently it was knocked down at auction for £220 to the man who had refused it at thirty!

"This true tale proves the perils of ignorance. The blind worshiper of antiquity is as likely to be deceived as the man who guesses how old a woman is from her clothes.

"Delightful as are many relics of the past, the price paid for them is admittedly out of all proportion to their worth. No reason exists why a spinet or virginal should cost more than a piano, except that rarity is often the sole merit of an antique. So we hang our ancestors' basting ladles and warming-pans on our walls, and treat their dinner plates even when cracked with extraordinary respect because they bear the one priceless inimitable hallmark of old age.

"The plutocrat with more money than he can spend naturally hankers after a possession no one else has, and he expects to obtain this in an article formed centuries ago by a hand long fallen into dust, attributes which can not be repeated. But why the business man who has gained his money by up-to-date business methods, like America, the most up-to-date nation, should be the keenest in this pursuit of antiques is an anomaly hard to explain."

THE SONG TRAIL FOR AMERICAN SINGERS

EUROPEAN OPERA to-day is permeated with American singing. France and Italy and many cities of South America are receiving our singers with open arms. Only in the United States are they not welcome. This is a situation around which a great deal of controversy is waged. The managers of the Metropolitan and the Chicago Opera point to their rosters and insist on the fair proportion of American singers to those of foreign birth which appear there. Mr. Charles Hackett, the American tenor, is not, however, satisfied that this showing exhausts all our duty to native musical art. "Americans have the voices, the training, and the acting ability," he declares. "We have the composers, too, if they could get a chance to hear and see their works on the stage, and could learn by experience what to do and what not to do. The only way is to develop a national side in the arts which will express itself in a ministry of the arts; at least three national conservatories, one on the Eastern coast, one in Chicago, and one in the West; and a demand for our own artists." Mr. Hackett is speaking for the Los Angeles *Times*, and goes on to elaborate his point about patriotic support of American music:

"I do not mean that we should listen to bad singers and bad opera because it is American, but as a nation we must subsidize the arts so that the unknown shall be known, and judged on merit. In Europe one hears much bad opera, but it does not matter. Out of the many new works produced come the prize-winners. They succeed because of the many opportunities for hearing and changing.

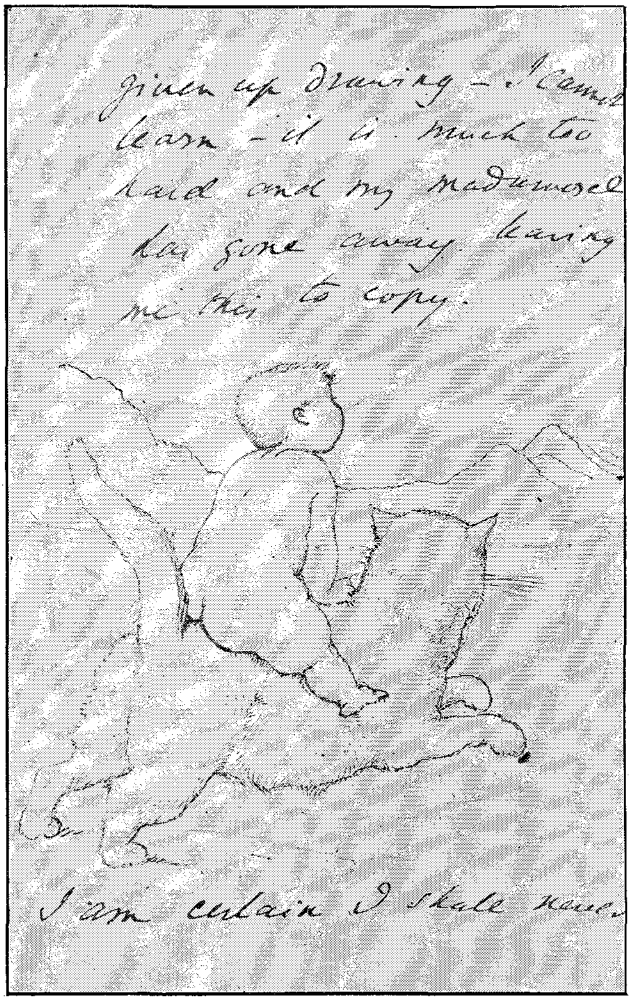
"Here, there is so little that is spontaneous in our opera. Even the applause is arranged and much of it paid for. American singers are habitually rejected if there is a foreigner who can half-way sing the part. Occasionally an American succeeds, but he must not only equal but surpass any foreign singer available, even to be considered.

"This does not mean that we can not appreciate good singing without a foreign name, but it does mean that we allow insidious propaganda to fool us. It is the same with the idea of singing opera in English. The opera singers of big reputation insist that English is not singable. Nonsense! What do most of them know about it? Few of them can speak it. They live here for years and never even learn the language. If we had national opera and our managers demanded that every star learn two operas in English each year, they would soon enough find English singable.

"During the war we had to sing German lieder in English. Immediately there sprung up poetic translations which were smooth and singable. How is it that only opera in English is unsingable? For the very good reason that the foreign singers will not learn the language.

"In Italy, an American singer must sing better Italian than the native, in order to get by. He must also speak it backstage. In France, it is the same. In the United States poor English with an accent difficult to understand, is part of an opera singer's charm for the public. In France every composer who has become famous is a winner of the Prix de Rome. Many who are not worthy get prizes, it is true, but out of the many come the few great ones, and it is national recognition which encourages and sustains them. Even great artists must have assistance, and in this country they are dependent on the whims of individuals who are wealthy enough to aid them and often at the same time capricious enough to cast them off when they most need help.

"It is not enough that we have an occasional American work at the Metropolitan or the Chicago Opera; we must have the certainty of a half-dozen or more each year, so that American composers may have absolute assurance of production and the immediate reward of performance before their eyes. We must have national opera, and national conservatories, and a national pride in American artists, and then we shall no longer find it necessary to boast only of our commercial supremacy and apologize for our art; when that time comes our singers will succeed with their own names, rather than in spite of them."



given up drawing - I cannot
learn - it is much too
hard and my madumosel
has gone away leaving
me this to copy.

I am certain I shall never

THE ARTIST FAILS

Or says so—for he writes to his little correspondent: "I have given up drawing—I cannot learn—it is much too hard and my madamosel has gone away, leaving me this to copy."

Mr. Hackett, who at the time of writing was in Los Angeles, has had this career:

"Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, he chose the career of a singer at an early age and sought the help of Arthur Hubbard, the well-known Boston vocal teacher, who conducts a summer class in this city. After a thorough period of hard work he made his way to Italy for the opera routine which is denied American singers here, whatever their ability.

"Hackett was offered an engagement in 'Mignon' almost immediately, and his success was followed by a more sensational one at La Scala, in Milan. Making his début in Paris, he was the first American male singer ever to sing in the famous French opera house. He must have made an impression, because it is not easy to sing in foreign opera houses. Over there they prefer their own people. Returning to America he was received well at the Metropolitan, and now he has nothing to ask for in the way of recognition."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE "ROMAN FEVER" IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

JUST HOW WIDELY THE "ROMAN FEVER," as it has been called, has affected the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States is a question which only a complete diagnosis can answer; but that it has reached considerable temperature is evidenced by some of the "doctors" who have recently felt the Episcopal pulse. In literal language, there are some in the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church who deny that it has any relationship with Protestantism, and who would chisel the word Protestant from the official name of the Church. Whether they are finally preparing to cross the Rubicon that leads to Rome is a point apparently in dispute among the "Catholics" themselves and debated among those outsiders who have discust it recently. The Anglo-Catholic movement in England was noted in these pages October 3. That the Catholic movement in the Episcopal Church in this country is important and gaining in strength is evident from the Catholic Congress held at New Haven, which the Rev. Dr. E. Clowes Chorley, historiographer of the Protestant Episcopal Church, says, "demonstrates the fact that the Catholics in the Episcopal Church are a compact, well-organized body of earnest men impelled to effort by strong conviction and inflexible determination. Their aim is to win the Church to the Catholic faith. They have adopted as their motto, 'Christian is my name; Catholic is my surname.'" Dr. Chorley writes further in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

P. & A. photograph

AN EPISCOPAL "CATHOLIC"

Father Shirley C. Hughson, who is quoted as saying that the Episcopal Church is "in no sense to be numbered among those Christian bodies which are descended from the Reformation of the sixteenth century."

"They are not in the least dismayed by the accusation of 'Romanizing' the Episcopal Church. They frankly admit the soft impeachment. Their basic teaching on the masses can hardly be distinguished from that of the Roman Catholic Church, for they unhesitatingly speak of 'the stupendous miracle of transubstantiation.' Rosaries, crucifixes and sacred images are on sale at this congress. The Holy Communion has become the 'mass.' The favorite hymn has been one praying the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, ending with the refrain, 'Hail, Mary, full of grace.'

"A prominent Catholic said to me today that in ten years sacred images of the Virgin and the saints with lighted candles will be found in many of the churches.

"Asked to justify this 'Romanizing' tendency of the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church, a leading priest here declared that as they pursued their way along the way of the sacraments they found them best exprest in the Roman ritual and teaching and they refused to reject them because they were Roman Catholic. I asked him where they would stop. He said he did not know, but they could not accept the infallibility of the Pope, and there were grave differences of polity between the Episcopal and the Roman churches."

Protestantism is repudiated openly by Father Shirley C. Hughson, of the Order of the Holy Cross, who is quoted by Dr. Chorley as saying: "We have nothing in common with any of the great Protestant ministries that exist about us." The Episcopal Church is "in no sense to be numbered among those Christian bodies which are decended from the Reformation of the sixteenth century." Again, "there is only one valid ministry, and that is the Catholic ministry of Apostolic Succession. The Episcopal Church refuses peremptorily even to consider any minister serving at her altar except those who have Catholic and Apostolic Succession." Dr. Chorley talked with one member of the Catholic Congress, and writes:

"I learned that the Catholics are not interested in reunion with Protestant churches; indeed, they fear that it would be a hindrance rather than a help to their ultimate purpose. But they are keenly desirous of bringing about reunion with the Roman and the Eastern Orthodox churches. They feel that if only that can be accomplished the Protestant churches will come into the united fold. They are willing to make large concessions for unity with Rome.

"'What are the fundamental difficulties in the way of reunion with Rome?' I asked. The answer was: 'There are but two—the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope.' The Catholics of the Episcopal Church are willing to render obedience to the Pope as the chief of bishops; they balk at infallibility and cherish the hope that in some unforeseen fashion the bars may be lowered that they may enter in. 'Do you think that will ever be?' I asked. The only answer was a shrug of the shoulders."

The issue, then, seems to be made plain, and *The Churchman*, liberal organ of the Episcopal Church, thinks that all liberal churchmen should be grateful for the "frank, straightforward manner in which the Anglo-Catholics have presented their position," and says that they can no longer be accused of carrying on their propaganda under cover. But, states *The Churchman:*

"What the ultimate outcome of such a fundamental divergence of opinion will be is difficult to foretell. In other Communions the divergence of opinion between Liberals and Fundamentalists is as marked as that between Liberals and Anglo-Catholics in the Episcopal, tho the factors which bring about that divergence are different. Historically the Episcopal Church has always been an inclusive Church. We have frequently exprest the hope that it might remain so. In the face of the contrasting emphasis being given by the Anglo-Catholics and the Liberals, it is an open question whether this historic fellowship can be maintained."

To give point to what he has to say, William A. Kinter records in *The Presbyterian Banner* (Pittsburgh) a conversation he had with a young man one Sunday morning as they sat at the same table in a resort hotel. The young man remarked that as the Episcopal Church was closed and no Catholic Church was there, he had no place in which to worship. "You know," he said, "we Episcopalians are Catholic rather than Protestant, and when we can not have our own church, worship with greater satisfaction in a Catholic Church than in a Protestant one." When Mr. Kinter exprest surprize, he writes, the young man added: "All Henry VIII did was to eliminate the Pope. He did not change the worship or the doctrine of the Church. In these particulars the Church of England remained Catholic." In discussing the Catholic movement, Mr. Kinter writes that heretofore, "the leaders in the various Anglo communions—and this is particularly true of the Protestant Episcopal of the United States—have not felt called upon to repudiate the reforms in doctrine and worship introduced into Western Europe by the Reformation, indeed have incorporated these reforms into their creed and ritual."

> "But now there is arising in American Anglicanism a party that does not hesitate to identify the term Catholic with 'Romanism,' and feels called upon to repudiate the name Protestant, to look upon the Reformation as a work of darkness and to boldly and openly pledge itself to the task of making the Episcopal Church 'Catholic' in the narrowest sense of that term.
>
> "And we are given further pause when we read that Bishop Brewster, a man who ought by his name to be a low-church Bishop, condescended to open this pro-Catholic Congress and evidently to bid it Godspeed; and that the recent General Convention in New Orleans, tho it must have known this Congress was about to meet, gave out no pronouncement against it."

However, Dr. Frederick Lynch, editor-in-chief of *The Christian Work* (Undenominational) thinks that the Catholic movement will stop short of Rome. "When it comes to the doctrines," he writes, "the Anglo-Catholic would differ from the Roman Catholic in not accepting the Papacy or believing in its exclusive claim to be the one head of the Church or in its claim of infallibility; in not accepting the doctrine of purgatory, and perhaps some of the seven sacraments; in not making confession obligatory before taking the communion—altho urging it—and in insisting that the authority of the Church should be brought to the test of Scripture." Further, "with the coming of the Catholic party into strength and power in the Anglican communion, they have found a haven, and while there is ardent desire on the part of most Anglo-Catholics for reunion with Rome, there seems no disposition to go over. They are too thoroughly convinced of their own Catholic standing to worry very much about Rome." And to let the chief organ of the Catholic movement say its word, we quote this from *The Living Church* (Milwaukee):

> "We feel that our Catholicism is more true to that of the Undivided Church, in that it has no need for the exaggerated emphasis of the Papal claims, which belief, since the cataclysm of the sixteenth century, has hardened into a dogma in Latin Christendom. We do claim Catholic authority, but it is not of the Papal kind. We do try to bring all men to the full appreciation and use of their Catholic heritage, but it is not by the imposition of authority from without, but by an appeal to the great *consensus fidelium*, as normative and ultimately satisfactory for the fuller life of the Christian. Vagaries there are in abundance among us, but it is our ideal, be it well or ill-advised, to let them confute themselves in practise, seldom to denounce, and patiently to allow them to work themselves out to their inevitable turn. It is a breadth and largeness rather than a veneration for bigness, and a respect for the individual rather than zeal for mass-production, which distinguishes the not inglorious history of Anglican Churchmanship."

In the opinion of the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, middle-aged Catholics must often feel tempted to wonder if their eyes deceive them when they read the accounts of proceedings of Anglo-Catholics at their conferences and their churches. Yet, comments *America*, a New York Catholic weekly, its English contemporary must perforce look with encouragement on such promising signs of the times. "While, as it notes, our separated brethren will need something more to combat the worldliness about them than the mere copying of the externals of the Catholic Church," continues *America*, "the fact that these characteristics of Catholicism have lost their erstwhile odiousness in the eyes of Protestants is in itself indicative of a step in the right direction."

ROBBING THE CHILD IN THE NAME OF GOD

IT IS IN THE NAME OF RELIGION that the public schools have been almost stript of religious instruction. That is the significant fact attested by religious leaders, and one of them distributes the blame on the three great branches of religious faith represented in the United States. It is for them, then, to repair the wrong they have done by agreeing on, and putting into effect, some means of giving religious instruction to the child, now practically denied him in many parts of the country. This practical secularization of the schools, says Prof. Luther A. Weigle of Yale, chairman of the Commission on Education, is an incidental result of the working out, under sectarian conditions, of two principles fundamental to American life. The first is the principle of religious freedom, which insures the separation of Church and State and guarantees freedom in religious worship. The second is "the principle of public education for citizenship in a democracy which lays upon the State itself the duty of securing its own perpetuity and shaping its own future by the education of those who, as citizens and voters, constitute its sovereigns." The fulfilment of these principles throughout almost 150 years of our national history, says Professor Weigle, has brought about, on the one hand, a constant increase of emphasis on civic, social and industrial aims in public education, as contrasted with religious aims, and, on the other hand, has put the public schools at the mercy of minorities with respect to matters of religious conviction. The result is the present situation, with the public schools almost completely stript of religious elements. Professor Weigle makes these assertions in an address delivered at the annual convention of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, recently held in Detroit, and quoted in the press. As to the responsibility for the condition he portrays, he says:

> "It is too often assumed that the blame for this situation rests upon the Jew and Roman Catholics. But the fact is that the Jews have had practically nothing to do with it. The Roman Catholic Church has had a great deal to do in the last half century with the exclusion of the Bible from the schools. But the secularization of public education has been in large part accomplished before the Catholic Church in this country was strong enough to raise its protest.
>
> "Protestant churches must realize that they are quite as much to blame for the present situation as the Catholic Church. The fact is that adherents of all faiths have been far more concerned to see to it that the public schools should not contain any element inconsistent with any of their particular beliefs and practises, than they have been concerned to conserve in these schools the great fundamental principles of religion and morals upon which they all agree."

In this practical exclusion of religion from the public schools, says Professor Weigle, there is great danger. The situation, he believes, will, in time, imperil the future of religion in this country, and, with religion, the future of the nation itself. He goes on:

> "For such schools to omit religion is a matter of far more serious consequence than for the schools of a generation ago. The older schools obviously afforded to children but a fraction of their education; the larger, and in many respects the more important, part of education was left to the home and community.
>
> "The principle of the separation of church and State must not be so construed as to render the State a fosterer of non-religion or atheism. Yet that is precisely what we are in danger of doing in America to-day.
>
> "We may expect the public schools to do more in the way of moral and religious education than they have been doing. They can take steps to offset or wholly avoid the negative suggestion involved in the present situation.
>
> "The most potent religious influence in the life of any school is to be found in the moral and religious character of the teacher. The public schools of America are not irreligious because their teachers are almost everywhere men and women of strong moral character and of definite religious conviction. Without the direct teaching of religion, these teachers, by the character of

their discipline and the spirit which they maintain in the life of the schools, have been and are of profound influence in determining the character of American boys and girls.

"Even the religious heterogeneity of our population does not necessitate the present degree of exclusion of religion from public education. It is because we have held our different religious views and practises in so jealous, divisive and partizan a fashion that the State has been obliged to withdraw religion from the curriculum and program of its schools."

Church and synagog, urges Professor Weigle, should realize that they are responsible for a share of the education of American children, and should maintain church schools for the teaching of religion that will match up in point of educational efficiency with the public schools. This plan is now under way, and to Professor Weigle

"It seems clear that the movement is destined to bear permanent results, and that ultimately week-day sessions of the church schools will be as a general rule granted a reasonable portion of the time from the public-school schedules. A demand for time is not the first consideration; churches should begin by making sure that they have a program and curriculum of sufficient educational value to justify the grant of time.

"We may expect that the churches and synagogs will approach one another in mutual understanding and cooperate, more largely and more responsibly than they have hitherto done, in a common educational purpose and policy. They must cease that overemphasis upon differences, to the neglect of their common faith and aspiration, which has been responsible for the present situation.

"Let the various religious bodies agree on an educational policy with respect to their own teaching work and to the sort of recognition that they desire religion to be afforded by and in the public schools. Let them do their share of the education of children in a way that merits recognition, and a fit measure of recognition is made possible and will almost certainly follow."

A VICTIM OF CIVILIZATION

IN THE TRAGIC ENDING of "Battling" Siki, the fighter who came out of the jungle and played with the double-edged tools his white friends gave him, lies a moral for all civilization, thinks the pastor who officiated at the funeral of the "bad boy." Siki, page for an actress, dishwasher, hero during the World War, then dishwasher again, until he found fame in the boxing arena, had all Paris to play in, and the danger of the things he played with he didn't understand. Then he came to the United States—to the end which, perhaps, was a dramatic climax to his life. He was a victim of civilization, said the Rev. A. Clayton Powell, pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church of Harlem, New York, at Siki's funeral. "He was known throughout civilization as the 'Jungle Boy,' the 'Singular Senegalese' and the 'Jungle Hercules.' No man ever came out of Africa who lived a more dramatic life or had a more tragic end." Here is the moral, as the minister's sermon is quoted in the New York *Sun:*

"A lack of proper preparation and a noble purpose were the two dreadful mistakes of his life. Our civilization is perhaps more to blame for these mistakes than he was.

"Emerging from the jungle a little less than twenty years ago, charged with the energy of a Grecian mythological god, he could have been molded into a tremendous force for good, but was allowed to run wild, like uncontrolled and undirected electricity. He left scars upon the body of civilized mankind of which we should all be ashamed.

"A man, born in the heart of Africa, twenty-eight years ago, who could win a Croix de Guerre and a Legion of Honor medal, win forty battles out of forty-two in the prize-ring and have himself proclaimed the light heavyweight champion of the world, surely had something in him that educated people should have developed and directed into a channel of usefulness.

"Had this been done, Battling Siki might have been a René Maran, a Blyden or a Toussaint l'Ouverture.

"To his widow we express the deepest sympathy; to the group he represented we say, 'Beware of his example'; to the people of the civilized world we plead for better treatment of the next Mischievous Boy of the Jungle who comes to live among us."

A JEWISH-CHRISTIAN TASK

THE ONE THING in which Jew and Christian have been unable to cooperate is the religious task, we are told; and this is considered all the more strange in that they have been able to pool their brains and energies and consciences for the common good in philanthropy, in civic activities, in education, in commercial and industrial fields. In religious ways, says the Rev. John W. Herring, they have been held resolutely apart. Mr. Herring is secretary of the Federal Council of Churches' Committee on Good Will between Jews and Christians, and it is from an address delivered at a symposium at the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, that we quote. The obvious reason for the failure to cooperate in what is perhaps the most important task of all is, says Mr. Herring, that the conviction is ingrained in both Jew and Christian that there are beliefs held by Jews and Christians which are mutually exclusive. "And up until the very recent past," he tells us, "no one has questioned that the all-important thing in religion is the creed." However, Mr. Herring sees coming a change from the notion that mere subscription to a creed is the end and aim of life, and he writes:

"We are beginning to realize that while men must continue to fight with all their strength to keep the flame of belief burning clearly, they must not forget that the final reason for believing is doing. And both Christianity and Judaism have a tremendous job of 'doing' on hand.

"There are many of us who believe with all our hearts that the great problems of to-day, industrial, international, racial, are religious problems. We believe this because they are all of them problems of brotherhood. And the problem of brotherhood is the whole religious problem on the doing side. We firmly believe that it is more necessary to act as brothers than to subscribe to a belief in brotherhood. And when at any point we find our zeal for our particular creed of brotherhood interfering one iota with the practise of brotherhood, then it is time that we turn to that sharp teaching of Jesus of the two servants in which one man says, 'I go,' and goes not; another man says, 'I go not,' but goes. Which is the better servant, asks Jesus."

The blame for this failure to fulfil the whole duty of brotherhood Mr. Herring places on a false sense of loyalty. He illustrates by citing the loyalty he says is common to the royal houses of Europe. It forbids them from marrying outside the royal circle. They are afraid that the contagion of other bloods will impair their own. "They prefer blue blood to red. But the blood of the prophets," Mr. Herring tells us, "was red. The blood of the Nazarene was red. The blood of the true American is red." So—

"The Christian loyalty that is afraid of contacts with the faith of other peoples starves itself. Its blood thins. The first law of nature is self-preservation, but it is the brave man and not the coward that survives. And the brave man looks forward as well as back. He looks out, as well as in. The Christian who shuns contacts with all cultures and religions but his own is a coward, and the handwriting is on his wall."

Nothing is lost; everything may be gained by brotherly contact between groups of different faiths, and, continues Mr. Herring:

"The heart of the whole matter is this, is it not? There are certain great basic needs of the universal soul of man, and certain truths that shine out of these needs. And the greatest of these needs is for love, and the greatest truth is brotherhood. And there are certain special needs of individuals or of groups and certain truths that shine forth from those special needs. Thence comes the legitimate divisions of mankind—the sacred cultures which enrich our common life.

"Will it not follow that if all men are free in an era of active generosity to follow their own souls' needs wherever those needs may lead there will be no loss? Each group will retain its own special richness unchallenged. And what is more, the great truths that are of all mankind will bind us together in the universal harmony, and lift us out of ourselves until our souls beat in the universal rhythm."

For a real treat in delicious flavor, taste Campbell's!

You know how much difference the flavor makes in beans! Well, just give your appetite the chance today to enjoy the beans which are famous from coast to coast—the beans which so many thousands of housewives always select because they have a flavor all their own—Campbell's!

Highly skilled chefs prepare and cook and season these beans. They are blended with a tomato sauce made from Campbell's exclusive recipe. And they taste so good that you are certain to insist on having Campbell's every time!

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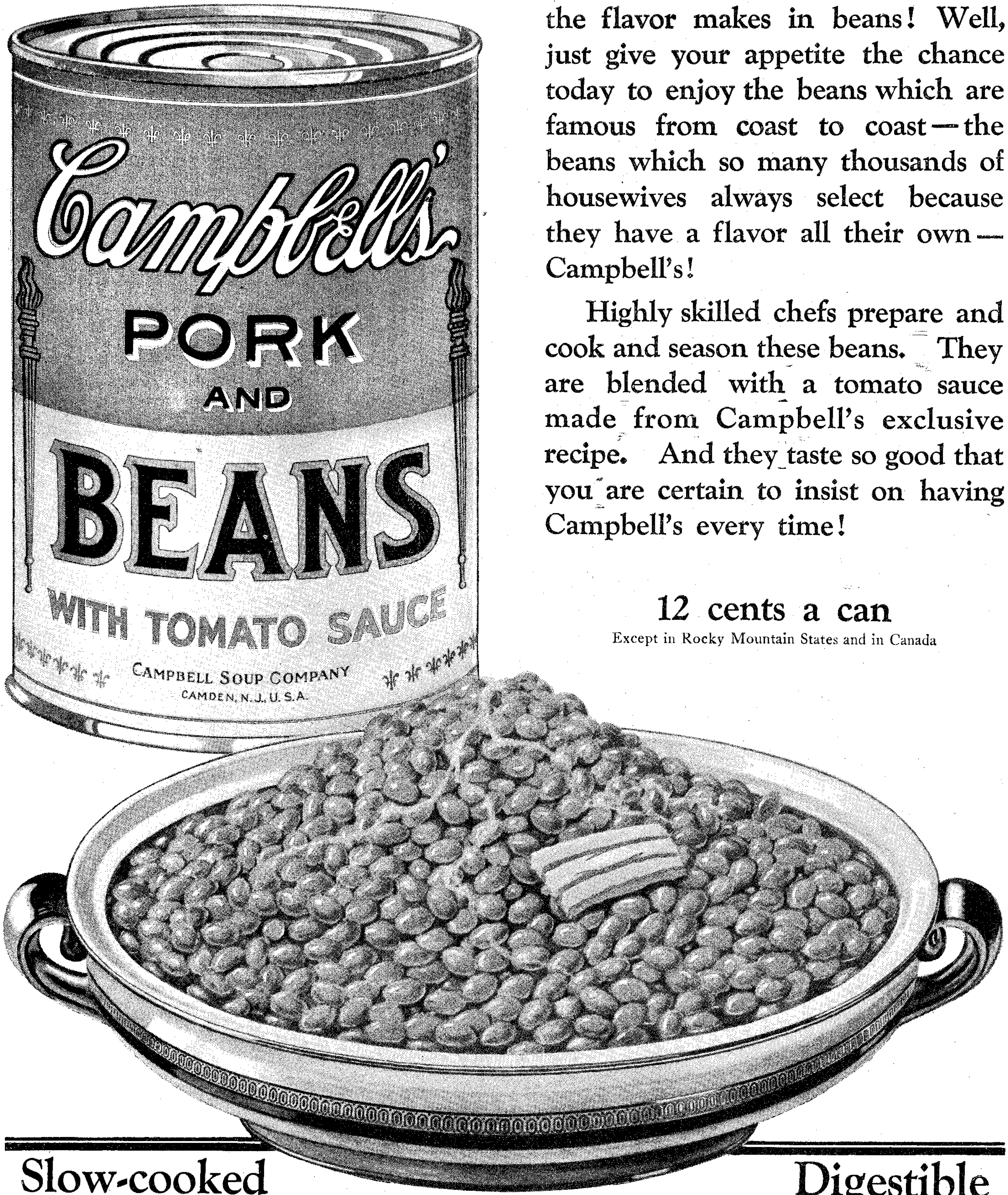
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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

WORDSWORTH'S desertion of the liberal cause might perhaps seem enough rebuked in Browning's "Just for a handful of silver." But time which had laid a concealing finger on another poetic rebuke now lifts it to reveal Shelley's expression of scorn. The following, printed in the New York *Evening Post*, is a poem brought to light by Prof. Walter Edwin Peck of Wesleyan from a note-book bequeathed to the Harvard Library in 1902. *The Evening Post* precedes the poem with this note:

"To appreciate fully the bitterness of Shelley's poem it must be remembered that sixteen years earlier Wordsworth himself still a 'Liberal,' tho no longer the 'Citizen Wordsworth' of 1792, had celebrated the celandine in a delightful lyric, 'To the Small Celandine.'

"Edward A. Silsbee of Boston, who willed the Shelley note-book to Harvard Library in 1902, penciled in it that Peacock had sent Shelley a celandine from Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, and that is substantiated by a Shelley letter to Thomas Love Peacock, dated July 28, 1816, from Montalgre, near Geneva."

VERSES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A CELANDINE IN A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

I thought of thee, fair celandine,
As of a flower aery blue
Yet small—thy leaves methought were wet
With the light of the morning dew.
In the same glen thy star did shine
As the primrose and the violet,
And the wild briar bent o'er thee
And the woodland brook danced under thee.

Lovely thou wert in thine own glen
Ere thou didst dwell in song or story;
Ere the moonlight of a poet's mind
Had arrayed thee with the glory
Whose fountains are the hearts of men.
Many a thing of vital mind
Had fed and sheltered under thee,
Had nourished their thoughts near to thee.

Yes, gentle flower in thy recess,
None might a sweeter aspect wear,
The young bird drooped so gracefully
Thou wert so very fair—
Among the fairest ere the stress
Of exile, death and injury,
Thus withering and deforming thee,
Had made a mournful type of thee.

A type of that whence I and thou
Are thus familiar, celandine—
A deathless poet whose young prime
Was as serene as thine;
But he is changed and withered now,
Fallen on a cold and evil time;
His heart is gone, his flame is dim,
And infamy sits mocking him.

Celandine, thou art pale and dead,
Changed from thy fresh and woodland state.
Oh! that thy bard were cold, but he
Has lived too long and late.
Would he were in an honored grave.
But that, men say, now must not be,
Since he for impious gold could sell
The love of those who loved him well.

That he, with all hope else of good
Should be thus transitory,
I marvel not; but that his lays
Have shared not their own glory.
That blood, even the foul god of blood,
With most inexpiable praise,
Freedom and truth left desolate,
He has been brought to celebrate.

They were his hopes which he doth scorn;
They were his foes and fight that won;
The sanction and that condemnation
Are now forever gone.
They need them not, truth may not mourn
That, with a liar's inspiration
Her Majesty he did disown
Ere he could overlive his own.

They need them not for liberty,
Justice and philosophic truth
From his divine and simple song
Shall draw immortal youth,
When he and thou shalt cease to be
Or be some other thing, so long
As men may breathe or flowers may blossom
On the wide earth's maternal bosom.

The stem whence thou wert disunited
Since thy poor self was banished hither,
Now by that priest of nature's care
Who sent thee forth to wither,
His window with its blooms has lighted
And I shall see thy brethren there.
And each, like thee, will aye betoken
Love sold, hope dead and honor broken.

IT seemed to one of our readers that so little had been written of James Lane Allen since his death—therefore this tribute, from *The Lyric West*, is passed on to a larger audience.

VOICES

To James Lane Allen

By Virginia Stait

"I should like the memory of my life to give out the sound of a flute."—*The Choir Invisible.*

I am not dead, I think,
But all unlessoned where the dead should know,
For every pipe that plays is still the link
For thought to come and go!

The lyre strings are dear,
And bring me to a halting place of dreams,
That every convoy takes down every year,
And every ghost redeems.

And all the organ tones
Of ancientry still pass my narrow door,
And I march with the chords one longer owns
When longer heard before!

And harp by harp I keep,
With *falas* that the day and night have sung,
Unto immitigable things of sleep,
Unto vales restrung.

But oh, the flute to me
Brings the abiding-places of the past
As close—as close—as shipwreck to the sea,
Or flesh to dust made fast!

THE nostalgic yearning for a home country is stronger in some races than in others. Perhaps the people who wander most feel it most keenly. Many will find a kindred thrill in this in *The Century*.

HERITAGE

By Marie Blake

Why should the mountains confuse me with rapture?
Storm at my heart till I see them through tears?
Weigh me with wistfulness past all the telling?
Sound the high bugles my errant soul hears?
Is it the magic of other hills calling,
The hills of my fathers, across the long years?

Child of a race that knew stretching horizons,
Far-climbing headlands all misty with rain,
Slopes of soft emerald starred thick with primrose,
Vista and vision: half beauty, half pain—
Here's why the mountains confuse me with rapture:
The green hills of Ireland call me again!

ONE may perhaps enjoy the pain of a remembered lost bargain more than the mere pleasure of possession. Would the Hakluyt purchased have inspired lines equal to these in *The Atlantic Monthly?*

HAKLUYT UNPURCHASED

By Franklin McDuffee

Man is a fool and a bag of wind!
Or was it madness that stopped my buying
The old brown Hakluyt I chanced to find
At twelve and sixpence, dustily lying

With shilling shockers? An if 'twere here
I'd kick off shoes and pull on slippers
And settle back to my brier and beer
For a windy voyage with Hakluyt's skippers.

Up the blue sea and down the sky
To Java Head or warm Cipango,
With albatrosses floating by
And a wind that whistles of spice and mango;

Into the ice with Frobisher's men,
Or south with Raleigh to seek Guiana,
In the *Jesus of Lubeck* with Hawkins then
To plunder the dons of smug Habana,

And east. . . . But my ale is dregs and lees,
My pipe won't draw, and I, besotted,
The sport of devils—I failed to seize
On the rich old tome till another got it.

And so, instead of an offshore gale
And a tropical sea and a lion skipper,
I sit and blow at my mug of ale
And stare at a toe through a toeless slipper.

CENTRAL PARK's daily peril of encroachment needs to be kept in mind. *The Times* brings forward this eloquent plea of "Hands off!"

CENTRAL PARK

By Arthur Guiterman

What place have garish towers in Edenglade,
Or marble cenotaphs in Fairyland?
Shall haughty majesty again invade
Poor Naboth's vineyard? Shall the heavy hand
Be laid on Beauty? Little can they know,
Beloved acres, what so well we knew—
Your charm that blessed our childhood long ago,
The heritage we guard as childhood's due.

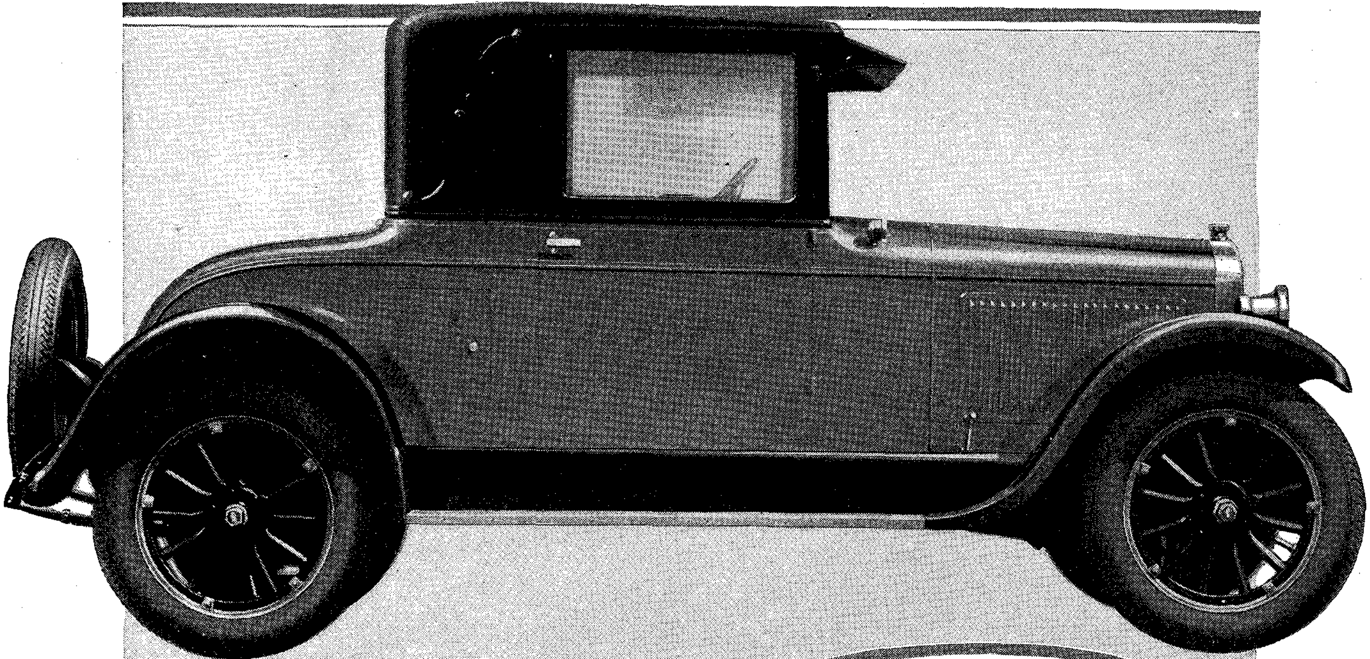
Light-footed urchins on the green,
Rosy-faced babies on the Mall.
The sparkling lake where willows lean
And clear, blue sky above them all.

Adventures such as Froissart never told
Your crags remember—battles, ambuscades,
Discoveries of hoarded pirate gold,
Intrepid rescues, whooping Indian raids;
And here were Crusoe's island, Arden wood,
Aladdin's cave among your rocky shelves,
And here we drew the bow with Robin Hood,
And from your coverts peered unnumbered elves.

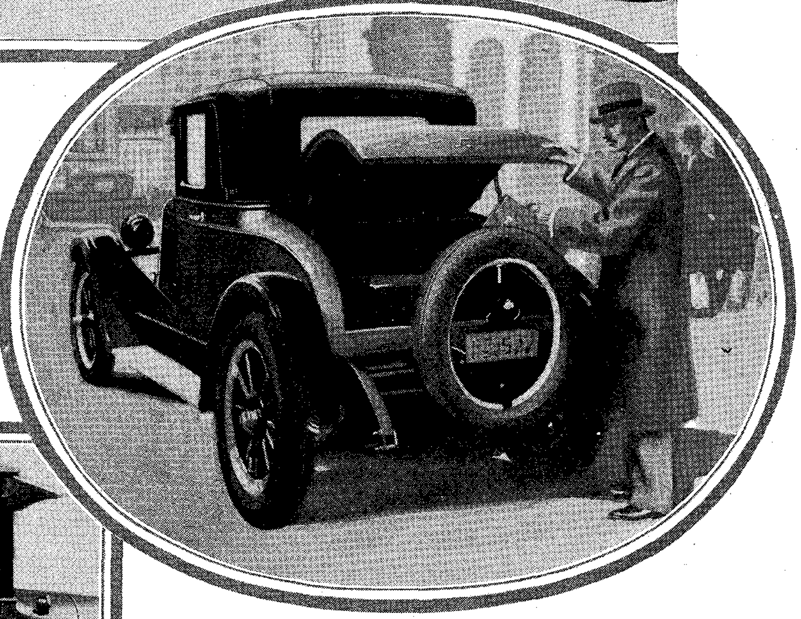
High-hearted lads who storm the steep,
Prim little maids in group and ring,
Moss-covered rocks where fountains leap
And cool, dim groves where thrushes sing.

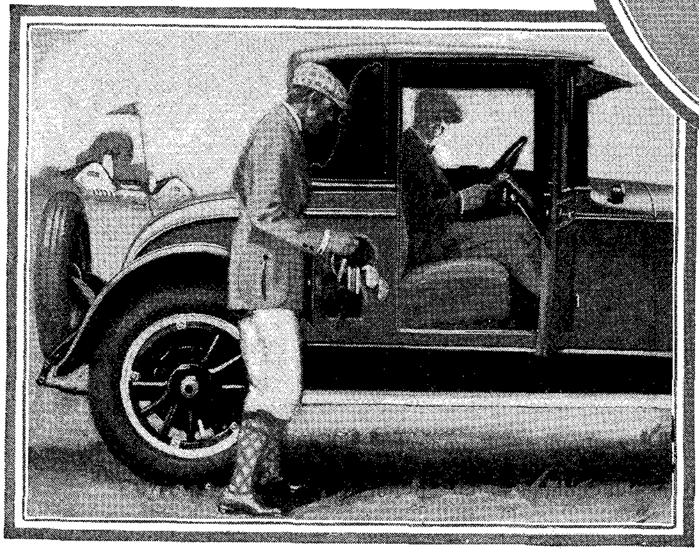
Times change, men change, but childhood changes not;
Among these walls that gloom and spires that gleam
Let childhood keep its one unburdened spot
Wherein to play the play and dream the dream
Then here—though on our island here, alone—
Shall Nature rule and Fancy hold her spell;
Usurping tyrannies of steel and stone,
We yield no inch and ye shall take no ell!

The New Multi-purpose OLDSMOBILE *Coupe*



Oldsmobile has built the new Multi-purpose Coupe after carefully studying the needs of social, business and professional life. It has every essential for giving a new satisfaction to motorists who are dependent upon comfortable, commodious, economical, and uninterrupted transportation. This body includes all the desirable features of coupe design and is built for Oldsmobile by Fisher.





A compartment on the right side is ideal for golf clubs or long packages. Brief cases and other small articles are cared for in a compartment inside the car behind the seat.

The rear deck lifts high. More than fifteen cubic feet of storage space allow a good-sized trunk or sample case to be carried easily. Sufficient luggage for a trans-continental tour can be safely stored away. The tire carrier is so designed that it can be hinged to drop back, admitting bulky parcels without difficulty.

The New Coupe

$925

Ask your nearest Oldsmobile dealer or salesman to bring this new Oldsmobile around for inspection. It has many new features of construction and accommodation that will interest and delight you.

Touring $875 Coach $950 Sedan $1025 All prices f. o. b. Lansing, tax extra.

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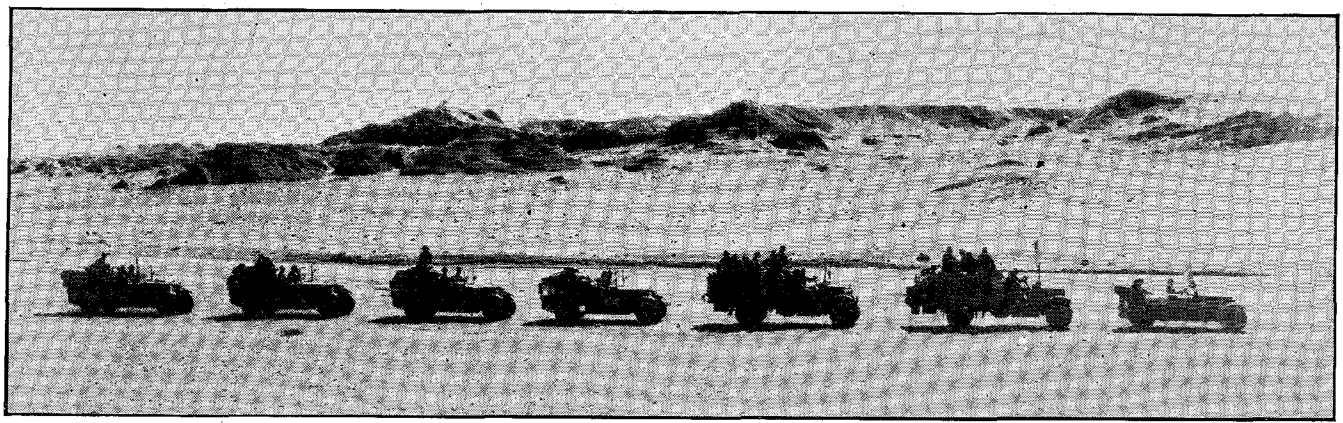

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THUS SCIENCE INVADED THE MONGOLIAN WILDERNESS BY MOTOR CARAVAN

"The whole expedition, with its equipment and its personnel of forty men, made up the largest party of its kind ever sent into the field."

HOW AMERICAN MOTORS PUT THE "GO" IN GOBI

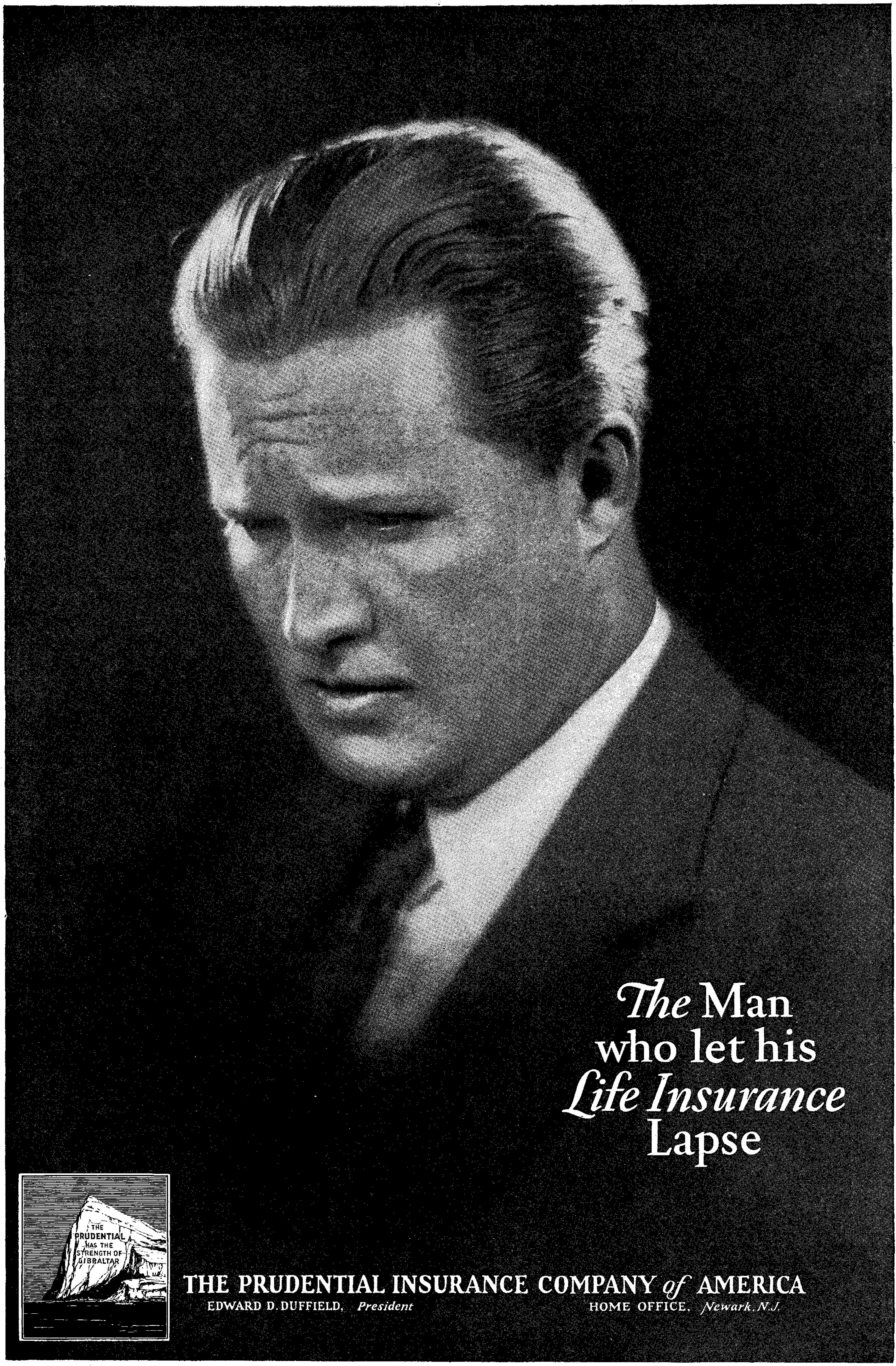
SPINNING, CHUGGING AND TOILING through 5,000 miles of Mongolia's great sandy desert, where the lady dinosaur used to lay her eggs and where Adam and Eve may possibly have munched that fatal apple, a caravan of five sturdy automobiles, such as you might see on any Main Street, toted the delighted Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History in cooperation with *Asia Magazine*. Completing the motor equipment of the expedition were two one-ton trucks. And, as there were not yet any service stations or hot-dog stands in the Gobi Desert, a perambulatory service was maintained with the aid of 125 camels, carrying 3,500 gallons of gasoline and ample food supplies. These ships of the desert were maneuvered in such a way as to be always within striking distance of the expedition when needed. As traveling service stations they were a great success, and the leader of the scientific search party, Roy Chapman Andrews, tells us that commerce has "caught on" to the idea. Since his earlier expeditions, the interior of Mongolia has been invaded by fast motor-cars, which are transporting furs, wool and other products to Urga, whence they are forwarded to Peking; and this traffic is made possible by the use of Brother Camel as a filling station. Thus does the American business man take time by the forelock, and trade follows the paleontologist, the zoologist, the archeologist, and the various other 'ologists of the Gobi exploration unit.

That the ancient camel-trails make tolerable motor speedways is a discovery due to the missionaries of science in their search for fossils and other queer relics of our planet's past, and Mr. Andrews further reports that American automobiles have covered themselves with glory by climbing to trackless heights of 8,000 feet, and negotiating sand traps and other hazards that only a camel was formerly supposed to be able to survive. His five Dodge cars and two Fulton trucks proved equal to every kind of country and every kind of weather. In fact, he tells us in *Asia Magazine* that the weather was full of surprizes:

> I spent every night in my fur sleeping-bag. There was virtually no great heat, and it rained twice as much as usual. Changes came incalculably from summer to winter and back again.
>
> McKenzie Young and I had a taste of these extremes while on a hurried trip from Shabarakh Usu to Urga and back. On the way to Urga we struggled through snow-drifts for three days. Yet, when we left Shabarakh Usu, the Flaming Cliffs were whirling and dancing in the heat-waves reflected from the basin floor. A huge black raven drowsed upon a rock with beak half open, and even the spotted lizards were too sleepily content to snap at the sand-flies that crawled incautiously beneath their pointed snouts. To think of snow was absurd. But a few hours later we were shaking with cold and battling an icy gale, which whipt sand and gravel against our faces like bursting shrapnel.
>
> At seven o'clock in the evening, when we saw a lone yurt beside the trail, both of us had had more than enough. The only inmates of the dwelling were a young lama, a wrinkled hag of seventy and a baby of four or five. They made us welcome and piled dry argul upon the fire until our numbed bodies had begun to warm. In a half-hour the mother of the baby arrived—a strapping young Mongol with a frame like a football tackle's. She had been out all day looking for a lost flock of sheep while the lama toasted himself at the fire. When more argul was required, he never dreamed of moving but told the old grandmother to bring it in.
>
> The circular, felt-covered yurt was like all others. Opposite the door on a red chest stood a Buddhist picture and a few sacred family offerings. At one side was a bed platform four inches high. The man slept upon it, of course. The women had only two strips of felt on the ground. At the other side of the yurt was a wooden rack, holding bowls of curdled milk; near by, two calves and a half-dozen baby lambs and goats were tied to a rope. The yurt reeked with mingled odors of mutton fat, rancid butter and living goat, but it was warm.
>
> We slept in our tent. Tho the gale tore at the fastenings, we were comfortable in our fur bags. In the morning the interior of the tent was one great snow-bank. Such garments as we had removed were somewhere in the drift and, when dug out, were none too pleasant to dress in. The front of the car had been covered with a canvas hood. When Young started the engine, it gave a peculiar muffled sound. It was as solidly banked as if we had shoveled snow inside.
>
> That day and the next meant constant battle. Often, when plowing through the white blanket on a smooth plain, the car would suddenly drop into a ravine packed six feet deep with snow and give us a sickening feeling as everything seemed to go out from under us. There was nothing for it, then, but to dig around the motor, jack up the wheels and pave a road with stones until we could get out. Poor Young had to bear the brunt of all the work; for, with my right shoulder still virtually helpless from a crash in the New Year's steeplechase at Tientsin, I was of use only to pick up stones or to drive.

The third day really was the most tiring, since the sun was glorious and a thaw had begun. As Mr. Andrews tells it:

> The pass was so drifted that we had to climb up steep slopes to avoid the melting snow. The tires slipt on the wet grass, and the car would move forward only when we built a path to give traction. After five hours of the most strenuous work we were three miles from our night's camp. But our troubles were at an end when we gained the summit of the pass and ran down the steep slope into a beautiful valley. In the snow-filled ravines lay the bodies of horses and cattle that had dropt into the white death-traps. Some of the animals were still alive but too weak to move. I longed to end their sufferings; yet to have shot them


The Man
who let his
Life Insurance
Lapse

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA
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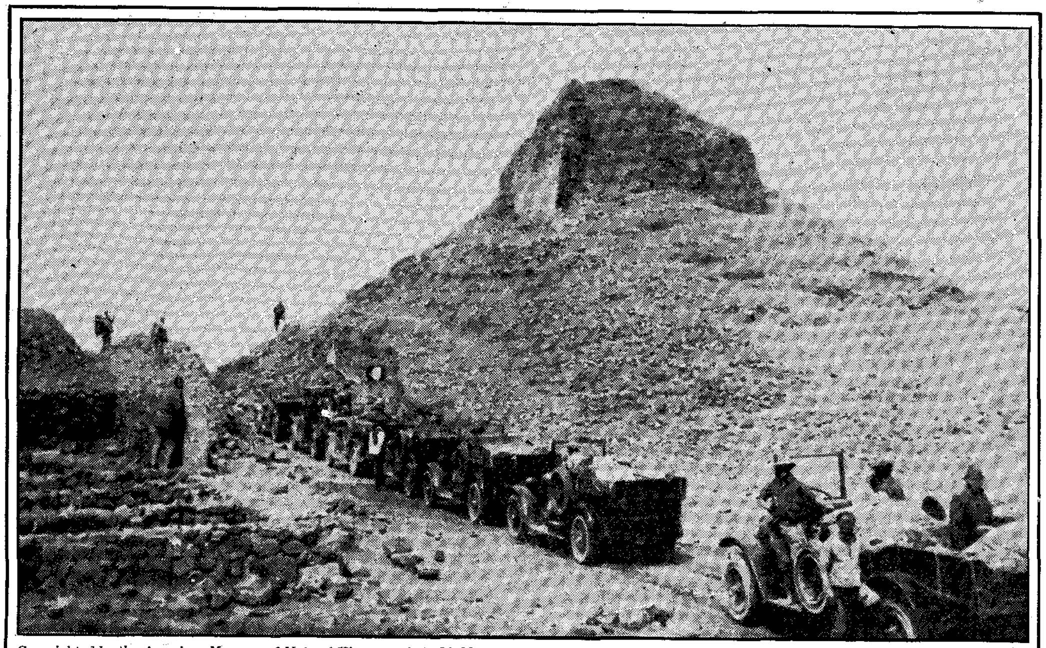
would only have invited trouble with the Mongols. That blizzard came so suddenly that it took a terrible toll of life all across the northern grass-lands.

From the crest of a hill to the south we saw Urga like a beautiful jewel set in the valley of the Tola River. We could see the vivid roofs and golden cupolas of the Living Buddha's palace nestling in the poplars at the base of the Bogdo Ola, "God's Mountain." Above the city towered the great temple amid the cubicles of ten thousand lamas. Peaceful enough it looked in the spring sunshine, but I knew that it was not to be entered without due thought of how one was to get out! Knowing that two well-known Chicagoans, with their wives, John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, and Barney Goodspeed, were to visit Urga some time in May, we hoped to get news from them. But they had left the day before we arrived and had caught the tail of the blizzard to the eastward on the Kalgan-Urga trail.



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SCOOTING THROUGH THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

This historic gap was a gateway for the Mongolian hordes that poured into China hundreds of years ago and overwhelmed the country.

I met Gen. P. K. Kozloff again in Urga. With the exception of Prjevalsky, whom he accompanied on his early expeditions, Kozloff is the greatest of Russian explorers. Altho more than sixty years old, he has all the enthusiasm of a young man. I found him preparing for an expedition to reexcavate Khara Khoto, an ancient city buried in the sands of the south-central Gobi, which he had discovered some years earlier. In the summer of 1924 he had found some remarkable tombs of the T'ang dynasty in the forests sixty-five miles north of Urga, and I had visited the excavations with him. It was an experience I never shall forget. Kozloff and I made plans for his expedition to meet ours in the Altai Mountains near Shabarakh Usu, but his did not arrive. Doubtless he was delayed by the work on the tombs, which had not been completed when I left Urga.

A fortnight had passed before Young and I returned to Shabarakh Usu. It was like reading an absorbing novel to hear the story of what had happened in our absence. The work had been completed most gloriously, and all was ready for a westward move to the beautiful White Lake, at the base of the Altai Mountains.

We brought the men news of the outside world, a few letters and some new records for our phonograph. That evening we sat about the camp-fire until long after midnight, listening to the divine voice of Caruso float over the tamarisk grove on the site where the Dune-dwellers lived twenty thousand years ago.

These Dune-dwellers constitute one of the important discoveries of the Third Asiatic Expedition. Their remains, consisting of old fireplaces and thousands of flint scrapers, drills, etc., were found among the sand dunes on the shores of ancient lakes. They are ascribed to "a late Paleolithic culture, somewhat corresponding to the Azilian of Europe but probably older." Their relics were not the oldest discovered by the expedition—the oldest were of an earlier Paleolithic, or Old Stone age, contemporaneous with Neanderthal man. And Mr. Andrews is hopeful that his fourth motoring jaunt in Mongolia, on which he will embark next spring, may bring to light some actual bones of our most remote ancestors—more remote, perhaps, than any we have hitherto unburied. Whether the Gobi Desert was once the Garden of Eden is an orthodox speculation on which the 'ologists do not commit themselves, but some of them believe that it may prove to have been the cradle of the human race. If there was a Missing Link, they think Mongolia was his stamping ground. On which point the New York *Times* tells us:

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SCRAMBLING OUT OF A SAND HAZARD

Everybody lent a hand on such occasions, including the Chinese servants, while Wolf, the expedition's watch-dog, bossed the job.

Working along the forty-fourth parallel, in a region 2,000 miles long by 400 in width, the expedition uncovered such varied proofs that man had lived there in dim ages as to leave little doubt that other and weightier evidence will be forthcoming. It has been established for the first time that the world of science proceeded upon a true theory concerning the waves of men who

(*Continued on page 41*)

for Economical Transportation

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For 1926 Chevrolet again offers all the quality features of 1925—plus many improvements that raise still higher the standards of quality which have established Chevrolet leadership.

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Ideal FLORIDA HOMES *at* CORAL GABLES

AT THE end of a day, when you turn homeward, do you grow eager for the first glimpse of your own home? Does it offer you peace and beauty? Does it decorate your life with color, enrich it with pleasure and delight? . . . It should. And in Coral Gables, it does!

FOR Coral Gables is definitely and carefully planned for those who want the best that life has to offer, not only in their homes, but in their mental and social existence. Who want a home that will gather new grace and beauty each year, and that will increase not only in interest and charm, but in actual value.

A City Plan Under Which All Property Values Are Increasing

Under the plan that controls every aspect of Coral Gables, a garage becomes a thing of beauty and dignity. A warehouse acquires the subtle proportions of a Spanish villa. A business block reflects good taste and a real regard for decoration in every least detail. And the homes! . . . more than a thousand already built. And another thousand now planned. Each combining with its neighbors to create the most beautiful city that was ever designed. Each delightfully placed among enchanting gardens in a city that is a brilliant tropical garden in itself.

For this is the only tropical section in America. And the red-tiled Spanish homes fit perfectly into their backgrounds of palm and hibiscus, of poinciana and palmetto. No other type of architecture is permissible. No one can buy property next to you and erect a Victorian horror or a wooden chateau. Devaluation of property through undesirable building is made impossible.

Your Opportunity

Building plots in Coral Gables may now be secured by a moderate initial payment. These plots, for homes or businesses, are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed over a period of three years.

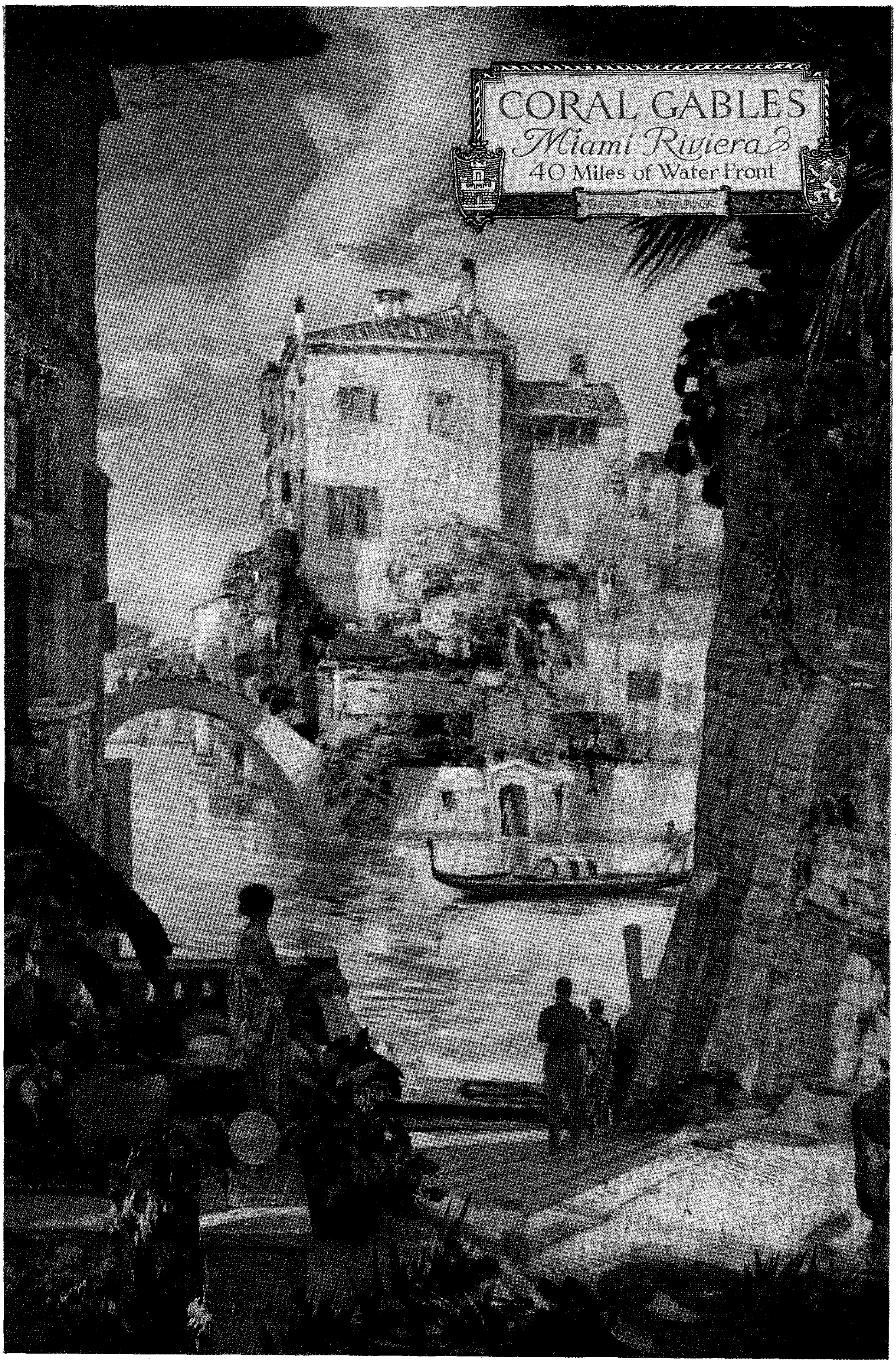
The Facts About Coral Gables

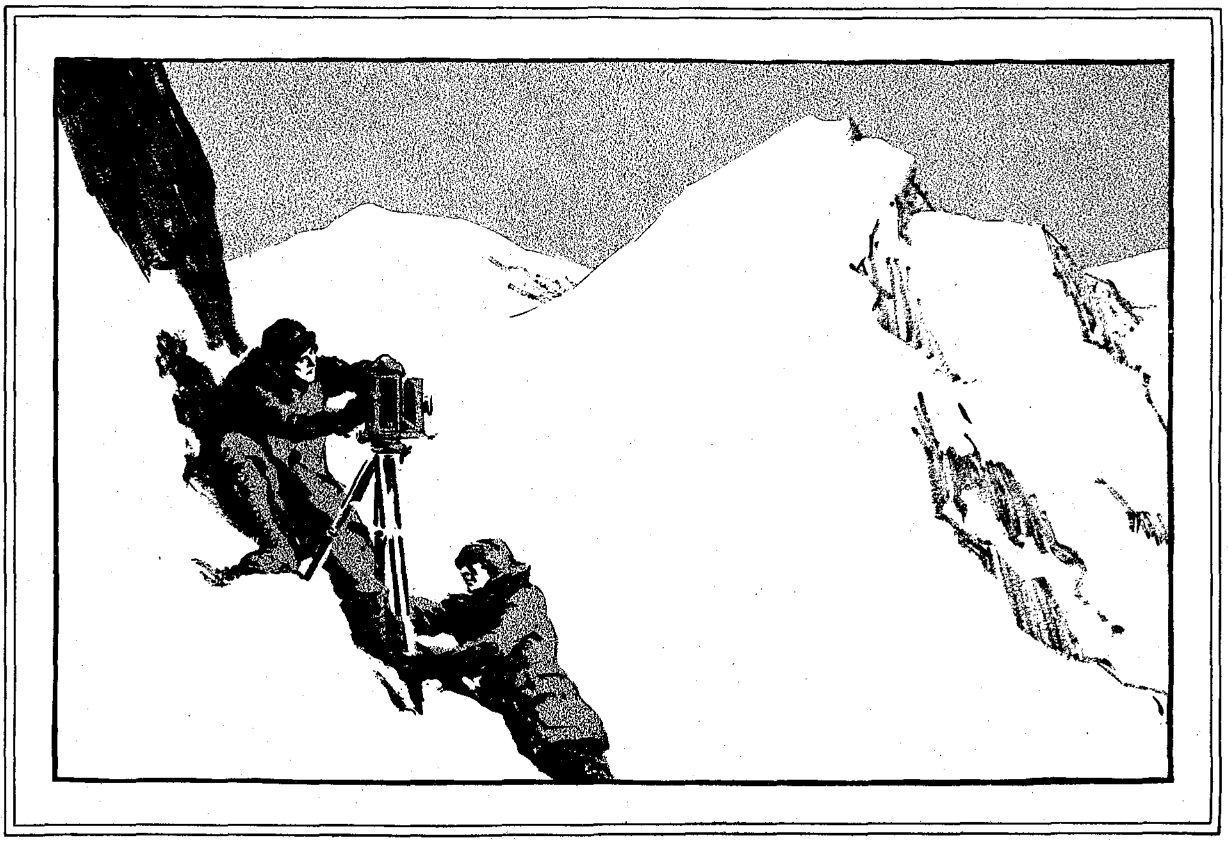
Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 150 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. A theatre, two country clubs, a military academy, public schools, and the College for Young Women of the Sisters of Saint Joseph are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. More than fifty million dollars have been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. More than one hundred million dollars worth of property has been bought in Coral Gables.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be opened in January, 1926.

Rex Beach Tells the Tale

Rex Beach has written a fascinating book upon the miracle of Coral Gables which will be sent to you upon request. Coral Gables Corporation, No. 5 Administration Building, Coral Gables, Miami, Florida.


CORAL GABLES
Miami Riviera
40 Miles of Water Front
GEORGE E. MERRICK



*W*hy men have risked their lives *to map Alaska*

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An atlas is as much a necessity in home or office as a dictionary. Rand McNally Atlases range in price and scope from the little thirty-five cent General Atlas to the $8.50 International Atlas. Each is a handy reference book of geographical information, with valuable indices and accurate maps. Obtainable at leading booksellers' and stationers'. Write for descriptive booklet.

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(Continued from page 36)

passed from Asia to Europe before the Stone Age. In fact, Mr. Andrews believes it will be possible to trace the evolution of the Stone Age in Mongolia with all the accuracy distinguishing the European record.

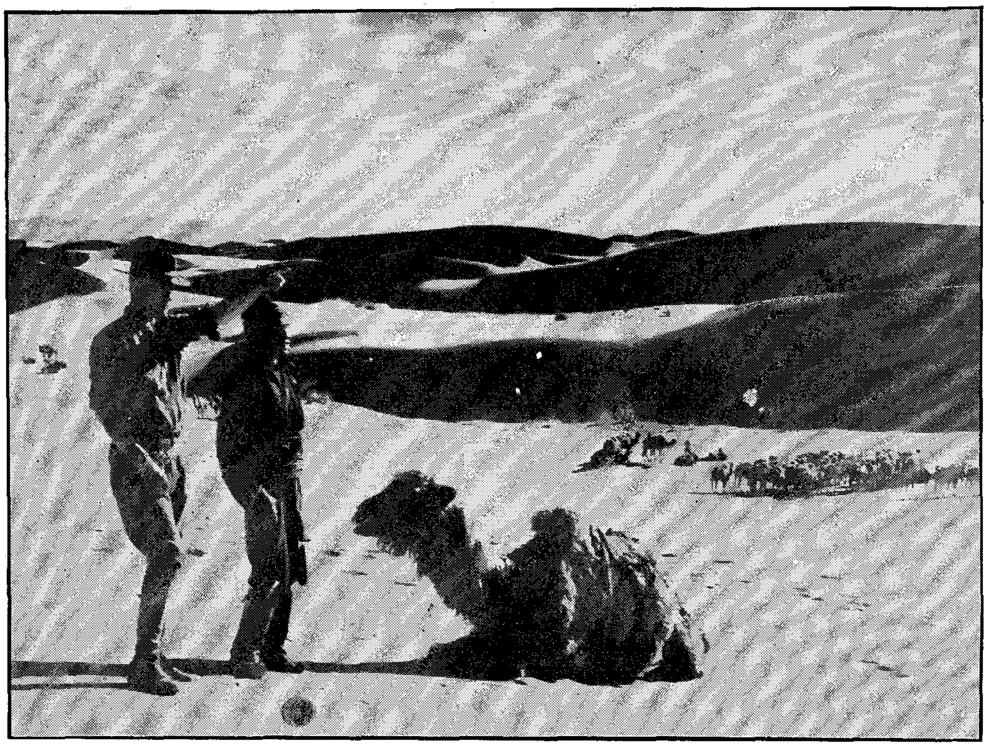
The third and best equipped expedition of the Museum into this great theater of scientific inquiry carried out and extended work already begun in previous years. It also pushed into unexplored fields and has now completed a virtual survey of the northern half of the Gobi Desert, plotting the areas where further discoveries may reasonably be expected. From a vast and little-known tract the desert has been changed on the map into varicolored patches.

In discussing the results of this expedition under his leadership Mr. Andrews pointed out that its *personnel* included scientists of every branch of research who might conceivably contribute to the work. Thus it was possible to determine many matters in the field that otherwise would have called for laboratory treatment.

"Nowhere else in the world were conditions more favorable for the birth of man," he observes. "I do not believe, as is generally supposed, that man first emerged in a hot country, because the conditions of tropical life are too easy. Man needed the spur of necessity to drive him upward. Climate and other factors were favorable to his appearance upon the Mongolian plateau in the Pleiocene Age, from 500,000 to 1,000,000 years ago.

"We have determined that Mongolia never passed through a glacial period. When ice still covered Europe (down into Spain) and the surface of America as far south as Texas, the Mongolian plateau was a well-watered region with a stimulating climate, where man might well have sprung from the lower orders. With Europe and America covered by the ice-cap, what region would seem a more probable home for the first man?

"Africa, as I have said, was too hot. We may be certain the animal creation there would not have disturbed itself by any unnecessary efforts to begin the long process of human evolution. Upon the Mongolian plateau conditions were different. Numerous forms of animal life made the struggle for existence hard. In winter it was cold. The first man became a man because he was driven to think for himself and to find protection—an assurance of life when growing things died and the snows came down."



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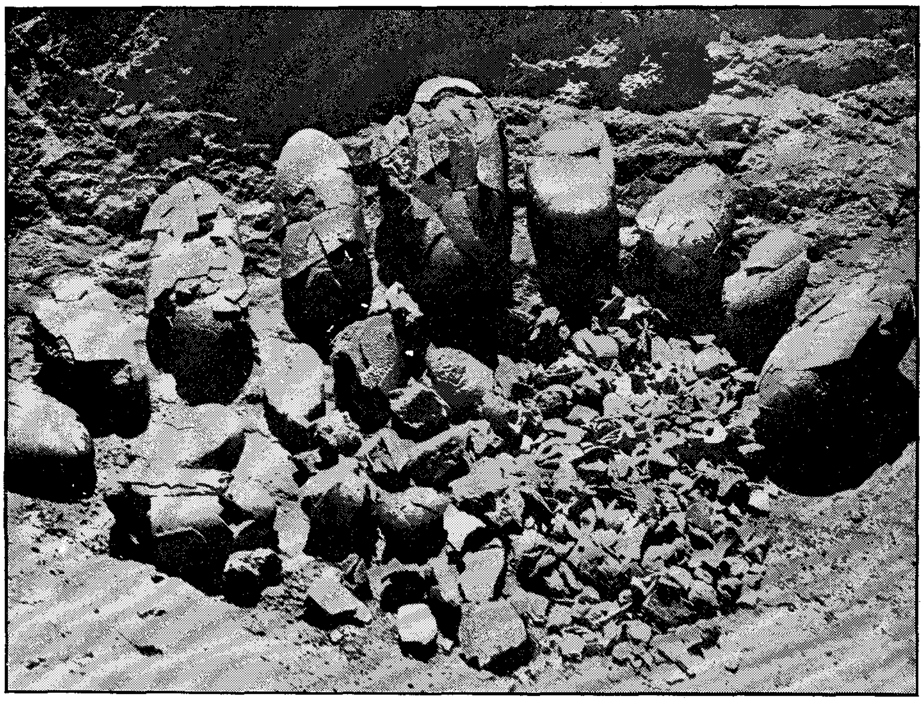
"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?"

Roy Chapman Andrews, the leader of the expedition, is arranging with Merin, the old camel boss, for future contact between the motor caravan and its movable base of supplies.



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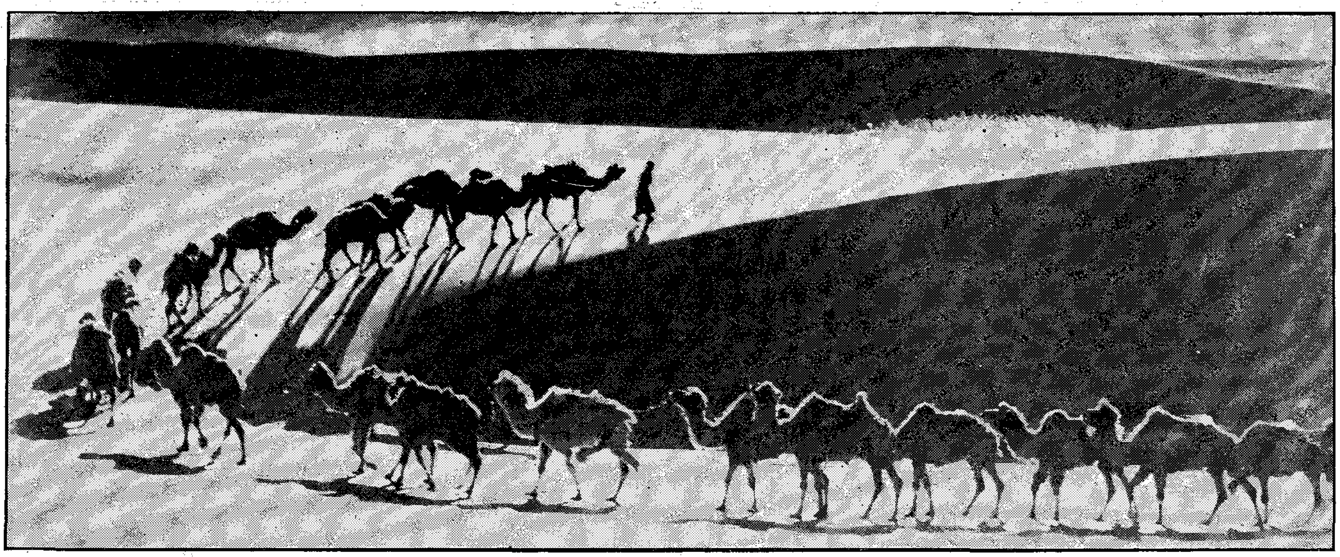
TOO LATE FOR A DINOSAUR OMELET

This nest of more or less scrambled eggs could not be described as "new laid," even by the most optimistic grocer. Ten million years is an official guess at their age.

In his own narrative of the expedition, Mr. Andrews confesses himself dismayed to find that he had been anticipated in the discovery of the famous dinosaur eggs. "A number of other persons had got ahead of us by a margin of fifteen or twenty thousand years." And this is how the sad knowledge came to him:

> Last summer, while we were hunting for more dinosaur eggs at Shabarakh Usu, we discovered a new race of people who had lived there away back in the late Old Stone Age. Among other things that they had used as ornaments were bits of dinosaur egg-shells. They must have picked them up at the Flaming Cliffs, where we got ours. We found in their flint workshops many bits about half an inch square, together with egg-shells of a giant ostrich. These had been used as a necklace for some primitive débutante.
>
> There is our confession. We can not honestly say any longer that we are the discoverers of the dinosaur eggs, and we hereby withdraw our claim. But we can say that we discovered the discoverers of the dinosaur eggs. Perhaps that is even better.
>
> "The Dune-dwellers of Shabarakh Usu" is the name we gave to the people who stole our glory. It is appropriate because they lived in the sand-dunes heaped about the roots of the tamarisk trees on the floor of the basin. Of course, fifteen or twenty thousand years have made a good many changes in the face of the country. To solve the problem of those changes and to conjecture what



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THIS IS HOW THE GASOLINE TRAVELED

A perambulating service-station and hot-dog stand which made it possible for the motoring scientists of the Third Asiatic Expedition to roam with a loose leg through the trackless wilds of Mongolia and unearth some valuable data relating to primitive mankind.

manner of people the Dune-dwellers were, was thrilling. We had much more fun out of it than from finding some of our fossil animals because, after all, "The proper study of mankind is man." Moreover, the archeological importance of the discovery is immense. It has been pretty strongly affirmed by many scientists that most of the primitive races of whom there are remains in Europe came from Asia; that wave after wave rolled in from the East, each one driving out or annihilating the people already in possession of the region. Many of these races left stone tools or weapons, which were highly characteristic of their special cultures. The question of greatest interest when we began to work out the life-story of the Dune-dwellers was where they fitted into the mosaic of primitive cultures. Were their weapons and tools a type known from Europe? If so, was it earlier or later than the European equivalent? Would its being earlier imply a migration from Asia to Europe?

We were not entirely unprepared for the Dune-dwellers. In 1923 Walter Granger prospected the red sandstone layer in the tamarisks for several hours and brought out a few chipped flints, which he believed showed human workmanship. Altho he was so occupied by the influx of dinosaur skulls and skeletons that he never returned to the spot, we had it in mind when we decided to begin archeological work in Mongolia.

When N. C. Nelson, our archeologist, first arrived in Peking, he was very dubious about his prospects. He had been informed by scientists who had never been in Mongolia that it offered nothing to the investigator. All of us have had a similar experience. We were told that it was impossible to use motor-cars in exploring the Gobi Desert; that the geology was all obscured by grass or sand; that fossils were not to be expected where they never had been known. I was called all sorts of a fool for even attempting scientific exploration in so barren a region. Under such conditions we needed a certain degree of courage to go forward the first year, but now we only have to say: "Wait and see. We can afford to take a chance."

Nelson began to feel more hopeful shortly after leaving the grass-lands; for at almost every camp-site and very often along the trail he discovered artifacts. These were stones that human agents had fashioned into tools by chipping the edges with other stones.

Before the tents were pitched on the day of our arrival at Shabarakh Usu, J. B. Shackelford, photographer of the Expedition, who has an instinct for finding interesting things, wandered off to look for specimens among the tamarisks. He came back to dinner with a pocketful of chipped flints. Nelson pronounced them to be of undoubted human origin. "Shack" said that they were lying about on the sandstone floor of the valley by hundreds.

The next morning immediately after breakfast Nelson and I went out, followed by Dr. Charles P. Berkey and Frederick K. Morris, our geologists, and Dr. Harold H. Loucks, surgeon. We found an area of shifting sand, blown into dunes against the stems of twisted tamarisk trees. Sculptured red bluffs marked the entrance to shallow valleys, floored with soft sandstone where the wind had swept the loose sediment away. On the clean, hard surface of the rock, chips of red jasper, slate, chalcedony, chert and other stones were scattered like new-fallen snow. Pointed rock cores from which neatly shaped strips had been flaked off, tiny rounded scrapers, delicately worked drills and a few arrow-heads gave Nelson the first indications of the type of culture with which he had to deal.

We held a consultation. "Where did the artifacts come from? Could they have been washed down from the surface?" Those were the first questions to be answered. We must find flints actually in the rocks and bones to date the deposit geologically.

Shortly after the consultation, Mr. Andrews discovered a bit of egg-shell of the giant ostrich, *Struthiolithus*. The other men came on the run when he shouted. It was like "pay dirt" to a prospector for gold. As we read:

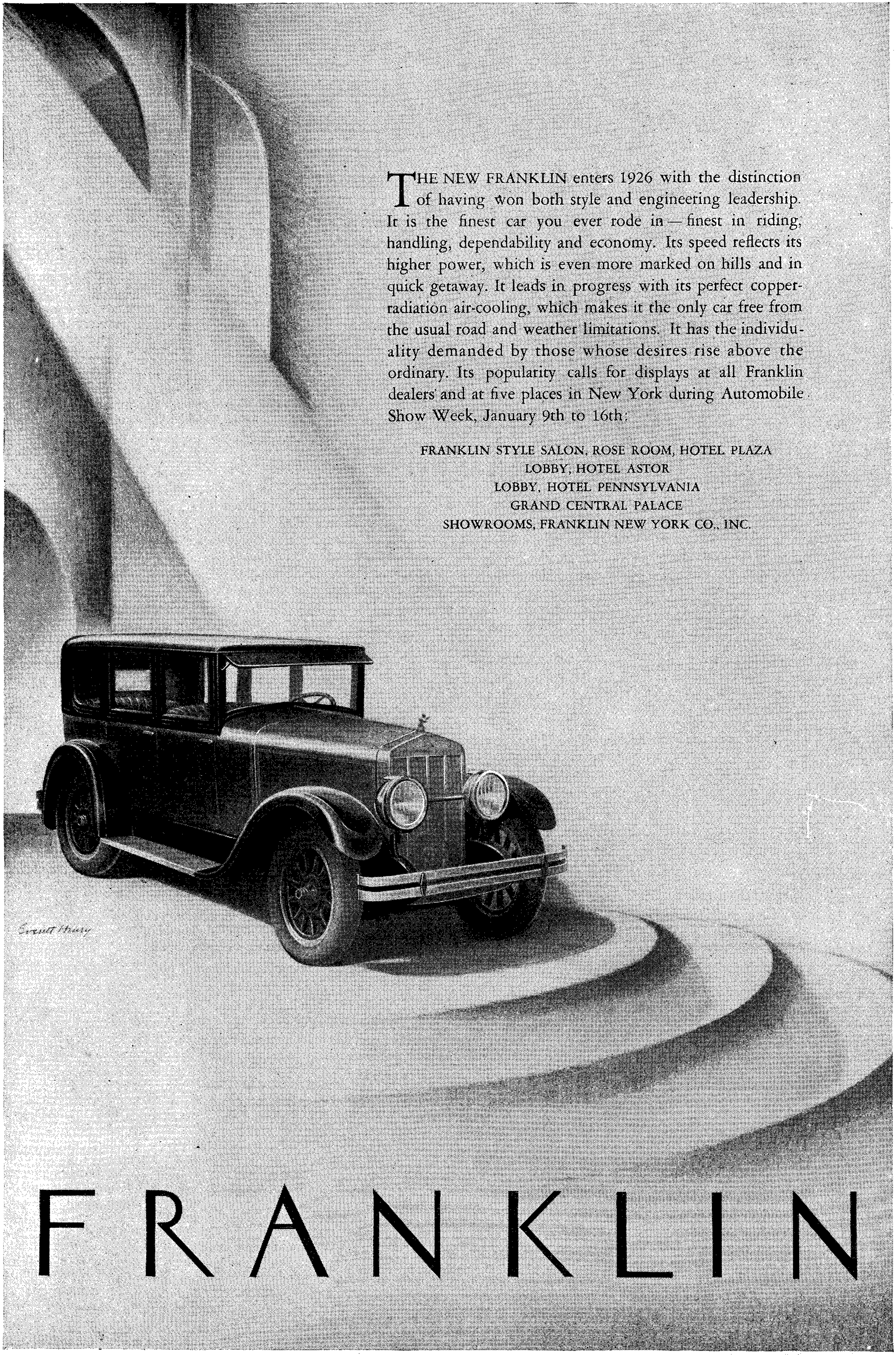
This great bird existed in the Ice Age, and, if the makers of our flints were its contemporaries, their culture must belong to that period, which dates from about 500,000 to about 50,000 years ago. A few yards to the left Morris found another fragment of egg-shell, drilled with a neat round hole. This was human work. Nelson said it was one of the beads in a necklace.

We were in a fever of excitement; for the trail was getting hot. Nelson, the most conservative of conservatives, was skipping about from place to place like a boy of sixteen. At last Berkey found a half-dozen chipped flints securely fastened in the sandstone of the valley floor. It was a spot that Shackelford had marked the day before. By noon we had discovered a dozen like it and were sure that some of the artifacts had not been washed down from the surface of the dunes but had weathered out of the lowest level. Still, until we found shell of ostrich eggs or fossil bones actually in position, we could not be certain that the deposit was as old as the Ice Age.

An unlooked-for complication entered when we began to find fragments of pottery. It was primitive enough, to be sure, but a people who used such crude stone implements had no business to be making pottery. The problem became more interesting every hour. We could solve it only by the method that a detective uses in unraveling a mystery—inductive reasoning from the bits of evidence left behind by this long-dead race.

The geologists, paleontologists, topographers and botanist all assisted the archeologist. Without such a combination of expert knowledge, available on the spot, it would have been impossible to settle many of the puzzling questions presented by this important deposit. These questions became so absorbing that it was hard for us to keep to our respective jobs. Every one wanted to hunt artifacts and bring in contributory evidence. Dr. Loucks was one of the most enthusiastic workers. In company with Dr. Berkey he discovered a vast workshop where flint chips were scattered about in tens of thousands. They took four of our Mongols to the spot one morning and returned with fifteen thousand flakes. Nelson was busy for days in sorting the pile and selecting specimens.

The second day's work had revealed dark spots in the lowest layers of the soft red sandstone. Evidently these were ancient fireplaces. When they were cut through in cross-sections, layers of ash, containing charcoal, flints and burned stones, were revealed. Very soon we found square bits of dinosaur and ostrich egg-shells embedded in the sandstone. These gave us pause.



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FRANKLIN

It was then that we recognized in the Dune-dwellers the original discoverers of the dinosaur eggs.

Speaking of dinosaur eggs, the Third Expedition did even better than the second. As Mr. Andrews puts it, "'Bigger and better eggs' was our slogan," and the fruit of diligent search were forty more eggs, including a nest of twelve, all approximately 10,000,000 years old. Apropos of which, here is an incident related by Mr. Andrews to a reporter of the New York *Times:*

> We were surprized also to find a Mongolian woman who had discovered the dinosaur eggs and was putting them to the same use that the Stone Age peoples had. She made bits of jewelry with them.
>
> I offered her a cake of soap, if she would deliver an intact fossil egg. This seemed a bargain for us, since the last price paid for a dinosaur egg was $5,000, but she was satisfied. She produced the fragments of several dinosaur eggs. We reached a settlement by paying her half a cake of soap for the fragments.

THE WORLD'S FIRST GREAT RUBBER-TIRE HEGIRA

THERE WERE FOURTEEN CARS in the camp, "ranging all the way from dusty Fords to big and glittering limousines with balloon tires and tremendous horse-power." The camp was in a grove of oak- and pecan-trees on the edge of a North Carolina cotton farm. Night was falling, relates C. P. Russell in *The Outlook*, and there were sounds of clattering dishes and a smell of cooking in the air. Tents of white or brown were slowly rising "like angular camels' humps." Children's voices mingled with the barking of small dogs. All these wayfarers were "on their way to the new promised land—Florida." The mobilized motor-vehicles included two large caravans built on truck frames, whereof we are told:

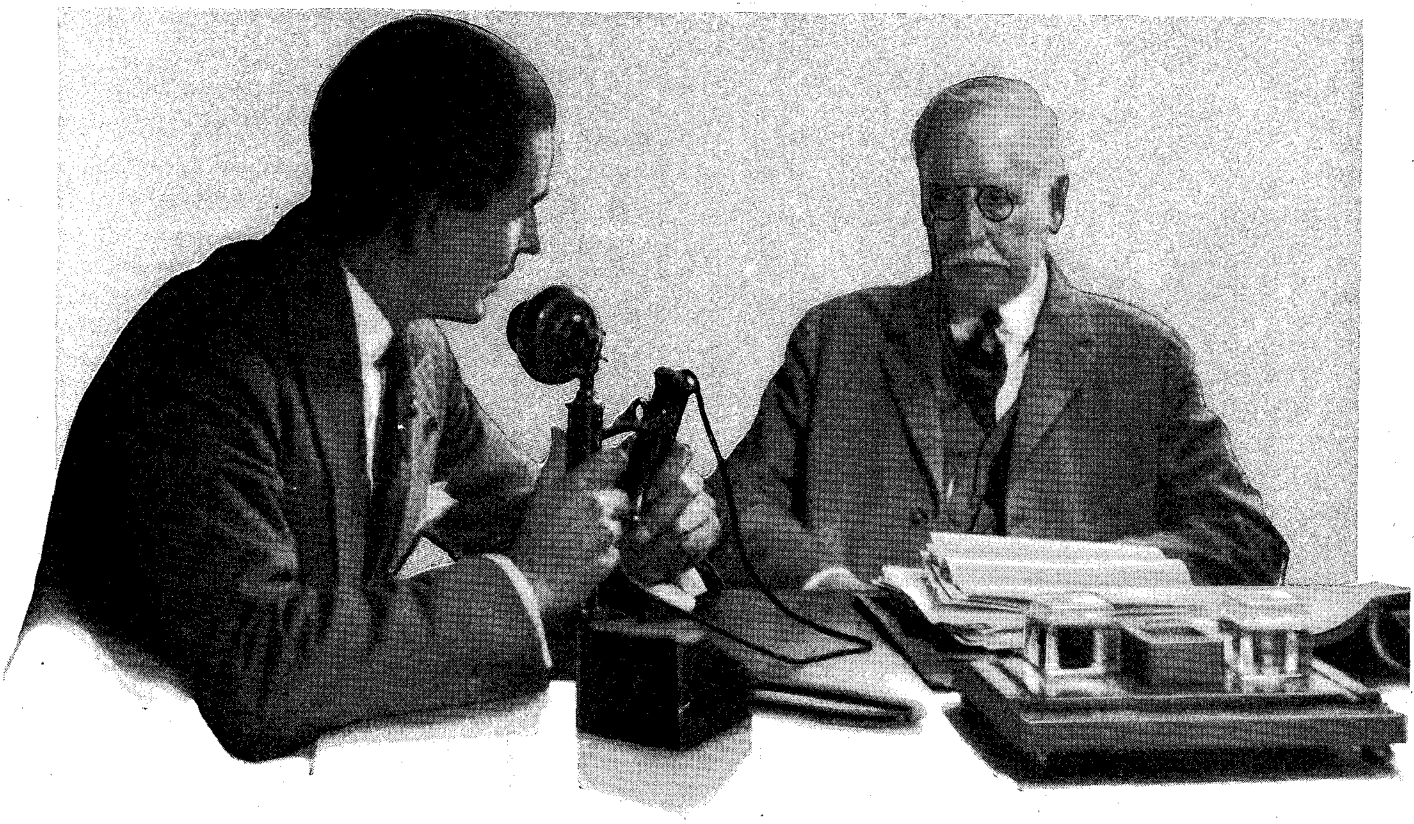
> One housed a family of eight persons, and the other contained a single elderly couple whose wheeled abode was fitted up like a Pullman car. One automobile drew a trailer laden with a substantial stock of canned goods. Its owners were taking no chances on running short of food in the unknown South.
>
> The States represented were Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Montana, and Washington. The population of the camp was perhaps sixty, including dogs, cats, and ukuleles. Children were numerous, and there was a fair sprinkling of old people—the parents of young couples who had sold out everything "up North" and were on their way to the far South to make their fortunes, to find work, or just to "locate."
>
> The tourists included men of almost every occupation. Carpenters and bricklayers—attracted by tales of high wages—were numerous, but there were also engineers, lawyers, doctors, school-teachers, salesmen, and proprietors of small-town stores.
>
> As they drew in and stopt their heated engines, some of them threw themselves flat upon the ground and lay there as if exhausted, some walked around stiffly for the purpose of limbering up cramped limbs. Others immediately began to erect their tents, set up cots, and lay out their cooking utensils, for your motor tourist, after a long day's drive, has but two thoughts—first to eat, and then to rest under shelter.
>
> After being rested and refreshed, nearly everybody was willing and even anxious to talk. A gathering around a central campfire was turned into an experience meeting. There were few without a tale of calamity to tell, for Florida-bound cars are heavily loaded, and the continuous driving imposes a strain on men and machinery which manifests itself in more or less troubling accidents.
>
> There were stories of inhuman hills, of unsuspected holes, of terrifying detours, of blow-outs and broken parts. Nights of horror in storm-beset camps were described. A lady camper told how she had been kept awake for an hour one night by a stealthy gnawing and pulling at the corner of the tent. She was afraid to move or to call her husband. She recalled stories of the wild beasts of the semi-tropical South, of cougars, and catamounts, of alligators and bears. Finally, she summoned strength to arouse her husband. He awoke peevishly and criticized the race of women, but on listening to the menacing sound drew his revolver and got out his flashlight. He cautiously raised the flap of the tent and pointed both revolver and light in the direction of the intruder. The glare revealed a bewildered kitten.

In the course of the discussion it was brought out that one or two of those present had been over the Florida trail before. They were instantly made the targets of multitudinous questions—for instance:

> Was it true that a cordon had been drawn around Miami and that no more strangers were being admitted? Was it true that you had to wait in a long line to buy food there? What about the mudholes in south Georgia and the sand-banks in north Florida? Was it true that the natives fixt up these traps on purpose, so as to be able to draw the stuck cars out with mules at $10 a draw?
>
> There were assertions and denials, rumors and fantasies, arguments and disputes. And above and around it all was perceptible an air of suppress excitement. It was evident that for most of those present this was the Great Adventure. Some of them had never been far from their native towns before. They were quiet, sedate, settled people who prefer life that runs in an accustomed groove, and to whom change with readjustment to new conditions is upsetting. A few of them confessed that they had sold out everything, including the ancestral home, had bought a car and a camping outfit with the proceeds, and were staking all on Florida.
>
> Some declared that they were in search of a climate in which cold and industrial smoke would not afflict bronchial tubes made tender by Pittsburgh or Chicago winters; some avowed with astonishing frankness their failures as laundry superintendents or grocery-store proprietors and their intention to start all over again; others announced that they were "goin' to be a-goin'" or "just to look around." None would admit that he hoped to get rich quick by speculation in land.
>
> It is improbable that the country at large grasps the extent of the present national hegira to Florida. For nearly a year the road on which this particular camp was situated has been traversed by perhaps an average of one hundred cars a day. In the middle of the summer the average climbed up to perhaps two hundred. In September and October the movement attained a crescendo, which was checked only by the advent of chilly and disagreeable weather.
>
> And yet this route is only one of the three favored by motor tourists bound South from the North Atlantic States. The other two carry scarcely less traffic.
>
> The movement promises to bring momentous changes in its train. Southern States, long negligent of their roads, have been stimulated into transforming rough or sandy rural thoroughfares into straight and stately hard-surfaced boulevards, with a consequent fillip to internal intercourse. Old-fashioned Southern villages have been awakened out of their sleep, with an ensuing desire to paint up and brush up. And for the first time in history the common, ordinary "fo'kes" of the North and South are meeting one another on a really large scale, mostly by means of the national chariot—the Ford car.

But what is most striking of all, says Mr. Russell, is the setting in motion of a current which may result in a national shift of population, scarcely less important in American history than the rush to California and the Far West in the days of '49. Indeed:

> Tho unwarlike and less violent, this movement may have effects as far-reaching as other celebrated hegiras; such, for instance, as the descent of the Goths on Rome, the Mongols on China, the Dutch on South Africa, or the Mormon trek from Illinois to Utah.
>
> Observers of social movements will probably see in it the manifestation of the stampeding instinct which at times seems to seize human beings as well as cattle. Cynics may see in it the aberrant pursuit of a chimera or the sordid desire to get something for nothing. But, whatever its cause and source, there is no doubt about its presence and its probable increase. There are prophets who assert that the Southbound rush of the past summer and autumn will be repeated next year on an increased scale, and there are some who foresee a long motor highway stretching from Bangor to Miami and lines with auto-accessory shops, filling stations, Greek lunch-counters, and hot-dog stands. This trail will be strewn, not by whitening bones, but by discarded inner tubes and heaps of salmon cans.
>
> Certainly it is the first time in history that a hegira has been carried out on pneumatic tires, upholstered seats, and patented gasoline stoves. Never before have trail-breaking pioneers been able to cover such distances in such de luxe style. By carefully selecting their routes they are able never to be long out of sight of ham and eggs or a quart of medium oil. The fortunate go through from New York to Tampa without the labor of even lifting an automobile hood or a hardship beyond a punctured tire.
>
> A new Mark Twain will doubtless arise to record some of the picturesque history of the route to Florida. But he can never use the title "Roughing It."



"Let's call up Bush . . .

He's got a good memory"

A GREAT many firms have their Mr. Bush, the man who is called up by others to tell when a thing happened or who said what. And it seems a pity that Mr. Bush could not put his mind to better use than stocking it with odd facts that ought to be, *in every case,* recorded on a printed form.

It is no reflection on Mr. Bush, but rather on the lack of system in the business he works for. When instructions are written out, they are definite, permanent records, always available. They save everyone's time, oil the wheels of routine, and keep minds clear for constructive thinking.

Modern business would not be possible without printed forms—those conveniently printed slips of paper that make it so quick and so certain to order, to make, to ship, to invoice, to bill; or those simple memo blanks and sheets for reporting what was done and *when.* Every printed form should have a date line.

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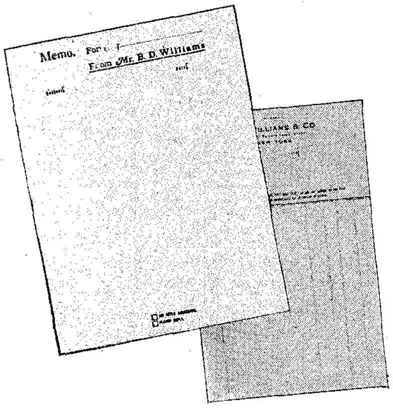
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From Mr. B. D. Williams

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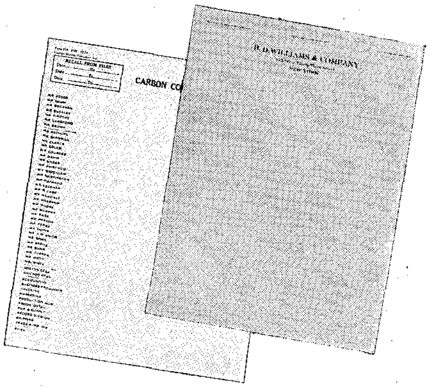

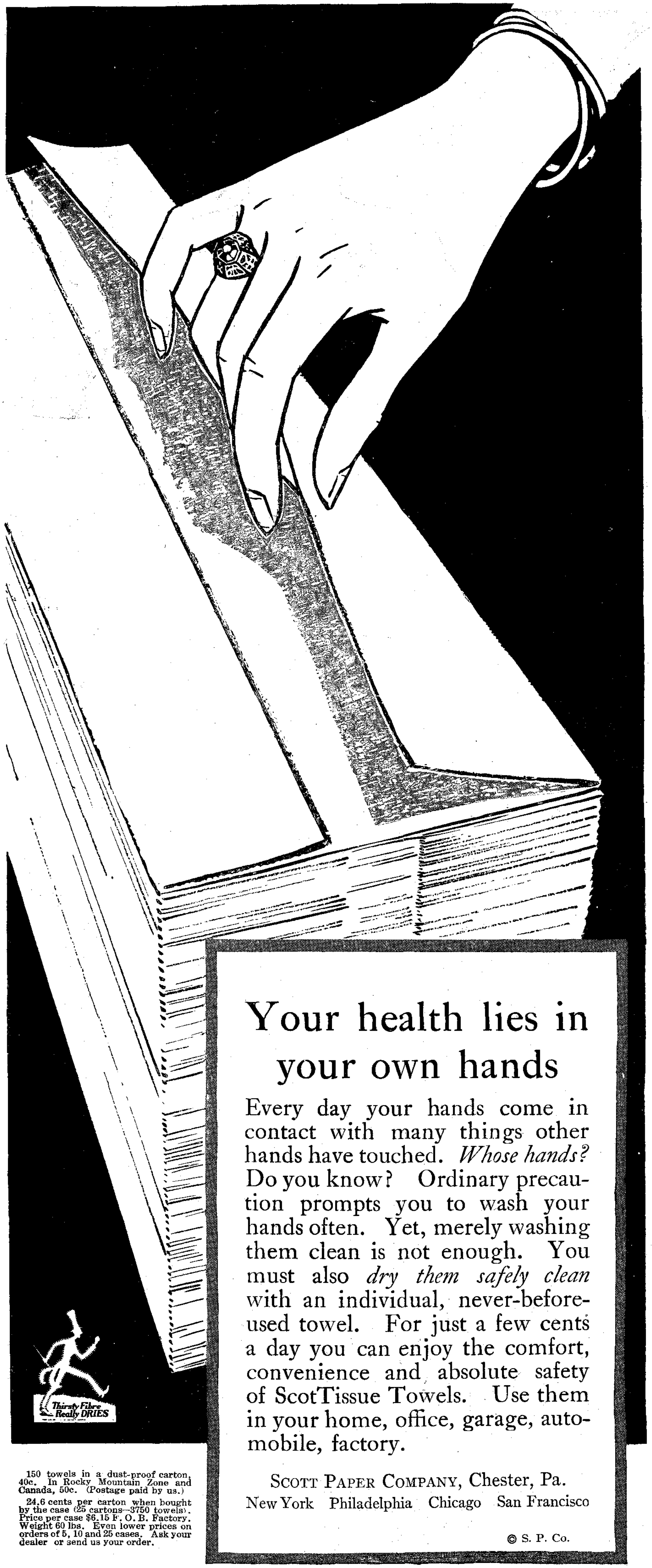

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

DOES AMERICA LEAD THE WORLD IN CIVILIAN AVIATION?

TAKING one consideration with another, as W. S. Gilbert put it, and notwithstanding loud complaints to the contrary, this country is by no means behind the rest of the world in commercial flying, if we embrace in that term the heterogeneous services for which airplanes are profitably employed here. Nay, the United States actually excels all its rivals in the extent to which it has learned to rely upon aerial service. Such is the contention of an expert—Lester W. Gardner, of *The Aviation Magazine*—who warns those engaged in furnishing aerial service that their interests are threatened by the present agitation for air regulation of a form that might wipe out their usefulness. Developing his argument in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Gardner writes:

There is a sharp contrast between air transport and all other forms of commercial flying. This difference becomes more apparent when the matter of regulation of aircraft is considered.

There can be little question in any one's mind that air transport which engages in interstate flying and carries valuable mail and packages or passengers should be regulated by a Federal agency. Air transport requires large capital investment that needs protection; it must have well-located terminals and trained ground organization; airways must be provided and facilities maintained; the flying equipment must be of the best so as to provide economical traffic service; spare planes and parts and shops must be available. In other words, the air transport development in commercial aviation must be fostered and developed by organizations backed by large resources. Each of these companies must have a staff of varied abilities and experience. The management must be well grounded in financial operations; the operating staff must know how to keep the flying equipment and schedules up to the requirements of a regular service; last and more important than the others, in the opinion of many, the traffic department must know how to create, handle and increase an entirely new service to the public. To do this on a profitable basis, without subsidy, is the great unsolved problem of aviation in every country of the world.

Now take any other form of air work. A name to differentiate all other forms of commercial aviation from air transport is yet to be coined, but for the sake of a better one let us use "aerial service." Under this general head may be grouped almost every other form of non-military aerial activity, and when this is done it will be seen how differently the application of regulatory provisions should be applied.

First, of course, in this classification is the fixt base operator, with his flying-field hangar, flying equipment and repair shops. Usually, this type of operator has built his business up from small beginnings. His flying activities range from the $3 hop to taxi service; they include photographic work, advertising and the various and miscellaneous services that the airplane has been found useful for. The gypsy flyer also comes under the aerial service grouping. Of late he has found that he could maintain a fixt base. Likewise, the private owner may be classed as a possible aerial service factor, for the temptation to use aircraft for profitable uses will become more and more inviting. The aerial surveyors, photographers, dusters, sky-writers and all the other specialists complete the list of the aerial service group.

The capital required by the units of this classification may range from a few hundred dollars to many thousands, and the ground-service requirements vary with each activity. In no case does the investment required compare in amount with that of air transport.

The financial success of this group has in almost every case been demonstrated, says Mr. Gardner, and he points out:

One has only to go to cities in the Middle West to see all kinds of aerial service flourishing. But what is more remarkable and significant is the fact that this is the only country that can show any of these air activities. Careful inquiry abroad shows that the utilization of aircraft there is almost exclusively devoted to air transport, aerial service playing practically no part in the life of Europe.

Now what does this have to do with air regulation? In the first place, gross misrepresentation has unconsciously been made to the public. It has been stated that this country is far behind Europe in "commercial aviation," using this term to mean air transport, but no praise has been given the aerial service part of the development. In fact, this work whenever it has been mentioned has been belittled and defamed as the cause of a major part of all accidents. The United States not only leads the world in aerial service, but it is probable that there are three times as many planes in use in this country doing this work as there are planes used for air transport in all Europe. But even more important is the fact that practically all the aerial service people have been and are making money, while there has never been a European air transport company operating at a profit, at least to our knowledge, and we have been most anxious to learn of one such case.

Now comes the demand for regulation, based on European experience. The fallacy that we are far behind in "commercial aviation" is being used to bring about a form of regulation that may do to the aerial service in this country what it has done in Europe, wipe it out. The kind of regulation that is needed for air transport is entirely unsuited for aerial service. One is of national scope; the other local. The purpose of this letter is to try to warn those engaged in aerial service before it is too late. They should organize and see that they are not overlooked. Even the adoption of the name "aerial service" by those not engaged in air transport would do much to clear up the confusion.

It is not the opinion of the best-informed persons that there is any desire on the part of any one to intentionally deceive or put the smaller operators out of business. It is largely due to the misconception of the two totally different fields the air transport and aerial service occupy, and the confusion arising from the use of the terms synonymously. America leads the world in aerial service, and it will increase in importance if the regulations do not make the expense of operation so heavy that the profit will be taken out of the business.

Ray Quarrier

"You didn't come a day too soon"

The sure way to avoid trouble in your mouth is to see your dentist in time. Go to him at least twice a year as a sensible precaution. He will keep teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious trouble.

4 out of 5

See him too late

Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

The entire family should brush with Forhan's. It's a pleasant tasting dentifrice that firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and keeps them white and clean.

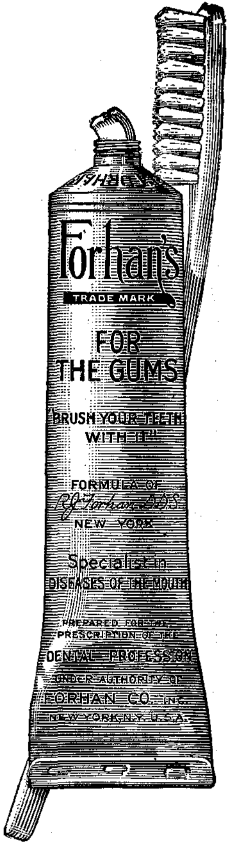
You can't begin using Forhan's too soon. Delay may exact a heavy toll. It's unwise to take chances with pyorrhea. Get your tube of Forhan's today. All druggists: 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*



PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

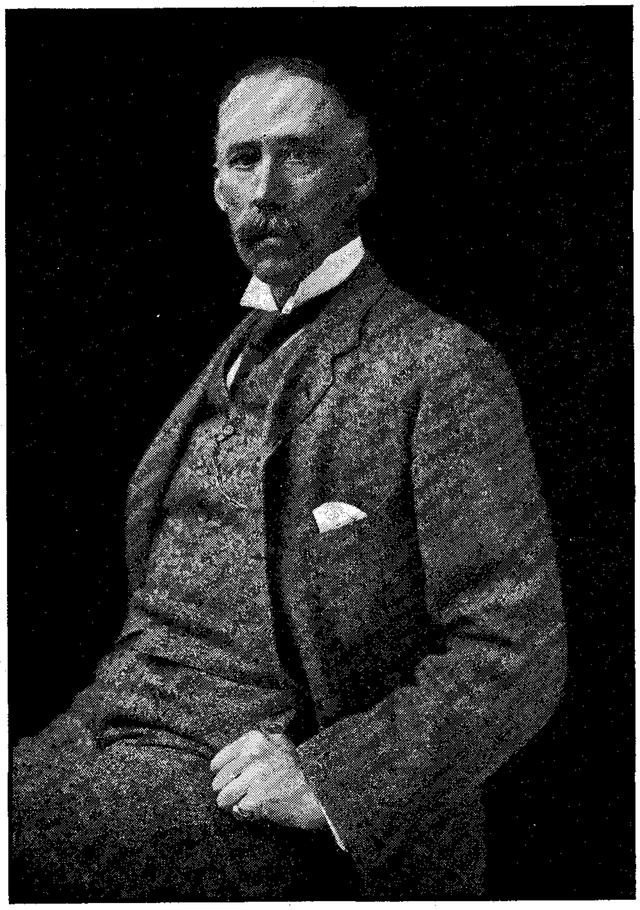
FRANK A. MUNSEY AS A HORATIO ALGER HERO

BOTH "THE AUDACITY AND THE COMPOSURE of the finished gambler" were displayed by Mr. Munsey in his business practises, according to a commemorative editorial printed in his two New York papers—*The Sun* and *The Telegram*—but it is added that when he undertook a risk it was "invariably on judgment, never on the gambler's chance." Elsewhere it is attributed to the influence of his Yankee blood that he dearly enjoyed "making a trade." If he couldn't sell you something, he'd offer to buy something from you; or if you wouldn't sell to him he'd sell to you. For instance, four years after he had bought *The Herald*, and amalgamated it with what was left of Mr. Dana's *Sun*, he chanced to meet—at a dinner party, as the story goes—a highly responsible member of the Ogden Mills family, whom he greeted with the airy inquiry:

"What'll you take for *The Tribune?*"

"*The Tribune* is not in the market, Mr. Munsey," was the polite response. "But is *The Herald?*"

"Yes," rejoined the man from Maine briskly, "if you won't sell me *The Tribune* I'll let you have *The Herald* for ——"—and the figure he named made possible the deal by which the historic *Herald* was swallowed, in all but name, by the equally historic *Tribune.*



"A TYPICAL DOWN-EASTER"

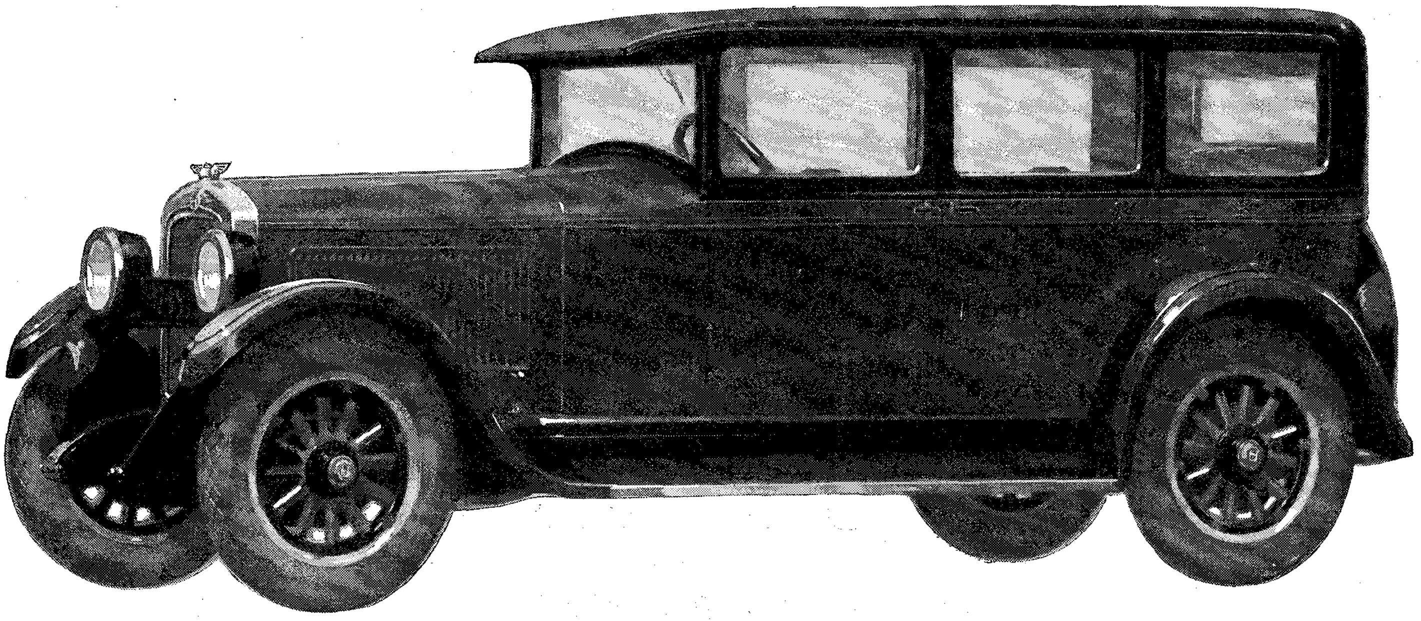
Mr. Munsey is described as having been "tall, lank, big-boned and sanguine," and a London paper says he was "English looking."

In the flood of eulogy let loose by Frank A. Munsey's death, many writers dwell upon the fact that he never turned a dishonest dollar, nor sought to use his great power for a selfish or unworthy purpose. Others descant upon the prodigious energy and determination that enabled him to overcome heart-breaking obstacles on his path to fortune. Parallels between his career and the fictitious lives of the heroes of Horatio Alger are given point by the fact that Mr. Munsey himself, during his early struggles as publisher of *The Argosy*, not only printed Alger's stories but also wrote stories in the Alger vein. Moreover, he once wrote the story of his own life, and the New York *Sun* reprints passages from that narrative, with interpolations of its own. First it acquaints us with these facts of its late proprietor's childhood:

> Mr. Munsey was born on a farm near Mercer, in the Sandy River country of Maine, on August 21, 1854, and was christened Frank Andrew. When he was three or four months old, his parents moved to the town of Gardiner, and a few years later another move took them to a farm in Bowdoin. Here their son got his grounding in the first principles of life from the curriculum of good, hard work, that is the common lot of the farm-bred boy. His responsibilities were precociously increased by the fact that his father's three years of service with the Twentieth Maine Volunteers during the Civil War left the boy practically in charge of the homestead.
>
> The family's next move was to the village of Lisbon Falls, on the Androscoggin. It was with Lisbon Falls that Mr. Munsey's boyhood memories were chiefly connected. He was now fourteen and ready to begin life. In his spare time, in his evenings and holidays, he was learning the rudiments of business by acting as a clerk in one or another of the village stores. One of his places of employment was the Lisbon Falls post-office, where he mastered the art of telegraphy, simply because it was a necessary qualification for his post. His knowledge of it helped him to his next forward step—a position in the Western Union office at Augusta, the State capital.
>
> Of these early days and of the beginnings of his publishing house in New York Mr. Munsey himself has written. In 1907 *The Argosy*, the first of his many enterprises, was twenty-five years old. In the December issue of that year he wrote of its founding and of his own life.
>
> "To talk of the early days of *The Argosy* and to say anything worth the saying must be to talk of myself, because *The Argosy* in its inception and development grew out of my very life," he wrote.
>
> "It is probable that I should never have found myself in the publishing business but for the fact that the general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company sent me to Augusta, Maine, to take the management of their office in that city. I was a youngster at the time, with life before me and with an insatiable ambition.
>
> "I had picked up telegraphy and was using it as a stepping-stone to something better, a means to an end; but to get out of one kind of activity and into another, for which one has no special training, is not easy. I learned this fact through bitter disappointment and many heartaches. The four walls of a telegraph office were to me as a cage to a tiger yearning for the boundless freedom of the jungle."
>
> With his life thus narrowly circumscribed, Mr. Munsey caught glimpses of wider opportunities—opportunities that would match his ambitions. He saw men in Augusta whose lives had scope and freedom; he resolved that his should be at least as great as theirs.
>
> "I knew at that time, as well as I know now, that I could do things," he wrote. "The thought of immediate money had no weight with me, no consideration. It was the future I wanted, a future in the big world, where things are done in a big way."

His position brought him into contact, more or less close, with publishers and with newspapers. He obtained through these contacts a position for a friend with one of the publishing houses in Augusta, and we read:

> The friend prospered and gained knowledge; Mr. Munsey talked with him and added to his own. Then the friend went on to New York. Mr. Munsey watched him go and considered. He had what he later termed a "superficial knowledge of publishing, just enough to be dangerous"; and he wanted to start in New York. He was without capital, and "the capitalists of



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A pipe smoker apologizes for years of hate

Reading, Pa.,
August 29, 1925.

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

For years I have read your advertisements and testimonials and laughed at them—until last month. I am now writing this letter as an apology to Larus & Brother Co.

Prejudiced many years ago when I first started to smoke a pipe against Edgeworth because a hated enemy of mine was a constant smoker of it, I refused to fill any pipe of mine with this tobacco.

I smoked almost every kind of tobacco I could buy but your brand. I was what I call a "gypsy smoker." Sometimes I would find satisfaction for a while, but always the tastes of tobaccos would give me repulsive mouth odors. With some, my mouth would have the feeling that it was the uncleanest thing on earth. Some tobaccos even blistered my tongue.

Price was no object. I had paid as much as eight dollars a pound for my smoking mixtures, but I could find no contentment.

Some time ago I was without my pouch and borrowed a pipe-load from an acquaintance, not asking what kind he smoked. We parted and I lit up. I enjoyed it so much I could not wait until I could ask him what kind it was. It was Edgeworth. I was disappointed, but not too narrow-minded to try a can for myself. For a month now, I have hesitated in writing you, in hopes (again I apologize) that I could find fault with it. But I can't.

At last I am satisfied and I am willing to forget that feeling of animosity towards the man who first prejudiced me against your peerless smoke, for I see now that he had more common sense than I.

So I apologize and thank you for doing something I thought could not be done—giving me a smoke I could really enjoy at all times. We are friends for life.

Sincerely yours,
H. Roth Newpher.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 M South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

New England are not wont to take long chances. They are wise in frugality and safety." Frank Munsey's ambitious ideas did not appeal to them.

But finally a backer was found, an Augusta broker, who was willing at the moment to take a chance. It was arranged that the New York friend was to put in a thousand dollars, Mr. Munsey five hundred, and the broker twenty-five hundred—five hundred of which was in the nature of a loan to the young telegraph operator, whose interest in the project was thereby raised to one-quarter. And he came on to New York, almost all his money spent for manuscripts, which filled a valise. There were no extra clothes to bother with. There was almost nothing extra—and the $2,500 from the Augusta broker was still a promise, reassuring but nonconvertible.

But "there was no turning back," Mr. Munsey wrote: "The bridges had been burned behind me, and if they hadn't been, I wouldn't have gone back. Nothing could have induced me to go back." And so he went in the only other direction open—on.

In New York he spent the $40 for a little room, an $8 table, and a couple of cheap wooden chairs; for paper and pens and ink. He was a publisher. And then, added to his first discovery that the plans he had made for his enterprise were hopelessly optimistic, came a new blow. He had arranged with the backer in Augusta that the $2,500 should be sent as soon as he called for it; he called and there was no answer. There never was an answer; the broker ignored the entire proceeding. And Mr. Munsey had spent his own $500 for the manuscripts with which his grip was so bulgingly packed.

Of the events immediately subsequent, Mr. Munsey said:

"My failure to get the $2,500, following hot upon the heels of the first jolt, began to suggest to my inexperienced mind something of the difficulties of the game I had tackled. The money in my trousers pocket wouldn't keep me going very long in New York. The new plans looked hopeful, but without this $2,500, the $1,000 of my friend in New York meant nothing, so we dissolved our fleeting partnership and he kept his savings.

"Being free to make other connections, I took my scheme (it was for a magazine for juveniles) to a publisher, who became interested in it, and who finally suggested that I should turn over my proposed publication to him and let him bring it out in his own name, retaining me as its editor and manager. This arrangement went into effect, and on the Second of December, 1882, the first issue of *The Argosy* appeared, just two months and nine days after I had landed in New York—rather quick work in view of the kaleidoscopic changes that followed my coming to the metropolis.

"As ill-luck would have it for *The Argosy*, however, at the end of five months its publisher became generally involved and failed. This was a third crisis, and the worst of the three.

"My very life was centered on the work I had undertaken. I had been putting eighteen hours a day into it. I had been working with the most intense interest and the keenest enthusiasm. The crash came like a bolt from the blue, and again left me pretty nearly high and dry, with but a few dollars in my pocket, as I had drawn only so much of my salary as I needed for my slight expenses."

The Argosy of these early days was by no means *The Argosy* of a later time, says the *Sun* writer, and explains:

> It was then an illustrated paper for boys and girls. Its first number carried two serial stories, one by Horatio Alger, Jr., the other by Edward S. Ellis. The paper, issued weekly, was of eight pages—but large pages.
>
> The failure of the first publisher left the young editor in a predicament. A thousand dollars, which the defunct firm owed to Mr. Munsey, was written off the books in exchange for the good-will of *The Argosy*—and matters were there left much as they had been before. Mr. Munsey borrowed $300 from a friend in Maine and went ahead. He went ahead largely because of his own indomitable courage and because he "could not go back." Money had been received for subscriptions, and it was a matter of honor that the magazine should go on. It was a matter, too, of the fulfillment of partly crystallized dreams; it was a matter of escape from the circumscribed life which had closed around the young man who managed the Augusta office of the Western Union.
>
> "I was everything from editor and publisher down to office boy," Mr. Munsey wrote. "And editor with me meant writer and contributor as well. I wrote much of the paper myself—freshened and brought up to date old things that had been published years before."
>
> A considerable part of the fiction which appeared in the magazine was written by Mr. Munsey himself. For it he wrote "Afloat in a Great City," and saw the circulation grow somewhat. He wrote far into the night; he wrote until the work of his authorship of the day before merged almost imperceptibly with his work of editorship of the day ensuing. He wrote when the city slept; he worked and wrote when it awakened. But still it did not know of him, or knew of him only dimly. It seemed that he had exchanged the circumscribed life of Augusta for even more circumscribed and infinitely more arduous life in New York. And every cent the paper made went back into the paper.
>
> But with uninterrupted issues, there came the foundation of credit, and with it expansion. For the story of that expansion we must turn again to the account of Mr. Munsey himself.
>
> He wrote "Afloat in a Great City" in 1886. "I have never worked harder on anything than I did on that story, to put into it elements of dramatic interest that would get a grip on the reader," he wrote. "I wrote and rewrote the early chapters many times. It was a midnight toil—work done by candlelight, after long days of struggle at the office. I wrote that story with a special purpose. I wanted something to advertise, and I put my faith to the test to the extent of ten thousand dollars."
>
> He advertised extensively, distributing sample copies widely. Finally, after he was "battered and worn by four years of toil and disappointment, with never a vacation, never a day for play, and rarely a night at the theater," he found the magazine bringing in $100 a week.
>
> Then he decided on a new move, which was "to enlarge *The Argosy* from eight pages to sixteen, increasing the price from five cents to six.

"The original *Argosy*—or, I should say *The Golden Argosy*, for that was the name by which it was christened and which it still bore—had had four years of life, without change of make-up. This doubling up in size and the improvements that went into effect with the fifth volume were about as daring as the campaign that followed, considering the fact that I was still working without actual capital, and that I had an indebtedness of something like twelve thousand dollars.

"I spent in the following five months ninety-five thousand dollars in advertising the *Argosy*."

He then sent out men throughout the country, and the circulation grew by leaps; but so, of course, did the cost of the advertising. The publishing of the magazine became a mad whirl, with circulation racing to pay the costs of advertising, and advertising pouring out on a tremendous scale to keep the circulation growing.

Once more we turn to the publisher's own description of his titanic struggles:

"I bought paper on time. I bought everything I could on time. The very audacity of it all gave me credit, and more and more credit all the while. But merciful heavens, how the bills fell due! The cry from in town and out of town, from men on the road and from all the four corners of the earth, and in a thousand voices, was money, money, money! We were living over a powder mine, and every minute brought a new sensation, brought a dozen of them, brought one hot after another.

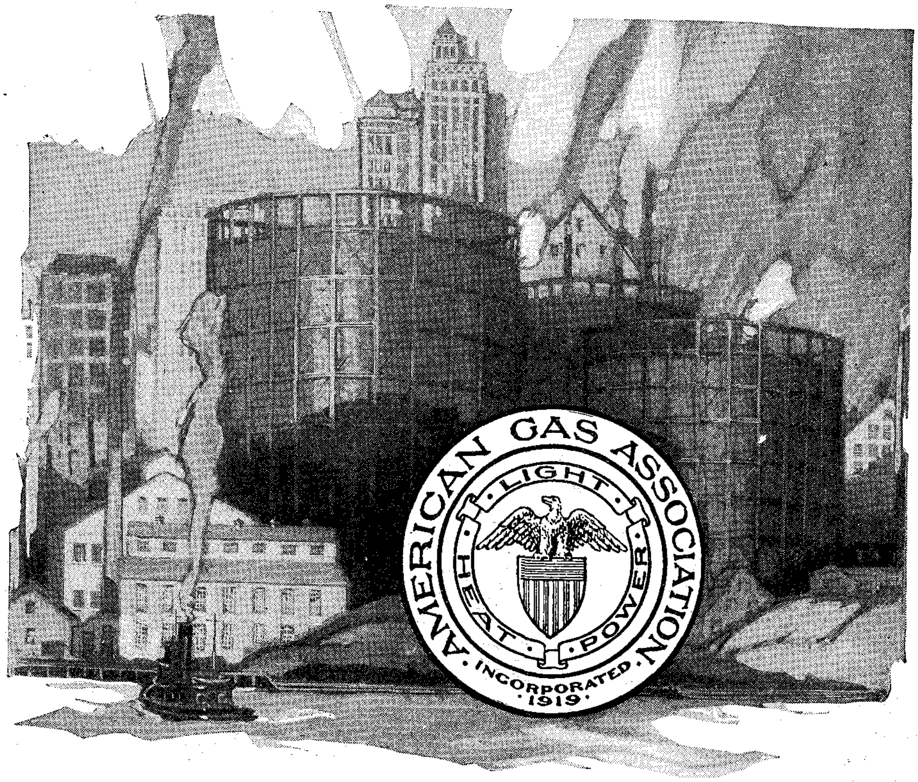
"Five years of poverty, five years of awful struggle, and now the earth was mine—rich at last, richer than I had ever dreamed of being—$1,000 a week net, and every week adding to it by leaps and bounds—$50,000 a year and all mine—next week $60,000, then $70,000 and $100,000 — $1,000,000, maybe — great heavens, and it was real!

"Then the powder mine, the dynamite, the explosion, failure, disgrace, a fortune swept away, and all for the want of ready money to carry on the work. Gambling? No, never for a minute. It was sound to the center; right to the rim. And I had it in my hand, on the very tips of my fingers—knew every move in the game—the bounding forward of the circulation proved it, the gold coming in proved it.

"But the money to work it out, thousands of dollars every day—where could I get it? How could I get it? And it meant riches, power, position, the world, the great big world!"

The whirl continued and the circulation grew. Then Mr. Munsey stopt advertising for a time. The circulation slumped. New efforts failed to regain the loss; the publisher decided that the tide had definitely set against the magazine, and decided that there was no secure place for a paper making its sole appeal to juveniles. He looked about for a new venture, meanwhile keeping *The Argosy* as nearly as possible at its highest mark. He sought it through a radical change in that magazine at first; he made the pages smaller and more numerous, and added a cover. The new form at first was successful; then circulation sagged again.

"The more I reasoned on the problem, the more I felt convinced that the hand of death had fallen upon the juvenile paper," he wrote later. "It did not occur to me that this condition had any bearing on adult publications. So, backing my conclusions, in February, 1889, I brought out an adult weekly which I called *Munsey's*



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Each year 400,000 new customers acquired—

Huge burners in factories and mills, consuming more gas than does the average city of 50,000—

Industries using more and more gas in carrying out 20,000 trade processes—

In ten years, 100% increase in total gas sales, but 2000% for industrial heating—

Watch the gas industry grow!

Within the memory of living men gas was once used only for lighting. Now it is the indispensable fuel of thousands of factories and mills.

Such rapid expansion, accompanied by low rates, can be explained only by steadily increasing efficiency in gas production—by getting more gas, more by-products out of a ton of coal than before—the right coal.

Because the right coal is the most important factor in achieving true efficiency, thirty-four of the leading gas companies specify Consolidation *Clean* Coal. For only such a coal, free from non-combustible, visible wastes, high in heat and low in ash and sulphur, rich in its yield of gas and by-products, can meet the domestic and industrial demand for uniform, high-quality gas at a low rate.

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BALTIMORE, MD.	*Continental Bldg.*	CINCINNATI, OHIO	*Union Central Bldg.*
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Endorsed by more than 10,000 doctors

All day—
wherever you are
treat that
sore throat

THE grave consequences that are so likely to develop from a sore throat can often be averted by prompt antiseptic treatment that is kept up *continuously*.

Gargles, sprays and swabs fall short because they can ordinarily be used only night and morning.

Formamint is the only throat antiseptic of proven germicidal power with which you can keep up your fight against germs all day.

Carry a bottle of these convenient, pleasant-tasting tablets with you, and take them at intervals all day—one every hour or so when the throat is actually sore; one every two or three hours to prevent infection when exposed to cold, disease or dust. All druggists.

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GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS

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TABLETS

TO enable you to test Formamint, we will send you a metal pocket case of Formamint tablets on receipt of 4 cents for postage. Address Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. A-1, 113 W. 18th St., New York.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Weekly, and which was the predecessor of *Munsey's Magazine.*"

There were more struggles. Now, instead of one declining magazine, Mr. Munsey had two. He changed *Munsey's* into a monthly, charging twenty-five cents a copy—then the conventional price for a magazine—and nothing happened.

Two years later, however, he took a bold and original step, one destined to have important consequences, not only for himself, but for the entire reading public of America. By issuing *Munsey's* at ten cents a copy he practically created a new force in American letters and a new factor in popular education.

Eight years after making this memorable move Mr. Munsey saw his two magazines —for *The Argosy* had followed into the monthly field—with a circulation of over a million and a net annual income of more than $700,000.

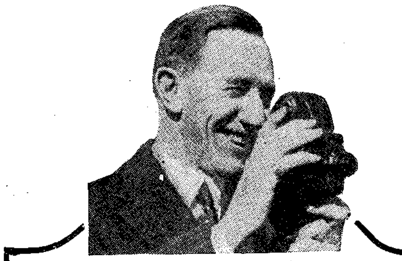
The earlier publishing days, in which magazines were Mr. Munsey's chief interest, and those more close to the present, during which he has bought and owned and sold, combined, and eliminated and strengthened many newspapers are only roughly divided. The magazines have in a sense been secondary of recent years, yet it was only in 1924, a little more than a year ago, that *Flynn's*, a detective story magazine, had its first issue. Its advent raised the productions of the Munsey Company to three—*Munsey's* and *The Argosy-All Story* being the other two.

Various other magazines were at one time owned and combined, among them *The Scrap Book, The Quaker, The Puritan, Godey's, Peterson's, Woman, The Live Wire, The Junior Munsey, The Cavalier,* and *The Railroad Man's Magazine.* All these lost their separate identities in other magazines.

Some of the commentators on Mr. Munsey's career dwell upon the fact—apropos of his subsequent activities in the newspaper field—that journalism was a secondary consideration with him, that he had no part in the Bennett-Greeley-Dana-Pulitzer tradition in regard to the creation and nurture of a personal daily organ, and that his latter-day manipulations of historic newspaper properties were carried out in the detached spirit of a dealer, a market operator.

It is pointed out that the capital employed in his newspaper tradings had been acquired by him elsewhere—partly from the profits of his story-magazines and partly from fortunate purchases of steel stocks and the ownership of a prosperous chain of grocery-stores. Once he dreamed of owning a chain of newspapers, concerning which he wrote:

> Think of the possibilities involved in a chain of five hundred newspapers under a single control! Such a faculty could be so maintained as no college could support; the greatest authors, artists, engineers, essayists, and statesmen could write with authority on every question of importance, each of five hundred papers getting the benefit of these great minds, while maintaining their individuality on purely local matters.



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takes MOTION PICTURES
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Like thousands of other well known travelers, John T. McCutcheon has adopted FILMO Automatic Motion Picture Camera as a constant traveling companion. Mr. McCutcheon used the FILMO Camera to make a motion picture record of the world tour he is describing in Cosmopolitan. You, too, can picture in action every adventure of your travels.

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Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster without the blister.

At the first sneeze take Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over congested spot.

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Jars & Tubes

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WILL NOT BLISTER
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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

There could be a $100,000 or $200,000 a year man at the head of the editorial force, and another God-made genius in charge of the business end. Such economies would be effected that the highest salaries would be mere details of the business, and the product of the combined genius of the men in control would be the most uplifting force the world has ever known.

At the time of his purchase of the New York *Press* in 1912, for the avowed purpose of boosting Theodore Roosevelt for the Presidency, he owned more or less struggling journals in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. But he was destined to have an awakening from his dream of a newspaper chain, and this was his later thought on the subject:

> But the newspaper-chain idea in the outworking isn't the same thing it looked to be in analysis. It has a fatal defect, which organization and capital can not overcome—the defect that is felt in a newspaper under a salaried management, as contrasted with the newspaper under individual ownership management.
>
> No man representing another ownership can speak to the public through the columns of a newspaper quite as he would speak if the paper were his own. There is a difference that the public detects. It can't say what the difference is, but it feels that difference. Ownership management speaks a language that the community understands. It knows its accents, its intonations, its characteristics; whereas with the salaried management there is always something akin to the foreign accent that can not be disguised.

That was after getting rid of the last of the newspapers with which he had been juggling in Baltimore. Meanwhile he had bought the New York *Sun* and combined *The Press* with it. Four years later—in 1920—he acquired the New York *Herald* and *Evening Telegram* from the James Gordon Bennett estate.

The *Herald's* title was transferred to *The Sun*, and the latter's title, out of respect to the Dana tradition, was shifted to the lively afternoon journal that had hitherto figured as *The Evening Sun*. At intervals in succeeding years Mr. Munsey bought two other afternoon papers, *The Globe* and *The Mail* and put them out of existence by "merging" the former in *The Sun* and the latter in *The Telegram*. His sale of *The Herald* to *The Tribune*, with which it survives solely as a name, has already been mentioned. In his announcement of that transaction he wrote:

> My work of amalgamating newspapers in the evening field in New York has been as sound a piece of economies as the amalgamation of competing lines of railroads or banks or manufactures. This principle applies equally to morning journalism.
>
> Moreover, the sale of the New York *Herald* will enable me to concentrate on *The Sun* quite as I have concentrated on the New York *Herald*. And *The Sun* is a newspaper of distinction, of quality, of very strong position. Whatever is in me to do in the way of public service will be done through *The Sun* precisely as it has

And then he knew!

THIS was the second dance in a month, and both times the girls seemed to avoid him. And as he sat alone, hidden by the draperies, he had heard them talk about him. He decided right then what he would do about it!

* * *

A great many men are inclined to have a grimy-looking skin, spotted with blackheads and dull in appearance. Few realize that this hinders their success in life. Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome this handicap by giving you a clean, ruddy complexion.

* * *

Clears the Skin: Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses the pores. It helps clear up blackheads and pimples by stimulating healthy circulation, and by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

until now been done through the New York *Herald.*

All in all Mr. Munsey caused the virtual disappearance of five New York newspapers in the last few years of his life. In each case he justified the lethal act by invoking the laws of economics. Some of his editorial critics protested that a newspaper was something more than a business venture and was entitled to the benefit of more elastic laws than those of economics. But, as the Baltimore *Evening Sun* reminds us:

> He insisted that the making of newspapers was a business enterprise. Perhaps in his own mind he thought of "manufacturing" newspapers. But he was able, in 1912, to spend millions on the off chance that Theodore Roosevelt would be elected.
>
> He was heartless in his relations with his employees? Perhaps. But there are men who will say that he was the most considerate of bosses, and that in illness or suffering his help was offered without hope of return.
>
> You can not call him a type. He was a New England Yankee, perhaps, but he was something else, too. Perhaps it is better to give up the task of trying to explain him and rest content to call him an unreconstructed individualist.

And the New York *World* endeavors to strike a balance in these terms:

> As a journalist he was a force; to many he seemed titanic, irresponsible, and sometimes ruinous; yet he regarded himself as a constructive, not a destructive, agent. Between the views of those who thought of journalism as primarily a profession and his own view of it as primarily a business lay a wide gulf. He changed, married, and destroyed newspapers in five cities with apparently little regard for the fact that a great journal is not merely an investment but a historic entity, an embodiment of traditions and principles, a valuable public voice. It is too early to appraise in full the consequences of his work of newspaper consolidation. He has been heatedly attacked for some of his steps. Time has seemed to justify others. But his own explanation of his course should always be borne in mind. He had a firm conviction that stability meant independence, and that consolidation meant stability; and that the newspaper could never achieve its best destiny until it was upon a firm business footing.
>
> And in his conduct of his own newspapers, Mr. Munsey often showed a refreshing editorial independence. His championship of Progressivism was due rather to his personal devotion to Roosevelt than to his adherence to Progressive tenets. Yet he repeatedly took an independent stand. He fought a Republican Congress on the tariff. He fought it again on the bonus. He took up arms in behalf of Governor Smith and against the Republican legislative leaders on the issue of State reconstruction when it was first presented; and this year he helped Governor Smith win his fight for the amendments.
>
> Mr. Munsey had his own convictions and the courage to stand by them.

The same paper in its news columns supplies an anecdotal touch which throws up the human side of the man. He was a lifelong bachelor, and at the time of his death had passed the age of seventy-one. As we read:

> Never did Mr. Munsey forget the days of his struggle. He contrasted them constantly with the days of his affluence. Comforts he gave himself and thoroughly enjoyed.
>
> When he had an office in the Flatiron Building, at Broadway and Twenty-third Street, his business sanctum was in the very nose of the triangular structure. In the center of the room was a raised platform. There was a rich red rug over it and on his large reddish mahogany desk. Mr. Munsey was colorful, even in his chosen environment.
>
> A caller on business arrived by appointment, and was escorted into the room by the publisher's secretary. Mr. Munsey was looking out of the window. His gaze did not turn. His caller became uncomfortable—cleared his throat. Mr. Munsey turned suddenly.
>
> "Oh, yes, yes, yes," he said, in a sense apologetically. "We've a luncheon engagement."
>
> He turned to the window again, then said:
>
> "To-day is my birthday. I've no family. My only relative is a sister, who is older than I am. I wonder if it's worth while."

MOVIES FOR HE-MEN

INDIANS, wild scenery, trick animals, cowboys and cowboy riding, but no jazz maidens attired with urban stylishness—such were the ingredients of "The Wild Bull's Lair," discovered by Josephine Hart Phelps, when she went aslumming among the smaller Market Street theaters in San Francisco. Some one had told her that this place specialized in movies for men, and she found that the audience presented "a very marked preponderance of males" and a decided "absence of pretty girls and vanity-boxes." Writing in *The Argonaut*, she confesses that she and her woman companion experienced many thrills from the unusual screen entertainment. For instance:

> There was a bull in the play whose obstinate owner, an enthusiastic breeder, insisted that, altho crossed with a bison strain, the handsome brute was as mild as mother's milk.
>
> But when he bellowed all the timid spirits shook in their shoes, and when we saw Mr. Bull in his bull-pen, looking eagerly for some possibly weak point at which he could catapult his way through, we almost shook in ours. For the bull, with his great, powerful, splendid body, his dark, glossy hide, his wicked-looking white horns, which, with his cynical nose, gave him a particularly dangerous aspect, far outshone in his animal strength and beauty any of the mild-mannered bulls we have seen in the increasingly pictured representations of bull-fights.
>
> But—and here was the puzzle of it—this fine brute was the most accommodating animal one could well imagine, for one of his kind. The story is about the dark, revengeful purposes of an educated Indian half-breed, who associates freely with the

whites, but who has a secret eyrie on Skull Mountain, a wild, rocky peak rising abruptly from the plain, which is generally avoided by the whites because of unaccountable happenings near it which give it a sinister reputation.

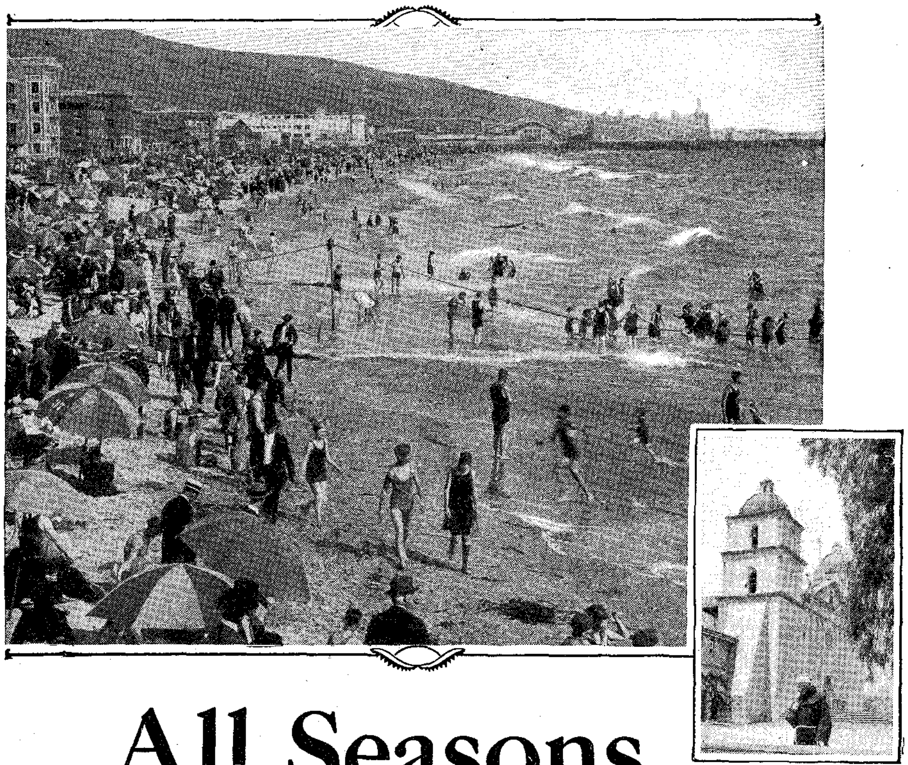
Here dwells Red Fang—known among the whites as Mr. Redfern—with a group of Indians, whom he has inoculated with his half-maniacal hatred of the whites. One can scarcely imagine modern Indians, who have to grub pretty hard for a living, reverting dramatically to the ways of their forebears, wearing chilly and scanty war-dress, using the nimble arrow on their foes, and generally conducting themselves like a Huckleberry Finn band of boys having a perfectly beautiful time persuading themselves that they are dangerous characters.

But of such is the movie world, and hard-headed citizens, hard-hearted young thugs, tough-hearted schoolboys, and soft-muscled clerks looked blissfully on, and imagined themselves in the skin of the young cowboy—name in the play forgotten, but personated by Fred Thomson—who always comes to the rescue in the nick of time.

This young gent, in cowboy hat and chaps, vaults into the bull-pen and saves the too-confiding bull-breeder from being gored by his own bull; the while the bull, now invisible, unaccountably refrains from attacking the young hero, and gobbling him whole. Mr. Hero visits Skull Mountain, and as he carelessly allows Silver King, his trick horse, to stand broadside toward the hidden foe, we interrogate ourselves as to the why of his carelessness, and then remember they have to do things like that in the movies to give the thrill, and trust to luck that everybody is too excited to notice the hero's carelessness.

It would be difficult to remember all of Mr. Hero's feats of heroism, for he never lets up on them, says Miss Phelps, and she continues:

> With his trusty Silver King to bear him on his back, to cover the distances that lie between the hero and some scurvy deed that must be redrest, we see him flying over field, over fen, to the white light that bathes the heroic deed. And all the t. b. m.'s, the tough schoolboys and tougher thugs thrill with an inner realization that, give them the same chance, and they'd have done just the same thing. At least they think so while facing the magic screen, and living in the temporary movie fairyland created for males.
>
> And of course we women thrilled with fearsome admiration during Freddy's—we'll have to call him Freddy; name forgotten—tremendous fight with Red Fang and tremendouser fight with the bull.
>
> Yes—sir—ee, Freddy had a fight with the bull; a most accommodating animal, that, big and strong with a back like Brooklyn Bridge, was downed by the hero. I admit that during this conflict I ceased to smile superiorly—altho, nevertheless enjoying myself like a sixteen-year-old—and wondered how in the world a bull could be licked into shape, and made to play a part. Certain rapid movements of his bullship's head, toward the end of the fight, seemed to indicate that if it was play to him at first, his bullish temper finally got up, but such inconveniences can always be met with a fade-out.
>
> Anyway, Freddy, who had already periled his life for his boss's son, eventually saved his boss and his boss's charming daughter, and there being no one else in



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And in summer! Rainless summer days of comfortable warmth are followed by refreshing nights that call for blankets nine times out of ten.

U. S. Weather Bureau records show the average mean temperatures in Los Angeles for the past 48 years to be as follows: 48 Junes 66 degrees; 48 Julys 70; 48 Augusts 71; 48 Septembers 69. Humidity also is very low. Even on the warmer days there is none of the "damp heat" that makes one "feel the heat" elsewhere.

The *growth,* wealth *and marvelous* resources of Southern California are indicated by the following facts and figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone:

Value of Agricultural Products (1924)	$82,588,993
Value of *Citrus Products* (1924)	32,480,685
Harbor Imports (1924)	4,136,799 tons
Harbor Exports (1924)	18,131,622 tons
Total	22,268,421 tons
Oil Production (1924)	120,000,000 bbls.

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Added to these climatic features are majestic mountains, lovely valleys, interesting canyons, old Spanish Missions, groves of lemons, oranges, figs and olives, "gardens of Eden" flanked by deserts like Sahara, curiosities and loveliness combined to make Southern California irresistible, new, different and enchanting.

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Mail coupon below for our new 48-page illustrated encyclopaedic catalog of Southern California's offerings *to* you—just finished—with special chapters on your favorite sport or pastime. Here is the clearest picture of this wonderland that was ever drawn in words. Send for it today.

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There is always much to do and much to see in this historic land of delightful winters. Many visitors to the Gulf Coast come for pleasure and get it, and remain for profit—and get it.

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Through from Cincinnati and Louisville to Pensacola and New Orleans, traversing the "back bone" of the Southland—a scenic trip of unrivaled and varied interest, from the Bluegrass Sections of Kentucky and Tennessee through the hills and plains of Alabama. This splendid train is composed of all-Pullman cars, including: club car for men with shower and valet service; and observation car with library, radio, and ladies' lounge with shower bath and maid service. All new equipment.

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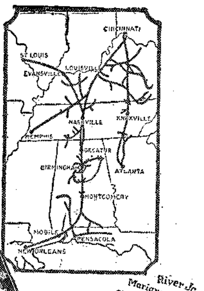

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

the family to save, the play ended with a marriage proposal and an acceptance.

But that bull; he is too much for me. I thought grown-up bulls were about as amenable as a hippopotamus. But this fellow poses magnificently on the dizzy edge of a lofty precipice, and one could almost hear him ask the camera-man if the pose was all right. And he figured in scenes in which he was herding a harem of young cows, stealing them for Red Fang, altho that was not necessarily training. And, in fact, between him and Silver King, a horse of apparently exceptional intelligence, there were three protagonists to the play.

Silver King has been trained to do a lot of tricks, which are cleverly worked into a development of the plot. He is a beautiful animal, and the young hero rode him beautifully, altho his mounting was rather ungracefully performed.

The pictures of Skull Mountain are very striking, altho any one equipped with the usual amount of reason could not but perceive that all the herds of cattle so cleverly stolen by the bull under the tutelage of Red Fang could never be hidden on such a small mountain; really a rocky, precipitous promontory. But what would you? It is in the movies, and the movies are grown-up fairyland.

HENRY FORD IN ENGLISH EYES—"REALIST AND VISIONARY"

HE is a man who has had an apocalyptic vision, and tho it was only a vision of a steam-engine on the roadside it illuminated the whole of life for him. Such is a British critic's estimate of the creator of the ubiquitous tin lizzie. And this writer—"A. G. G." in the London *Daily News*—goes on to remark that Ford has carved himself with his own jack-knife, "and he has made such a surprizing success of the job that he is tempted to think that the jack-knife is all that is necessary to solve the problems of life, and that making a new heaven and a new earth is as simple as building a new factory." Recognizing a pronounced duality in the Ford make-up, the writer exclaims:

> Is Henry Ford the greatest joke of his time or the greatest man of his time? Or is he, perchance, both? Let us equivocate and call him the most extraordinary man of his time, for he is that beyond all challenge. Whether we laugh at him or wonder at him he is equally astonishing. He is like that child-man of Plato, who sees all the bewildering spectacle of life with the unsophisticated intensity of a first vision and with a mind that plays about the amazing revelation with the magnificent freedom of ignorance touched with genius. Hence the strange mingling of folly and wisdom with which he perplexes the mind. He belongs to no known category, conforms to no school of thought, acknowledges no sanctions except the empirical convictions which his own vision of the facts imposes on him. "History is all bunk," he said when he was once under examination in a libel action, and the comment represents his attitude to learning and the learned.

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> It is not that he is vain, or even self-important. The hurry of his spirit leaves him no time for moods of self-admiration or complacency. He does not exalt Henry Ford or think of him as an exceptional person. He wants to see all America and all the world filled with Henry Fords, their barns bursting with plenty, their roads black with their motor-cars, their lives saturated with the sunshine of universal benevolence. He combines, in a degree perhaps never before equaled, and certainly never excelled, the qualities of the man of action and the visionary. To think of him only as an astonishing manufacturer of machines is wholly to misunderstand him.
>
> He was a young farm-boy of twelve when he saw that steam-engine lumbering along a road in Michigan and learned from the companionable engine-driver the mystery of its being and the range of its powers. No more momentous lesson was ever given on the roadside, for it inflamed a singularly receptive mind with a gospel which, however homely, is not unworthy. It was the gospel of taking the load off the back of labor and transferring it to steam and steel. In the beginning the gospel had a personal application. Young Ford did not like farm work, and he did like machines. All his toys had been tools, and now, with the vision of that steam-engine, he was seized with the idea of emancipating the farm laborer by the aid of machinery.

It was to be many years, the writer points out, before that idea materialized in the Ford tractor. And we read on:

> His boyish experiments to apply power to machinery, stimulated anew by his first contact with the Otto gas-engine, became diverted from the fields to the roads, from tractors to road cars, and in 1893 he emerged triumphantly from his apprenticeship when he drove the first gasoline buggy that he ever built through the streets of Detroit.
>
> But the point is that his mechanical passion was then, as always, related to ideas. His realistic grasp of material facts had the momentum of a social purpose. He was less concerned to invent a piece of machinery than he was to invent a new and more efficient way of life. It is this mixture of the mechanical and the reforming motives that makes Mr. Ford so baffling, often so hilarious, and always so engaging a figure. He applies the philosophy he has learned in the tool shop to the whole complex issues of human society with a naive directness that sometimes smacks of genius and sometimes of infantile credulity. His self-assurance is the self-assurance of a child, fortified by the completeness of his mastery over the concrete problems of his business.
>
> That mastery has the signature of transcendent genius. What ingenuity of our time, for example, compares with that amazing device of the moving workshop? In its way it is as fine a claim to immortality as the discovery of Neptune. We can picture it coming to birth. I conceive Ford standing in his sheds, watching his workmen at their tasks, moving about here and there, now for this tool, now for that "part," the clock recording inexorably the wasted footsteps and the wasted labor. All this waste, he sees, goes into the price of the commodity, making it dearer while making the return to labor less profitable. How to save those wasted footsteps and that wasted time is the problem. Save ten steps a day only, he says, for each of

"I'd give a million dollars for a good night's sleep!"

YOU'VE met this man. Nerves on edge, at his wit's end. "I'd give a million dollars for a good night's sleep!" And he looks as if he would—if he had the million.

Many a man is on the ragged edge, tottering, because he needs sleep. He may not be overworked. He may go to bed early. He may lie on the finest linen, beneath coverings of down, and then fight—fight—*fight* the dragging hours for the priceless thing that is denied him. *Perhaps this man is* you . . .

One outstanding reason why this country is the most nervous, restless, sleepless country in the world is because it is the largest consumer of caffein—an artificial stimulant that excites the nerves—an enemy of sleep.

One good hour's sound sleep is worth more to the normal man than all the caffein in the world. You like a hot drink at mealtime? Of course you do! And you can have it—without a trace of any stimulant. Try Postum!

Whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted—that's Postum. A rich, full-bodied drink, with a flavor that is distinctive and delicious!

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"Men have always been partial to my Postum. I want to tell you how to make it my own way, and to give you one week's free supply toward a thirty-day test.

"I suggest a thirty-day test of Postum because that is a long enough period to throw off the effects of caffein, completely.

"If you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply and my directions, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (made instantly in the cup), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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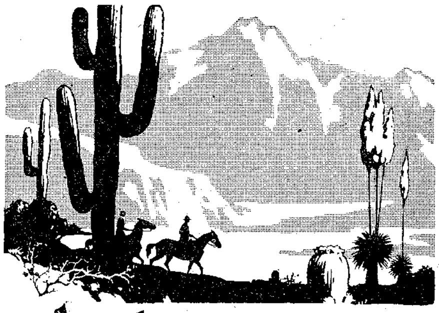

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
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12,000 employees, and you will have saved fifty miles of wasted motion and misspent energy. You will have put that energy into production, lowering the price of the commodity while at the same time increasing the value of the worker. But how to do it? And we see him, as it were, with a leap of the mind conceive the idea of a moving workshop, so adjusted that the material comes to the hand of the worker as he needs it instead of the worker going to the material.

If that is not genius I do not know how we are to define that quality. By such inspirations as this he has enabled 50,000 men to produce what, on the methods of twenty years ago, would have required the labor of 200,000 men, while performing the miracle of raising the wages of his men and reducing their hours of labor concurrently with cutting down the price of the commodity to a level that would have seemed incredible a dozen years ago.

And his ideas of the relation of his industry to the public have been no less bold, revolutionary and successful. Ford is said to be now the richest man in the world. His wealth is measured by hundreds of millions and threatens to become incalculable. But he has no pride in his riches and no use for them except to make still cheaper motor-cars, have still more highly paid labor, and bring more miracles of mechanics to birth. He belongs to the common people, and is not so much indifferent to as unconscious of social distinctions. His habits are the habits of the old Puritan strain from which he comes—no alcohol, no tobacco, no pleasant vices You may see him, a lean, alert, noticeable figure, steal a little furtively into the hotel dining-room and make his lunch off milk and crackers. And when he buys a railway, as he does sometimes, he has been known to stop the Sunday trains.

It is not an accident, we are told, that a man so saturated with the democratic idea should have been the instrument of democratizing the motor-car, and the writer insists:

He could not help democratizing anything, for the idea of luxury is alien to his ascetic nature, and he does not cant when he talks of "service" as the only basis of business. And so, in the teeth of all advice and in the hour of darkest industrial depression, he increased his production, cut his price, made cars more common and nearly as cheap as perambulators. If motor-cars were good things, they were good things for everybody, and should be accessible to everybody. He did not care twopence about ridicule, and still less about appearances. He would not cater for anybody but the million, or for anything but practical utility. He subordinated every consideration to efficiency and cheapness. "Any customer," he said, in his droll way, "can have a car painted any color he likes, so long as it is black." And as for appearances—well, "A Ford will carry you anywhere—except into Society."

The effect of the revolution he accomplished is hard to overestimate. The motor-car which might have remained a luxury of the rich and a symbol of social inequalities, creating resentments and increasing class hostility, became instead, especially in America, a powerful influence for allaying social unrest by making power

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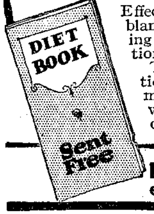

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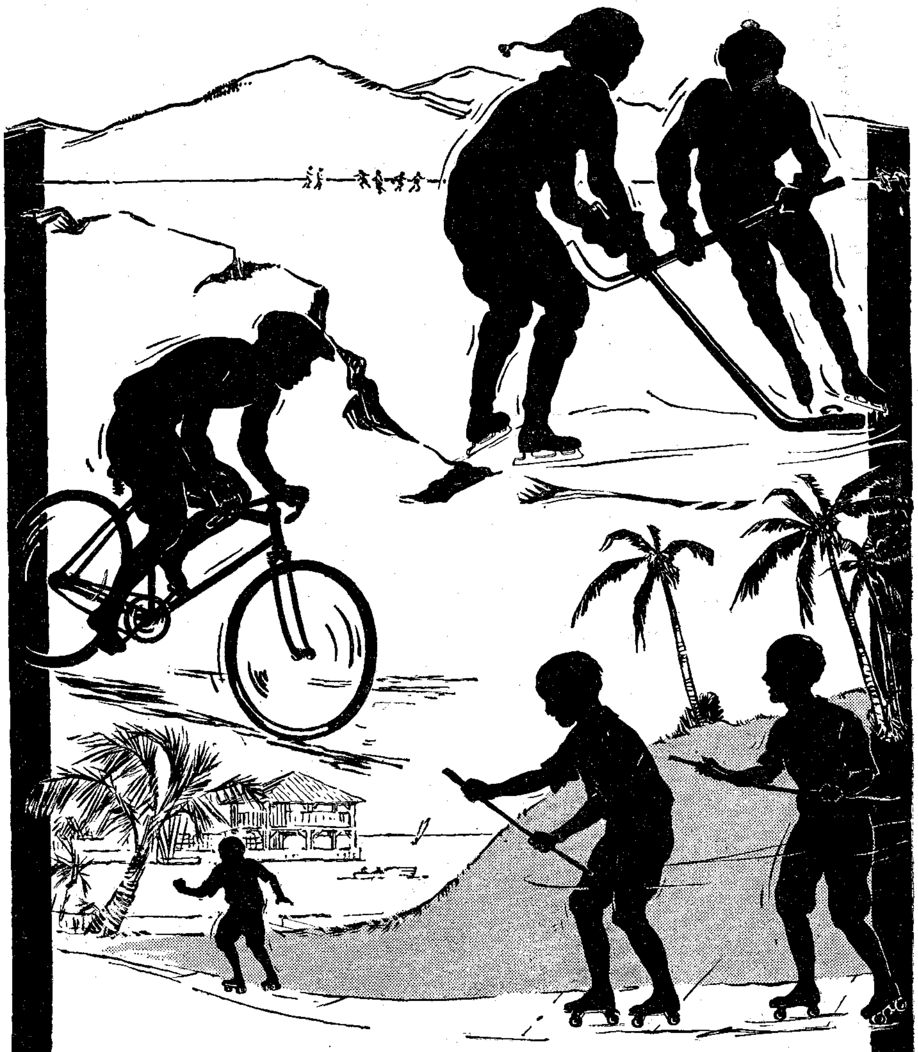
But "A. G. G." admits that when Mr. Ford's ideas get outside the range of his business, the visionary is apt to get out of hand, and he adds:

It was so in the case of the war, and the astonishing episode which engulfed him in the laughter of the world. He had a simple vision of the root of the war and a simple remedy for stopping it. War was the instrument of the money-power, and against that power he would mobilize the peoples of the earth who were yearning for a deliverer. It is curious that the whole political thought of the richest man in the world centers in the evil of the money-power. He sees the financier as a sort of bloated spider in the center of a foul web in which he enmeshes honest folk. He desecrates business by juggling with it as a money-counter instead of ennobling it as an instrument of universal service, and he poisons the relations of nations in order to plunder them.

From this conception comes his notorious anti-Semitism. Financier and Jew are for him synonymous terms—it is certainly not true in America—and in his *Dearborn Independent* he has carried on a furious crusade against Jewry, which he has now discontinued, because, with the American tradition of lynching, he has, I understand, come to fear that pogroms against the Jews might follow, and before this possibility his pacifist instincts recoil. But his hatred of the money-power remains. He has even designed a new currency—a currency based not on money but on units of power—in the hope of disestablishing the financiers.

And there is no more dramatic episode in his career than the story of his battle with Wall Street when at one critical period, early in 1921, it seemed that his vast structure had at last fallen into its power. He was momentarily hard up for money. He owed £12,000,000, with only £4,000,000 of cash in hand. An emissary from Wall Street descended on him with a plan for tiding him over his difficulties. Ford listened until his visitor manifested an interest in the appointment of the new treasurer of the Ford Company. Then he showed him the door and set out to defeat the spider that was preparing to gobble him up. Before April he had converted his stock in hand into £5,000,000 cash, raised another £6,000,000 by speeding up the delivery of goods, sold some of his Liberty Bonds, collected from agents in foreign countries, amassed £6,000,000 more than he owed and kept Wall Street at bay. Then he reduced the price of his cars, enlarged his business, and at the time when almost every other firm in the country was deprest and the motor business seemed to be going into bankruptcy he started triumphantly on the most spectacular phase of his extraordinary career, which left him, not merely the greatest prince of industry in the world, but, as a mere by-product, the greatest banker in America.

It was the idea that the financiers were the real authors of the war that sent him out in his "Peace Ship" in December, 1915, to deliver Europe from the insane carnage that afflicted it. "The Boys out of the Trenches before Christmas" was the slogan he invented, but he had not the ghost of a notion how it was to be done beyond a dim vision of some miraculous waft of peace passing over the battlefields



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A WORD-PAINTER SIZES UP TACNA-ARICA

"THE place that all the fuss is about" is sufficient to some busy Americans as a label for the geographical reality represented by the names Tacna and Arica—often united with a hyphen to symbolize their juncture in the character of a bone of contention between Chile and Peru. Readers of THE DIGEST have been kept informed, under the head of "Foreign Comment" of the international developments of that historic dispute, and will now be interested in a lively description of the twin towns themselves, as viewed by American eyes. This witness is Jackie Deitrick, who tells us in the Panama *Times* that his survey of Arica, as he writes, is from the deck of the *Ucayali*, anchored out about four-fifths of a nautical mile from shore, which in plain English means a launch ride of ten minutes or so. With field-glasses he can clearly distinguish the signs on the buildings along the water-front, and "from this close range, if one holds up a pencil horizontally, reminiscent of art class days in high school, the whole settlement of Arica measures exactly three of a pencil that has been sharpened five times." And we read on:

> From the left, curved like a new moon, the shore comes sweeping around to the Morro, the great squarish rocky cliff that shields the town from the ocean wind; and with the Morro, the land line juts sharply out of sight, giving the effect of a simitar-shaped peninsula.
>
> The town, a huddled little composition of trees and windmills and low squatty houses, nestles against the base of the hills, creeping up the back of the Morro on one side, and losing itself in a miniature, bunchy grove of eucalypti on the other. A few straggly buildings erected by the Chileans, and somehow aloof from the rest of the village, extend on beyond, including the big gray cuartel, at present the headquarters of the plebiscite commissions. The Arica-La Paz railroad circles the shore, scattered sheds and laborers' cots dotting its course at intervals.
>
> Humble and unpretentious herself, Arica's hills are her crowning glory. And you mustn't get the idea that these hills are merely somewhere in the distance, because they're the very shore-line itself, leaving just barely enough flat land at their foot for the railroad to run around. They're long, table-topped affairs for the most part, but broken into lumpy fragments here and there, and ever flecked with the blue shadows of low-hanging clouds.
>
> Totally barren of vegetation, these hillsides are a magic canvas upon which nature experiments with colors heretofore untried. According to the hour of day, their normally brown slopes change hue, mirroring the moods of the sun.
>
> During the bright hours, they're like a planed surface sprinkled with sundust (if there is stardust there must be sundust as well!). And then the heavy clouds lie upon their summits like thick, luscious layers of white icing upon a creamy caramel cake.
>
> But later in the afternoon, the long shadows begin stealing from above like great curtains rolling down to shut away the day-glare. And below, in vivid contrast, the still-unshaded area takes on a glow for all the world like a stage-set gleaming under the artificial light of a myriad hidden bulbs, and gold becomes brighter than gold, and green greener than green.
>
> The curtain rolls on down, reaching out over the brilliant scene below, when suddenly instead of staying fastened at the top, it pulls loose, revealing the hill-tops a moment before concealed. And then one sees that in some mystic manner the paint-brush of nature has been at work under that curtain.
>
> Can you imagine a ripe apricot with an electric light where its seed ought to be? Well, that's the color these hills have become when the other end of the curtain descends. And the drifting cloud-wisps assume the same tint, blending into gilded edges, and everything takes on that lighted-from-within look, even to the water and the white bodies of spiraling seagulls.
>
> All at once, almost before one realizes what has happened, a paling has taken place, and washing away the last traces of the apricot hue, a paint-pot of purple has spilled down the hillsides and run into the bay. And then, blurring out the purple, the blue tones come, and later darker blue ones, inking the picture into silhouette; and little lights bob up along the crescented shore and across the huddled town and upon the ghostlike ships in the harbor.

After which this glowing word-painter takes a deep breath and tells us that if one wants to see Arica from one end to the other with no expense save a very, very tired pair of feet, all that is necessary is that it be known that one is from the *Ucayali* while one asks directions to some place a mere block or so away. The response is gratifying:

> Two policemen and three private citizens in relay sent me twelve blocks out of my way en route to the American Consulate, and a U. S. marine finally rallied to my assistance and escorted me back again. I am by no means the only one to have had the experience. I mention this detail because in telling about a place, a description of its people, as well, is not amiss.
>
> But as for the town itself, it is a quaint, delightful blend of cobblestones, varicolored plaster dwellings and tiendas, unbelievably narrow sidewalks, willow-like shade-trees, and purple bougainvillea. Every street is tree-lined, and the twin plazas, Colon and Vicuña Mackenna, are veritable gardens of rich-leafed herbage and gay-petaled flowers. Blossomed trellises shade the benches, and cloudlike masses of bougainvillea drip from the branches of the tallest trees. And incongruous as Tacna-Arica's orange groves on the shores of waters wherein seals abound, palmetto and cedar grow side by side under the stirring tips of the regal blooms.
>
> Up and down the bumpy cobbles, small hunchy-backed, scuffy-hoofed donkeys go half-drowsing along, laden with huge woven paniers full of market produce and various and sundry other wares; and often as not, upon their very haunches, behind the already double load, perch their masters or mistresses, astride or side, utterly indifferent as to the hour when the destination shall be reached.
>
> The train that takes one from town to town is composed of one small wheezy engine, one nondescript odds-and-ends car, and one tiny, dingy, passenger coach. Nevertheless it is one of the most earnestly

laboring pieces of machinery I have ever seen. There are times when one feels quite positive it is going to give up and sit down right in the middle of the track. But with truly laudable perseverence it struggles on and on, and eventually, haggard but triumphant, attains its goal.

Past a company of red-footed diving ducks roosting on the remains of an old pier; past a coal-yard; through the miniature forest of eucalyptus trees and hybiscus bushes that one sees from the harbor; on by the long gray stone cuartel; and past a group of more laden, floppy-eared burros grazing in a green field on the left, the little train goes winding its way out of Arica, and rounds the curve of the shore.

With a wide stony beach on its left over which ludicrous-visaged pelicans go flapping lazily, it edges farther and farther away from the water, swinging in toward the sun-dusted hills on its right. And as the V of the track and the shoreline widens and widens and widens, one realizes all at once that the beach, whose stones have thinned mile by mile and gradually ceased to be, is turning right before one's very eyes into a broad, streaky desert; and before very long as one sways over nearer and nearer the glimmery hills, one discovers that they aren't real hills at all, but immense dunes of sparkling, twinkling sand!

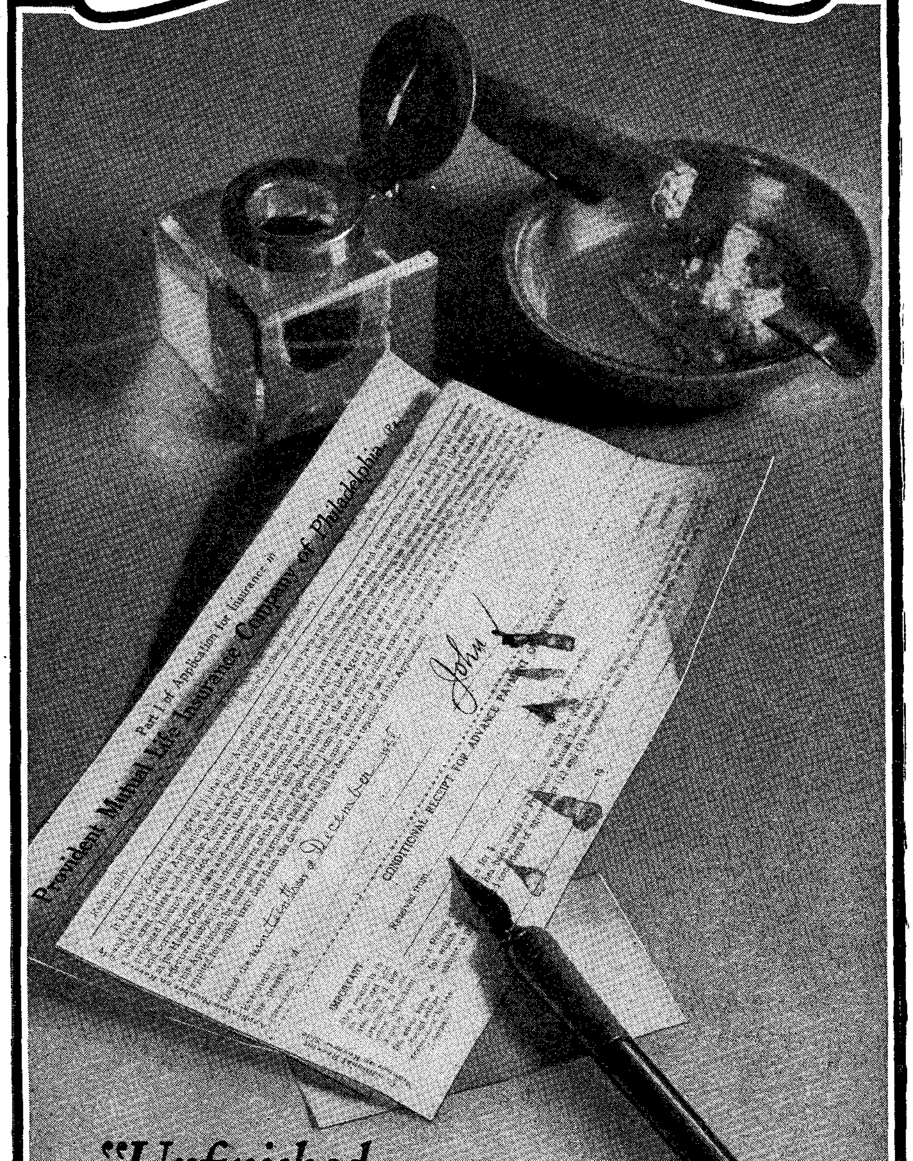
The train stops for a moment in a little settlement of some five or six low cottages made of dried cane-stalks and adobe, and goes grinding on into the very heart of the desert. And the scene changes:

Dry river-beds, their waters long since absorbed by the parched sands, course across the track, burdenless, to the sea. Some of these riverless troughs are very deep, and along their borders green shrubs still flourish. Upon the brinks of others, the vegetation is browning and drooping, dying a slow, inevitable death of thirst. Some of the river-beds, shrubless entirely, are swept full of sand for all the world like silent, tragic graves, all traces of what was once a colorful, living thing long ago destroyed.

Endless chains of footprints of men and beasts follow the tracks and the phone wires, and the pauses of weary travelers are marked here and there by dump-heaps and blackened holes in the sand and abandoned ovens of baked earth and piled rock. Little crosses made of charred sticks represent wayside shrines or graves; wrecks of deserted shacks dot the broad waste at intervals; and the brittle white bones of animals lie bleaching in the glare.

The sea left behind, the dunehills on the left draw closer and closer, low clouds trailing across them like blowing smoke. Beyond loom the mountains, giants towering above the lesser summits, snow-peaked in the distance, shadowed by their clouds and dappled by the sun like the blue-and-gold design of an exquisite brocade.

Across the rippled sand, cupped in a little far-off valley, all at once appears a spot that one feels certain must be a mirage. Very, very slowly—for this has been up-hill for some time—the panting engine rounds a long curve at the foot of the sand-hills, and creeps into that bower of green separated from the streaky, barren sands almost by a definite line. Beautiful flower gardens, trellises of bright red bougainvillea, spreading trees of various kinds, rich vegetable plots, and splendid cane-fields bespeak the presence of human life. Presently that life becomes much in evidence, and one discovers that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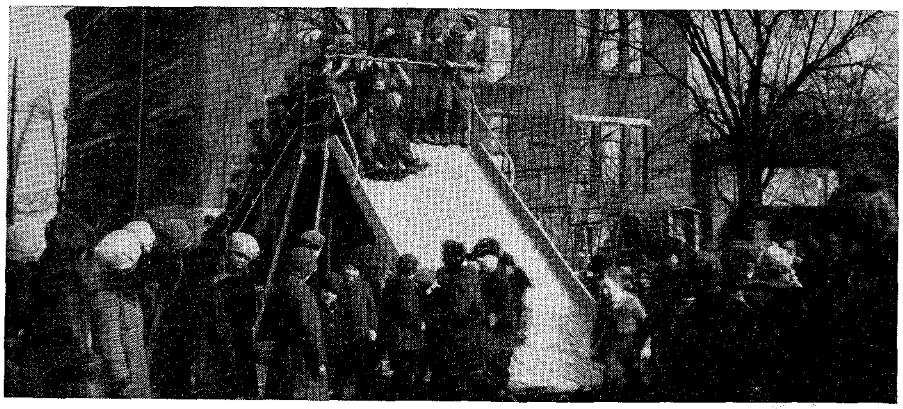

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

one is passing through an outpost of Chile's carbineer forces. And for the next five or ten minutes, not a single person save policemen and soldiers is to be seen.

Then come the true outskirts of Tacna, and while one is gazing spellbound out the window at the settlement the like of which one has probably never seen before in one's life, one is tapped upon the shoulder and advised that the journey is done.

The very first thing to pop into one's head when one pays one's first visit to Tacna is that it should have been christened instead "Toytown" or "Doll-house City." And the writer explains:

Not that it is so small in area—it's about three times bigger than Arica—but its whole general type of architecture is so delightfully diminutive as to make the people upon its streets and in its doorways seem almost out of proportion.

It is much older than Arica, and except for its business buildings and other structures of more recent date, it is made up almost entirely of painted adobe cottages, built in spite of their individual hues so smack up against each other as to produce the effect of a solid block-long front, but with a roof line as varying as one of those diagrams of the cross-section of a mountain range that one sometimes sees down in one corner of maps.

The color combinations are many and weird, tho the colors themselves rather unostentatiously incline toward the pastel shades in lieu of the blatant, deeper tones that distinguish the Arican house-fronts. Pinks and yellows and light oranges and blues and pea-greens and lavenders unite to make a rainbow out of every street. A pea-green house may have a blue door and pink iron bars at its window, while its neighbor cottage may be yellow with lavender bars and an orange door. One may well believe, however, that the *tout-ensemble* is too absolutely fascinating to be the least bit offensive to even the most exacting eye.

A thousand and one signs to the contrary in every city in the world, one must go to Tacna to see one's first genuine one-way street. I had thought that Panama's thoroughfares were narrow, but there by slowing down, scraping the curb, and swearing at the other driver, one can worm oneself out of one's error. In Tacna one has no recourse whatsoever but to back up. A vehicle traveling in the exact center of Tacna's cross-streets has a meager foot to spare from wheel rim to sidewalk. As for surface, the principal ways of this unique town are cobbled, but there are many within the pueblo limits still unaltered since the making.

What does one see on the streets? A few autos—taxis that will take you to see the sights for ten pesos (a dollar and a quarter) an hour, regardless of the number of passengers. Ramshackle, iron-tired "coaches" with the aspect of having been treated like the overalls in the advertisement, drawn by two skinny ponies totally unburdened with harness save for bridle and collar. Lumbersome, two-wheeled ox-carts driven by men, women, and children. More panier-laden, hunchy gray burros like those of Arica. And policemen. And soldiers.

Down through the very midst of the

town runs the "Alameda," a comparatively broad avenue divided into right and left by a little park-effect made of green grass and bright palmettos and stone benches. Under the sod of this park flows the stream that originally furnished the whole town with its water. During the late years it has been arched and hidden from sight, and neat modern reservoirs now store the supply instead.

Of Tacna's several buildings of interest, the most important are Bolivar's residence on the "Alameda," and at the avenue's termination, the Cathedral—or rather, what would have been. Begun by the Peruvians some years before the War of the Pacific, and later torn apart by the Chileans and its material used elsewhere, it stands a sad, patient symbol of entire Peruvian Tacna, awaiting hopefully the day when it may, at the triumph of long-denied justice, take up its life again.

UNDRESSING ADOPTED WORDS

FOREIGN words introduced into the English language should be immediately anglicized and stript of alien accents, in the opinion of "Mr. Smith," the mysterious essayist of *The International Book Review.* In fact, he deplores borrowing from other tongues, maintaining that English is abundant enough to express all thoughts and that writers who use foreign words reveal an ignorance of their own speech. As he points out in last month's issue:

> A word worth borrowing from an alien tongue is a word worth keeping and adjusting to our own speech habits. It ought to drop its accents, and it ought to adopt our method of indicating the plural. Thus role is better than rôle, debut than début, and criterions than criteria.
>
> And I question whether any of these Gallic locutions is really necessary. Our supple English speech could get along without them; it is ample for all occasions; and those writers who have achieved a mastery of our idiom can express their thoughts adequately without dropping into the French.
>
> In fact, any American or British author who does drop into French is thereby disclosing himself as unable or unwilling to write English. He lays himself open to the accusation that he is showing off. And that is a contemptible trick.

In the same publication Prof. Brander Matthews remarks that the immense foreign influx into America has failed to influence our language to an appreciable extent. As we read:

> The millions of aliens from all the shores of the seven seas have contributed only a handful of words to our vocabulary, and they have no perceptible effect on the framework of the language.
>
> When they have acquired English they have abandoned their several mother tongues, not carrying over into our speech any of their idioms, usages, grammatical complexities.
>
> This is curious indeed, and it is also comforting. The disadvantages were only too obvious when what we liked to believe a melting-pot turned out to be little better than a mixing-bowl; yet these inconveniences, menaces to our political organization and to our social life, are not threatening to the essential unity of English.

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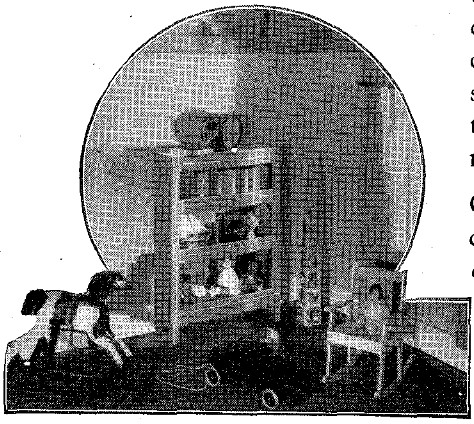

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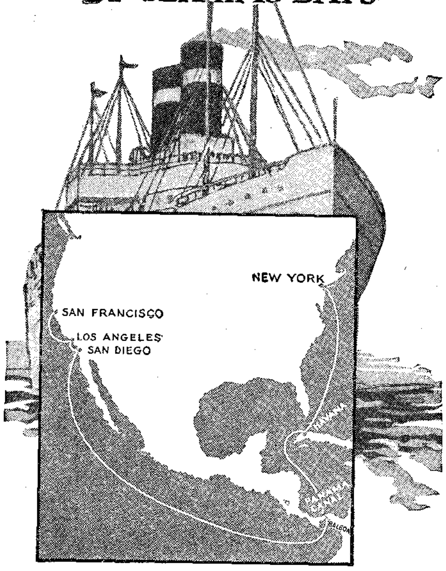

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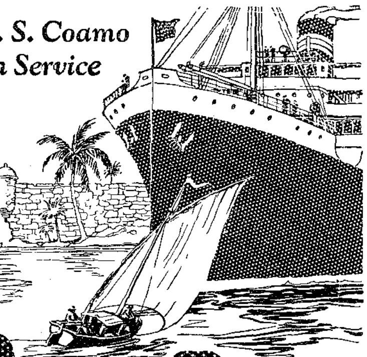

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HOW "BEST SELLERS" ARE MADE

NOBODY has yet discovered an infallible recipe for a best-selling novel. Any critic who could even recognize one at sight in manuscript form would have a short road to fortune, for publishers would pay him royally to pick the right ones in advance. Does the author make a "best seller," or is it the publisher who makes it—or is it the public? Each separate corner of this triangle has been credited with the magic that makes a novel the vogue of the season. Dr. Clifford Smyth, editor of *The International Book Review*, is inclined to regard a "best seller" as a result of team-work between author and public. In an editorial in the January number, he says:

> Author, literary critic, public—sooner or later every book that is published drifts into that uncomfortable triangle before its ultimate fate is decided. Of course, the career of a book involves more than a figure containing only three angles. There is the publisher, for instance, the printer, the binder, the illustrator, the bookseller. Instead of a triangle, the life of a book might be described, geometrically speaking, as an octagon, the resultant of eight contributing causes. But the essence of the matter finally comes back to the triangle: the theorem propounded by the author, the analysis conducted by the critic, the summing up by the public. When these three factors are amicably inclined, one toward the other, the life of the book loses its uncomfortable, sharp angles and takes on the delightfully frictionless contour of the circle. But that does not often happen. Even in the case of a "best seller," where author and public are obviously fraternizing most harmoniously, some implacable critic is apt to obtrude his scales and measuring rods, declaring with the uncompromising dogmatism of his kind that the book is bad art, theatrical, melodramatic, sentimental, not worth the reading.
>
> Then there is the paradoxically sad comedy where author and critic are agreed, while the public—this time let us call the public an obtuse angle—derisively snaps its fingers at their verdict. And then comes the unmitigated tragedy where the author is alone in the belief in his book's excellence, the critic and the public standing together, two horribly acute angles, and jeering at his delusion.

The problem might be solved, Dr. Smyth thinks, if everybody would conduct himself as he should, if the author would always tell the truth about life, if the critic would always tell the truth about books, and if the public would always recognize true art when it sees it—then "our literary triangles would become circles—and incidentally there would be nothing new under the sun."

Delving into the same subject from a different angle, Miss Elizabeth Jordan, in the same issue of *The International Book Review*, ponders the problem of "how a novel that is sheer drivel can be at the head of the 'best sellers' month after month, as it is so often." Under the title, "Who Reads Best Sellers?" she tells of a luncheon where twelve intelligent women all admitted that they had not looked inside of the most popular novel of the hour, and probably never would. "Then what kind of woman does read that book?" the hostess asked. One woman answered that the thousands who were making it a "best seller" belonged to the type who make it a point to be "in the current," and that they were reading it simply because other women were reading it. This set the ball fairly rolling:

> "If that is true," some one else pointed out, "how did it get to be a 'best seller' in the first place? Some readers must have liked it. Indeed, a great many readers must have liked it, and bought it, to get it on the list of the 'best sellers' in the beginning."
>
> "Not necessarily," another woman pointed out, and every one listened, for she was the literary adviser to one of our large publishing firms. "If a retail firm sells five copies of a certain new book every week, and only two or three copies each of other books, that first book becomes the 'best seller' of that firm, not because its sale is big, but because the sales of other books are smaller. A few dozen retail book shops can launch a 'best seller' by just such sales. After the book once gets on the published lists, the real sale begins."
>
> "Just the same," the hostess persisted, "the fact remains that the particular book you speak of sold more copies than others even in its first weeks. Why? That's what I'm asking. Why?"
>
> "For any one of several reasons," the literary adviser explained. "Perhaps some college professor took a fancy to it and gave it a 'high-brow start.' That interests the types of women Miss Blank has just mentioned—those who want to be in 'the current.' They like to say at a luncheon, 'Have you read that new novel Professor X. praises so highly? It's really very interesting!' The chances are that at least two or three of the women listening to them will then read the book and give it the same send-off at their next luncheons."
>
> "What are the other reasons?" the hostess somewhat restively inquired.
>
> "One of them may be that an ambitious publisher suddenly decides to manufacture a 'best seller,'" the literary adviser willingly continued. "For example, a woman author of my acquaintance was approached two years ago by a new publisher who made her a glittering proposition. She had never written a 'best seller,' but her work was highly sentimental, and he told her he had a lot of faith in it. He said that if she would write a book along certain lines he was prepared to suggest, he would make a contract guaranteeing her royalties on fifty thousand copies, whether he sold that number or not. She accepted the offer, and wrote the novel. He spent a small fortune advertising the novel, getting the club women interested in it, promoting newspaper discussions of it, stimulating retail sales, interesting both store clerks and managers, and sending free copies to leading educators; and he won out. He got all his money back and a fair profit besides, and he carried out to the letter the contract with the author. The book itself was sheer piffle," the literary adviser cheerfully ended.
>
> "If he merely got a fair profit, was the scheme worth while?" some one wanted to know. "Wouldn't he have done better to make a contract with an established 'best seller'?"

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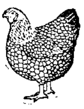

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This brought the discussion back to what a "best seller" really is, and the literary adviser retorted that it is any book on the best-selling lists and also almost any book written subsequently by the author of a "best seller." She went on to explain that whereas a playwright who has made a fortune with a single play on Broadway may fail absolutely with his next play, the next book by the author of a "best seller" simply can't fail; it almost automatically takes a place on the best-selling lists. Hear her further:

"This explains why the publisher of a manufactured 'best seller' didn't go to an established author of 'best sellers' to get a book. If he had done so he'd have paid much more than he paid my friend. It was to his advantage in every way to 'make' his own author, to start with a reasonable profit, and to make his big financial killing on that author's subsequent books—for, of course, his contract stipulated that he was to have these!"

"We must admit that occasionally there are some good books on the list of 'best sellers,'" another guest contributed.

"Of course there are," the literary adviser promptly admitted. "Some of our best writers are now on the best-selling lists, thank heaven!"

The story of how at least one "best seller" was created by the conscientious work of its author is told in this same issue of *The International Book Review*. The author was Ladislas Reymont, the Polish novelist who died a few weeks ago, and the book was the four-volume novel, "The Peasants," which won the Nobel Prize for him. Prof. Franck L. Schoell, of the University of California, reveals some interesting facts about the writing of the book.

William G. McAdoo contributes the leading article in the January *International Book Review*—on "The Struggle for Democracy in America." The same magazine contains also the following feature articles:

"Leonard Merrick: An Author without a Formula," Louise Maunsell Field; "Mr. Merrick in Quest of His Youth," by John W. Crawford; "Manuel Ugarte Champions Latin America," by Manuel Urruela; "How a Provincial Editor Won Fame," by Stanley Olmstead; "A Literary Ambassador Adds to His Bookshelf," by Brander Matthews; "The Scottish Traits in John Muir," by Llewelyn Powys; "Three Novelists Refuse to Conform," by Louis Moore; "The American Farmer in Fact and Fiction," by Nelson Antrim Crawford; Editorial: "Triangles and Circles"; "Arrows in the Air—XIII, by Mr. Smith; "Masefield Dramatizes the Trial of Jesus," by Laura Benêt; "Hobnobbing with Great Ones of Other Days," by James L. Ford; "Using Graphic Algebra on Thomas Hardy," by William Lyon Phelps; "Looking Over the Anthologist's Shoulder," by Babette Deutsch; "Evolution for John Doe and His Wife," by Woodbridge Riley; "A French Portrait of Pepys," by Louis Pendleton; "Joseph Pennell Finds Adventure in Art," by Charles de Kay; "When Genius Makes Use of Drugs," by Lilian Whiting; "War Reminiscences That Women Are Reading," by Edwin L. Shuman; "Idiot Man Takes a Look at the Future," by Algernon Blackwood; "How Some French Writers Really Look," by Willis Steell; "Mr. Morley Weaves a Delicate Tapestry," Elizabeth Kingsley; "Sven Hedin's Adventures in Unknown Lands," by Earl Hanson; "Studying Genius in Gifted Children," by Benjamin Harrow; "New Books for Boys and Girls," by Mary Graham Bonner.

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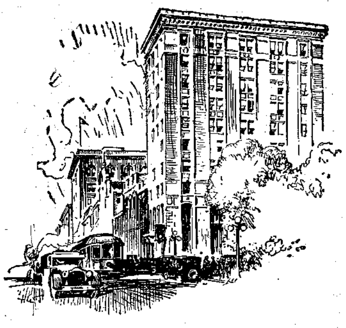

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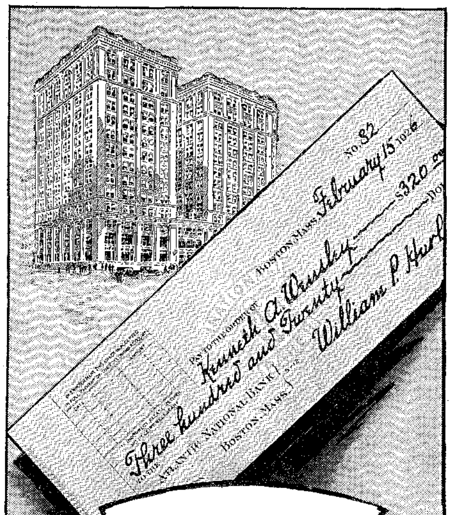

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EFFECT OF CHINESE TARIFF REFORM ON OUR TRADE

CHINA'S new tariff freedom will do more good than harm to American trade, according to at least one good authority. *The Index,* published by the New York Trust Company, reminds us that the Peking conference decided to give China unrestricted control of her tariff, while China agreed to abolish the likin or special tax placed on goods being transported inland. Fifty per cent. of Chinese imports, according to United States Department of Commerce figures, is said to be "made up of (1) necessities, including raw materials and foodstuffs unobtainable in China; (2) materials essential to any further development of China's textile or cigaret industries; and (3) products which China could not manufacture economically." As we read further in *The Index:*

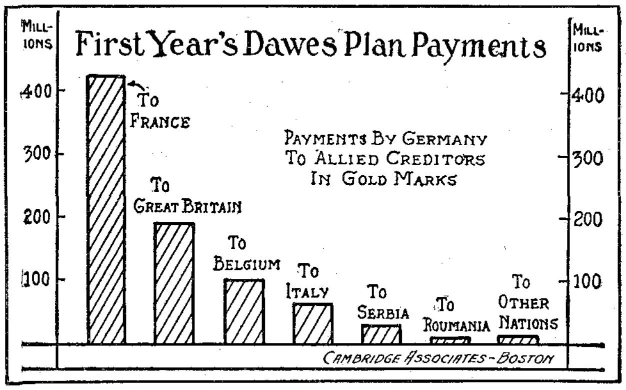
> Twelve per cent. of the first category consists of mineral-oil products, chiefly American kerosene; another 12 per cent. consists of cereals, included in which are American wheat and flour; 4 per cent. consists of raw cotton from the United States and India, and 2 per cent. chiefly of American tobacco. In the second group 4 per cent. of the essential materials imported for industry is represented by dyes, and 2 per cent. by machinery, the chief sources for both being America and Germany. The third category comprises China's 5 per cent. imports of iron and steel manufactures and 2 per cent. imports of paper—neither of which can as yet be economically produced in China.
>
> It is assumed, therefore, that protective duties on these articles will not be imposed; and they, together with cigarets and textiles, total 78 per cent. of China's imports.

But the writer for the New York bank sees every reason to believe that tariff autonomy would have a very great influence on the character of Chinese trade and that "instead of the low-grade cotton cloth now imported, there will be an ever-increasing demand for machinery with which to develop the textile industry. Furthermore, this growing textile industry and industrialization in China may furnish the nation with its own economic savings, making her less and less dependent on foreign capital." And here *The Index* reprints a statement made by F. R. Eldridge, Chief of the Far Eastern Division of the Department of Commerce:

> From a purely economic standpoint Americans should welcome such a development. With it may come, we may confidently expect, greater demand from China for machinery, iron, and steel products, automotive equipment, and railway materials, while the decline in piece-goods imports would affect us but slightly. In other words, in at least 50 per cent. of China's present trade we would stand to show an increase, whereas we could not lose in any decline in the remaining 50 per cent. because our participation in it is, and can be, only relatively insignificant.

WHERE THE FIRST-YEAR DAWES PLAN MONEY WENT

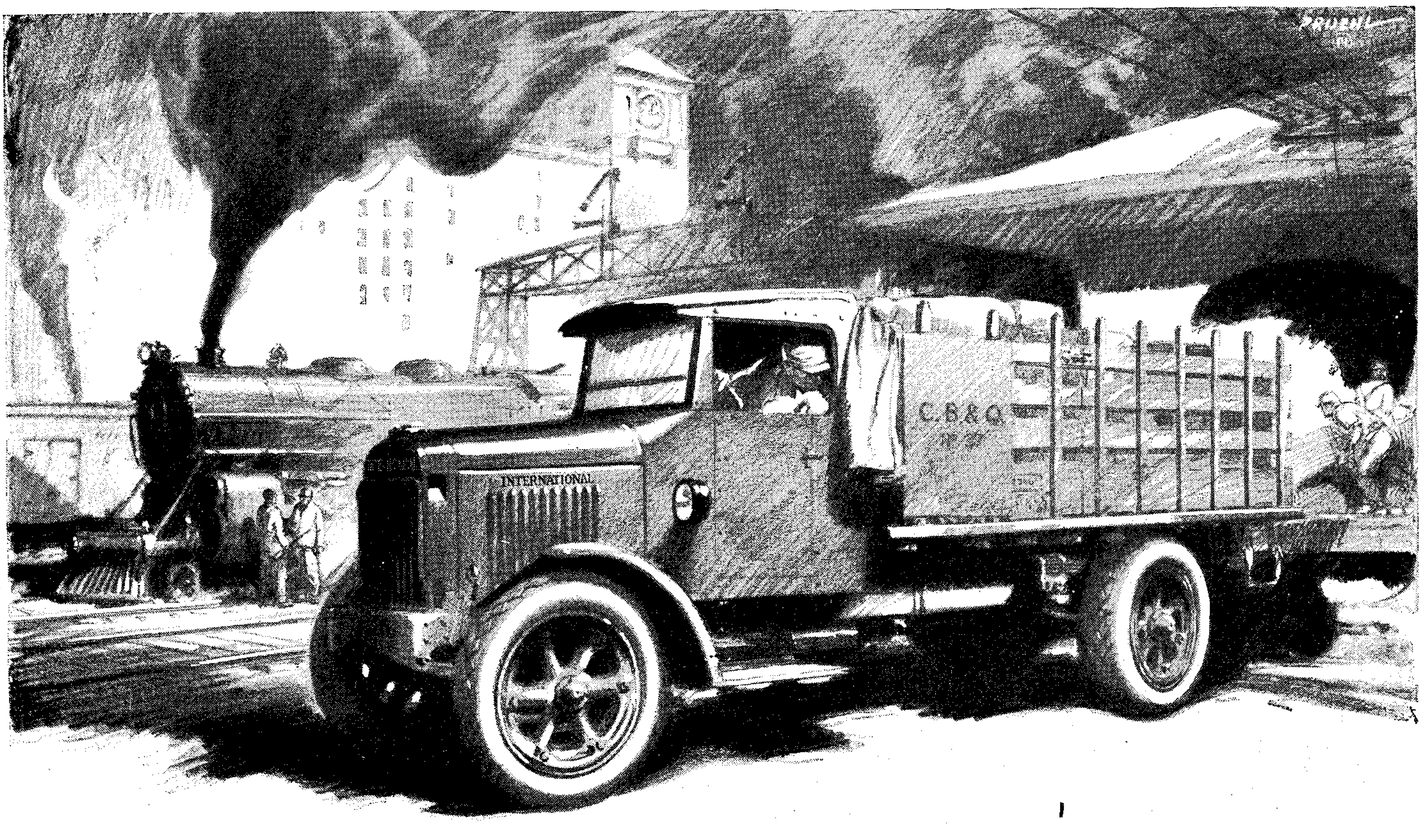
GERMANY'S obligation to pay the Allies a billion gold marks during the first year of the operation of the Dawes plan was fully met, it has been officially reported. The accompanying chart, prepared by the Cambridge Associates of Boston, shows how this billion marks was distributed by the Agent-General for Reparations. France, of course, received the largest single payment, which was 428,929,043 gold marks, or nearly half the entire year's total. Great Britain and Belgium came next. Other facts are stated:



CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATES - BOSTON

> Total receipts from Germany at the disposal of the Agent-General for Reparations during the year ending last September amounted to 1,000,457,050 gold marks. After payment of 893,444,301 gold marks, of which more than 420,000,000 marks was for commodities delivered to the Allies, a balance of 107,013,270 marks remained to the Agent-General's credit in the Reichsbank.
>
> It is interesting to note where Germany got the money for payments. Cash obtained from the proceeds of the German loan totaled 800,000,000 gold marks, while Germany herself raised the balance through railroad revenues. No money from industrial earnings or taxation was diverted to the Reparations fund during the first year.

In the second Dawes plan annuity year, over three months of which have now elapsed, S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General, reminds us that the amount to be paid rises to 1,220,000,000 gold marks and involves for the first time a charge on the German budget. According to Mr. Gilbert, Germany is making these payments promptly each month. Something less than 480,000,000 marks of the second annuity is a charge on the German



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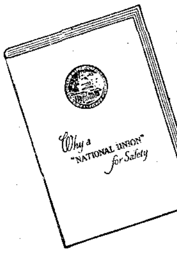
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

budget. The New York *Herald Tribune* reminds us that:

> Most of the balance will come from the railway obligations and industrial debentures. German resources will not be strained by this outlay. Nor from present indications will they be strained in the third year. The test will come in the fourth and fifth years, when the annual payments rise sharply. But by that time Germany will have had an opportunity to adjust herself to the new economic order and to the necessities of reparations liquidation.

OUR SHORT-LIVED STOREKEEPERS

NOT that good storekeepers die young or find it difficult to take out life insurance, but it appears that for some reason or other grocers, butchers, druggists, jewelers and other retailers find it impossible to continue successfully in business for more than a very few years. Retailers of all types, we read in *Advertising and Selling Fortnightly* (New York), have a surprizingly short business existence; if a retail store runs along successfully for eight years under one ownership it is doing unusually well. And this, we are further told, is a matter of concern to the manufacturers and advertisers who suffer from credit losses and price disorganizations resulting from retail failures. The writer, Mr. De Leslie Jones, reminds us that Paul Findlay recently made a calculation covering ten types of retail trades and "found that the average life of each was 7.57 years, and that the individual length of average life was as follows: hardware, 7.9 years; shoes, 7.4 years; drugs, 7.4 years; jewelry, 7.2 years; groceries, 7.1 years; dry-goods, 6.9 years; books and stationery, 6.9 years; furniture, 6.8 years; wall-paper, 6.7 years; clothing, 6.4 years." The grocer has been mentioned, but it will be noted that according to these figures he is not the most short-lived of all our retailers. In fact, it is pointed out, his trade "maintains its general average surprizingly well, especially in view of its numerical preponderance. There are 400,000 grocers in the country, and no other type of retailer in this group comes within hailing distance of such a total number." But the greatest surprize, says Mr. Jones, "lies in the fact that retailers of all types have so nearly an equally short life":

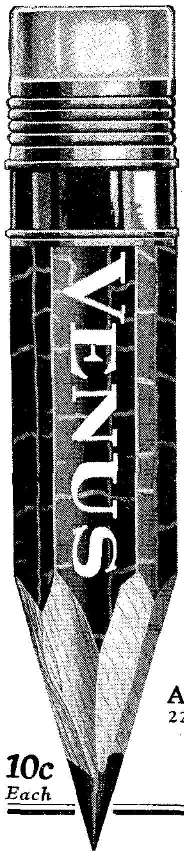
> It appears to be no more than a cycle of time long enough for dissipating the initial capital and then descending to the inevitable failure. So short a hold on life suggests a waste in distribution which has hardly been mentioned; the waste of forced sales, bankruptcies, losses of investments, etc.
>
> If the country's million retailers all fail or go out of business, for one reason or another, every seven years (speaking in averages), it is certainly cause for serious reflection on the part of manufacturers who use the retailer as an outlet. The delicate balance and narrow margins deciding the differences between failure and success are perhaps most perfectly illustrated in the fact that altho the hardware retailer has the longest life of all, nevertheless, according to a speaker at a recent convention of the National Hardware Association, the average retail hardware dealer's profit on sales in 1924 was only 0.44 of 1 per cent. According to a recent report of the Harvard Bureau of Business Research the average net profit showing of 545 individual independent retail grocery stores was one-ninth of 1 per cent., which is even worse than the hardware dealers.
>
> To approach the subject from still another angle, according to the compilation of data from retail investigations by universities, governments, etc., the manufacturer or producer gets 67.5 cents and the distributors 32.5 cents out of each dollar that the consumer spends with retailers. The highest is the shoe distributor, who gets 44.8 cents. The furniture distributor is next, with 43.6 cents, and the jeweler gets 40 cents. It would, therefore, seem to be demonstrated that the rate of return to the distributor bears no relation to average success and length of life.
>
> If we look at it from the point of view of turnover the statistics are equally baffling, for the hardware-dealer's rate of turnover is only 2.1, which is lower than the grocer's, the druggist's, or the clothing dealer's. Only shoes have a lower turnover (1.9). There is, if anything, a contrary relationship, since the trades having the lowest turnover (hardware and shoes) have nevertheless the longest life. The following are the turnover rates for various retail lines:

	Producer	*Wholesaler*	*Retailer*	*Combined*
Clothing........	2.8	..	4.5	1.7
Drugs...........	2.3	3.6	2.3	0.9
Groceries........	4.6	5.6	8.3	1.9
Hardware.......	2.8	3.6	2.1	0.9
Shoes...........	3.2	3.7	1.9	0.9
Average of five classes.......	3.1	4.1	3.8	1.3

> A clue is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that there is universal complaint against dead stocks. The inability to turn over dead stocks has usually been the millstone which dragged down the retailer to his grave. Such dead stocks have an accumulative deadliness. The dealer just starting in business may have only 1 per cent. of ill-advised merchandise, but year by year this 1 per cent. increases until, like a swimmer with lead in his pockets, he can no longer keep afloat.

One drastic cure for this situation is, of course, the chain-store. But the latest thing, we read, is cooperative buying and cooperative working off of dead stocks on the part of independent retailers. Theoretically, observes Mr. Jones, there are too many retailers in this country. But—

> Nothing can be done about it, so long as people are willing to risk an inadequate amount of capital, to work for an inadequate return on their capital, and to live in false hopes of succeeding. That these hopes of succeeding in the retail business are, to an appalling degree, false, is illustrated by this simple fact of the seven-year average length of life. If some omnipotent power could rearrange retail outlets, lessening the number and increasing the individual retailer's efficiency and facilities, undoubtedly it would be an improvement, but it would, no doubt, be at the cost of that American initiative and "the right to fail" (or to succeed) which is our prize possession.



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BY GRENVILLE KLEISER

AMERICAN RAILROADS AS INVESTORS

Many of our leading railroads distribute their risk by investing in the securities of other carriers; and thus, we read in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, "if their own operating revenues should be unfavorable, due to local conditions, they can fall back to a certain extent on the income derived from their railroad investments." As Mr. J. A. Pollock observes in an article in this financial weekly, "many roads depend to a varying degree on their outside investments, but there are very few important ones which do not count their outside investments as important assets." It is not easy to get all the facts, continues this writer. Information about railroad stocks and bonds held by other railroads has been compiled by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But in the case of railroad investments in other kinds of securities the facts can only be approximated. It seems that "of the 21.5 billions of total railway capital (stocks and bonds) actually outstanding, about four billions is owned by the railways themselves." This includes all classes of carriers. But the bulk of the four billions must be owned by the Class 1 carriers which operate about 94 per cent. of the total railroad mileage and whose own capitalization is about eighteen billions. It seems that:

> Something over half of the interrailroad holdings are of affiliated or controlled companies and something under half are held as straight investments only. About one-sixth of the total holdings are made up of switching and terminal companies, inactive corporations, etc., and something over half the total are pledged.

As showing how important "other income" is to the railroads, this table is presented comparing it with annual cash dividends of Class 1 roads, government, controlled years being excluded:

Year	*Other Income*	*Dividends*
1916	210,000,000	306,000,000
1917	223,000,000	320,000,000
1922	265,000,000	271,000,000
1923	261,000,000	296,000,000
1924	273,000,000	320,000,000

According to Mr. Pollock's estimate, about three-fifths of the 1924 "other income" came from railroad securities and about two-fifths from other types of investment. It is apparent, we are told, that railroad investments are well concentrated in the hands of larger companies. Thus, twenty-seven individual roads to which Mr. Pollock pays special attention own securities worth over three and a half billions at par. To retabulate certain facts given in connection with the security holdings of thirteen conspicuous investing railroads:

	Security Holdings	*"Other Income"*	*Fixed Charges*	*Per Cent. of F. C. Covered By Other Income*
Penna. R.R.	$675,086,000	$31,009,000	$71,674,000	43
N. Y. Central	259,839,000	24,123,000	49,671,000	49
Erie	108,213,000	7,710,000	16,418,000	40
Reading	77,203,000	4,669,000	8,515,000	54
Del. & Hud.	48,962,000	5,863,000	7,713,000	75
Lehigh Valley	79,831,000	3,258,000	7,297,000	44
C. R.R. of N. J.	25,689,000	2,026,000	6,112,000	32
Atl. Co. Line	76,996,000	5,400,000	7,303,000	74
Sou. Pacific	306 289,000	12,497,000	24,844,000	50
Can. Pacific	219,416,000	9,971,000	14,070,000	54
Union Pacific	260,903,000	16,226,000	18,386,000	88
Gt. Northern	214,589,000	11,654,000	18,659,000	62
Nor. Pacific	178,435,000	11,483,000	15,374,000	74

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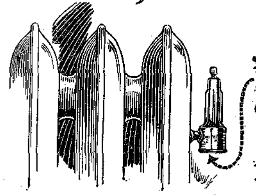

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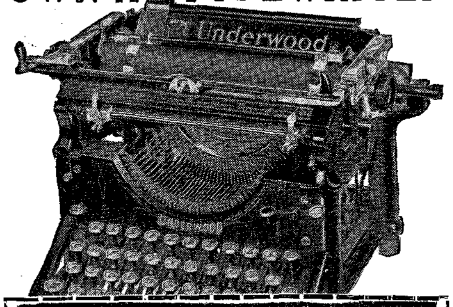

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

December 23.—The International Commission appointed to investigate the disorders in Shanghai of May 30, which resulted in the killing of ten Chinese, absolves the police of the blame, but a minority report by Justice E. Finley Johnson, the American member and presiding officer of the Commission, criticizes the police for failure to take precautions and to observe the principles of liberty.

December 24.—Pope Pius XI closes the holy door of the basilica of St. Peter's and thus brings to a close the year of penitence and pardon especially marked on the Roman Catholic calendar. During the year more than 3,000,000 Catholic pilgrims from every corner of the globe crossed the sill of the sacred door.

Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang ends his long fight for the complete mastery of Chihli Province by an overwhelming defeat of General Li Ching-ling, Civil Governor of the Province, and capturing Tientsin, the port and commercial center of North China.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin, war-lord of Manchuria, defeats the rebel leader, General Kuo Sung-ling and has him executed.

December 25.—The All-Russian Congress of the Communist party adopts a platform calling for the strengthening of the Red Army, for the industrializing of Russia, discounting political stabilization in Europe and warning Russia of the growing American rôle in international affairs.

December 26.—The treaty between Turkey and Russia, recently signed, contains a secret clause guaranteeing Soviet support of Turkey in the event of war with Great Britain over Mosul, according to a dispatch received in London.

DOMESTIC

December 22.—A proposed amendment to the appropriations bill designed to prevent "fraud, deceit and falsehood" in Prohibition enforcement is defeated in the House, 159 to 17.

Frank A. Munsey, owner and editor of the New York *Sun* and the New York *Telegram*, dies in New York, in his seventy-second year.

President Coolidge will accept the League of Nations' invitation to a preliminary conference on disarmament, it is announced at the White House.

Mayor Kendrick summarily dismisses Brig.-Gen. Smedley D. Butler, Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia, following long disagreement.

December 23.—Nine men die as a result of fire in a mine of the George M. Jones Coal Company, at Shadyside, Ohio.

December 24.—Gerald Chapman, the notorious criminal, wins the right to appeal from the decision surrendering him from Federal jurisdiction for execution in Connecticut for murder.

December 25.—Figures made public by *Motor Magazine* reveal that more than 20,200,000 motor-vehicles were registered in this country in 1925, an increase of 2,122,758 in a year.

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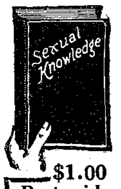

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leave Manila for China, because of the serious situation there.

December 26.—Anthracite operators propose that the striking miners return to work at the wages they received up to August 31, 1925, and continue work pending the signing of a new agreement. From the headquarters of the United Mine Workers it is announced that the men will not go back to work until a new contract has been signed.

Commitments for drunkenness made the biggest drop of any offense between 1910 and 1923, while commitments for violations of the liquor laws jumped from 7,713 in 1910 to 39,340 in 1923, according to figures made public by the Census Bureau. There were only 91,367 committed for drunkenness in 1923, against 170,941 in 1910, the report shows.

December 27.—The national death-rate in the United States for 1924 was 11.9 per 100,000 population, as compared with 12.3 in 1923, 11.8 in 1922 and 11.6 in 1921, according to the Department of Commerce.

December 28.—Gen. John J. Pershing, head of the Tacna-Arica Boundary Commission, is expected soon to return to the United States on account of illness, it is announced in Washington. Meanwhile the negotiations for settlement of the boundary dispute between Chile and Peru are said to have reached an impasse.

Brig.-Gen. Smedley Butler returns to duty with the United States Marine Corps and is assigned to the command of the Marine base at San Diego, California.

The Voice of the Sluggard.—Dr. John A. Hutton, talking with contempt of the "ca' canny" idea, recited Chesterton's parody in a lecture that he gave recently at Birmingham:

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Thus I my life conduct;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it chucked."

—*The Christian Register.*

Our Dumb Friends.—Mrs. Louis Weiss, of 144 Church street, who was passing on her way from Vassar Hospital, assisted the rabbit to his feet. Chiavelli said he offered to take the rabbit to the hospital, but the offer was refused. Dr. Aaron Sobel treated the injured man at the home of Mrs. Weiss.—*From a casualty report in a Poughkeepsie paper.*

The Motor Age.—YOUNG MOTHER (proudly)—"See! Baby is learning to walk!"

FRIEND—"Oh, do you think it really worth while to teach him? Practically nobody walks nowadays."—*Life.*

Sweet Forgiveness.—

APPLIES THE GOLDEN RULE
Youth Who Murdered Banker's Daughter
Against Parents' Wishes Saves Bank.

—*Headlines on a romantic story in the Lincoln State Journal.*

Interesting Indeed!—Dr. J. B. —— delivered an immoral and highly interesting talk at the meeting of the Punxsutawney Ministerial Association yesterday.—*News item in the Punxsutawney (Pa.) Spirit.*

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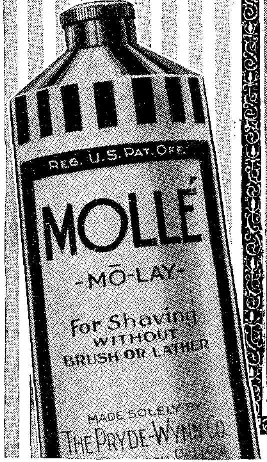

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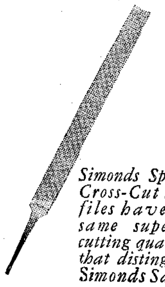
SIMONDS
CRESCENT-GROUND
CROSS-CUT SAWS

THE STANDARD SAW OF THE BIG WOODS

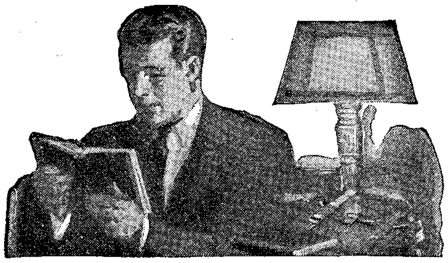
From the North Woods of Maine to the Redwood Forests of California, Simonds Crescent-Ground Cross-Cut Saws are universally preferred by men who count upon cutting tools most. Years of experience have taught them that Simonds Saws are uniformly flawless — assurance of longer life and superior cutting qualities. Simonds quality is the result of careful, scientific tempering of the steel in Simonds own plants and near a century's experience in producing cutting tools. Next time, ask your dealer for a Simonds.



Simonds Special Cross-Cut Saw files have the same superior cutting qualities that distinguish Simonds Saws.

Simonds Saw and Steel Co., Fitchburg, Mass.
"The Saw Makers" *Established 1832*
Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

SIMONDS
Pronounced SI-MONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL



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100 Applicants

A Plan That Doubles Salaries

"To LaSalle goes the credit for training me so that I was able to turn a refusal into an acceptance in preference to over one hundred other applicants," writes E. W. DeMotte, a New York man. "I cannot give too much credit to LaSalle and its Placement Department for the success of my application for this very fine position." LaSalle trained him. LaSalle got him the job.

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LaSalle has added millions and millions of dollars to the earning power of its members. If a successful career is worth 2c and two minutes of your time, check on the coupon the field of advancement that appeals to you, fill in your name and address, and place it in the mail TODAY.

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Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
Business English
Commercial Spanish
Effective Speaking

Name..........
Present Position..........
Address..........

No Harm—
No caffeine in
This Coffee

Here is a pure coffee—a delightful blend—with the caffeine taken out. We simply open the pores and remove it, without affecting the flavor or aroma in the least.

Caffeine is the source of coffee harm. It forbids coffee to many, including all children. It forces others to be careful, to omit coffee at night. Millions of coffee lovers are driven to substitutes, simply because of caffeine.

Kaffee Hag offers you coffee at its best with the caffeine gone. The taste is unaltered. All the quick bracing effects remain. It means a coffee all can drink at any hour without a thought of harm. Countless homes now serve it, also the finest hotels.

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COFFEE
95% OF THE CAFFEINE REMOVED
KAFFEE HAG
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Learn what it means to people at your table who should avoid caffeine. Send the coupon with a dime for a 10-cup package. It will open the way to new delights. Clip coupon now.

Mail This Today for 10-cup Sample; 10 cts.
KAFFEE HAG
1545 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Name..........
Address..........

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Temporary Accommodation.—WANTED TO BORROW: A lady with a small amount of money for sixty days? L-420, T.-P.—*Ad in a New Orleans paper.*

In the Show Business.—French tutor's ad in English paper: "A young Paris man desires to show his tongue to classes of English gentlemen."—*Boston Transcript.*

Science Note.—CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR—"What can you tell me about nitrates?"

STUDENT—"Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates."—*Illinois Wesleyan Argus.*

Wet Item.—Onlookers gave three tears as Supt. Michael Crowley and a squad of twenty stalwarts, instilled with duty, wrecked fifty seized stills in front of police headquarters.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Those Flying Raccoons.—A gold medal in recognition of his feat in crossing the continent in a motor coat was presented to John Edwin Hoag by fellow members of the Adventurers' Club.—*Pan-Pacific Progress (Los Angeles).*

An Alarming Example.—Sunday evening his sermon theme will be "Deadly Perils of Marriage." A Spanish family of twelve will be on the platform to sing a number of songs.—*From a church item in the Hollywood Daily Citizen.*

Florida Reductions.—
WE HAVE A FEW APARTMENTS ON THE BEACH THAT WE HAVE REDUCED FROM $200 TO $500 EACH.
COME in and let us talk it over!
H. A. McMAHON COMPANY
525 Collins Ave. Phone 636.
—*Ad in the Miami News.*

Laundry Note.—Orders for products are now so numerous, the Central Worsted Co., Central Village, is on a day and night shirt, and Charles Bragg, the manager, announces that a mill at Farkiln, Rhode Island, belonging to the company, will be started on full time at once after seven months' idleness.—*Danbury (Conn.) Evening News.*

Do Better Next Time.—Information received a day or two ago by Mrs. R. G. Franklin, giving details of an automobile accident in Dade City, Florida, in which her sister, Mrs. F. H. Bobbitt, and other members of her family miraculously escaped instant death was heard with deep regret by scores of friends and relatives here.—*News item in the Elkin (N. C.) Tribune.*

Fickle.—When Herbert Spencer was in this country, a great dinner was given him in New York, at which many significant speeches were made, and the most significant and eloquent of all was by Henry Ward Beecher. Afterwards a pompous and enormously conceited physician ran up to Beecher with this exclamation, "Beecher, you are the greatest man in the world," to which Beecher replied, with biting sarcasm,

"My dear Doctor, you have, for the moment, forgotten yourself."—*Christian Register.*

Overlooked.—ALICE—"I paid my fourth visit to the beauty shop to-day."

MARIE—"Strange you can't seem to get waited on, dear."—*Boston Transcript.*

Entomological Note.—
FLY TO WED ON
YANKEE SHIP
—*Headlines in the Boston Post.*

Where Good Trojans Go.—
Service for Troy Girl Who Killed Herself
to Be in Cohoes.
—*From a "scarehead" in an Albany paper.*

Thrift Note.—A Scotch professional after five years of retirement has resumed the game. Evidently he found his ball.—*James J. Montague in the New York Herald Tribune.*

Garb in Arizona.—OVERCOATS, suits, shoes, shirts, gloves, suitcases, trunks, firearms, practically everything men wear. B. B. 2nd Hand Store, 419 E. Wash.—*Ad in the Phœnix Republican.*

Careless.—SAILOR—"They've just dropt their anchor."

MRS. SYMP—"Gracious, I was afraid they would! It's been dangling outside for some time."—*Sea Bag (U. S. S. Oklahoma).*

Beats Houdini.—Cedar Rapids, Indiana, Dec. 14 (AP).—Frank Clark, workman on the two-story building being erected by the Merchants' National bank, fell four stories to the pavement this morning.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

From Pillar to Post.—"Your speedometer shows you have gone 25,000 miles. Been taking some long tours?"

"No, the 5,000 is the distance I have covered going back and forth to the office, and the other 20,000 the distance I have covered looking for parking places."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Too Familiar.—Mary Anne gave notice she was going to be married. Her mistress, slightly perturbed, said: "Of course, I don't want to put any obstacle in the way of your getting married, but I wish it were possible for you to postpone it until I can get another maid."

"Well, mum," Mary Anne replied, "I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to arsk 'im to put it off!"—*Argonaut (San Francisco).*

Economy.—Ole Olson had been working as an engine wiper, and his boss, a thrifty man, had been coaching him for promotion to fireman with such advice as:

"Now, Ole, don't waste a drop of oil—that costs money. And don't waste the waste, either—that's getting expensive, too."

When Ole went up to be questioned on his eligibility for an engineman he was asked:

"Suppose you are on your engine on a single track. You go around a curve, and you see rushing toward you an express. What would you do?"

To which Ole replied:

"I grab the oil-can; I grab the waste—and I yump."—*Arkansas Utility News.*